





# REBIRTH: HOW A LOSER BECAME A PRINCE CHARMING

BOOK 08

*Rrbao Angel*

EPUB CREATION BY LISA HAYES

**Rebirth: How A Loser Became A Prince  
Charming**

(重生之抠脚大汉变男神)

by

**Rrbao Angel**

# **Synopsis**

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Qin Guan was reborn and sent back to his final semester in High School 18 years ago.

Getting a second chance at life, he works hard to turn things around and eventually become a Prince Charming.

What will his life be like the second time around? What will he have to go through?

How will he succeed in turning from a loser into a Prince Charming?

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English Translation by Lan / May Wiggins @ [Qidian International](#)

Translation Edits by Efydatia @ [Qidian International](#)

ePub conversion by Lisa Hayes @ [Hasseno Blog](#)

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# Chapter 701: A Dangerous Beauty

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He jumped out of the safety railings. After pausing in the air, he flew into the sky like a bird and then ran quickly without hesitation. Taking a leap, he performed a wonderful backward somersault at the edge of the roof and jumped down to the balcony of a nearby villa. A camera happened to be there.

This was not the fixed route, so some clothes were hanging out on the balcony, dancing beautifully in the warm breeze.

Qin Guan rolled down and landed safely. His back touched the ground before he bounced back up and shuttled among the dancing clothes. The director watched him run in the sunshine, partly hidden and partly visible in the light. Qin Guan rushed forward, breaking through all the obstacles that stood in his way.

The camera recorded everything until Qin Guan jumped over it.

Everyone under the building and by the road, including David, watched his performance either directly or through the camera. They all had the same expression on their faces. Their facial muscles had stiffened, and their jaws had nearly dropped.

Qu shot a calm, supercilious look at the others as she massaged her ankles. I shouldn't wear high heels to exterior shooting locations.

Qin Guan didn't disappoint. He finished the whole sequence in a completely new way and struck a handsome pose. The director was too excited to control himself.

Professional actors often didn't make mistakes. They could also rely on the post-production team anyway. This was an extreme sports ad though. Qin Guan was famous for his indie films!

"Cut!" roared the excited director.

Qin Guan roared right back in excitement. "Are we finished? I have three more different ways I could do it!" he told the director.

"Oh, no! Once more then! A girl will hand you a piece of chocolate after your run."

That's it! This is an ad about chocolate. The boy is too impatient to use the stairs, so he jumps off to get to the sweet chocolate in his girlfriend's hands.

A blonde girl grimaced in a corner. She had competed fiercely with other models for a chance to cooperate with Qin Guan. Although she only had a tiny part in the ad, she had to be treated well. She was the protagonist's girlfriend after all.

An awkward assistant comforted the girl, giving her a piece of KIT KAT.

Qin Guan rushed towards the girl at full speed, his eyes sparkling with warmth. By now, the girl had peeled the packaging to reveal the chocolate with the intention of stuffing it into Qin Guan's mouth.

Something went wrong though. It could probably be blamed on Qin Guan's looks, his warm smile or charming figure. He was a real lady-killer after all.

The girl had been too absent-minded, so the chocolate had ended up on Qin Guan's nose. Qin Guan took a step back and shook his head before biting on the chocolate bar. There was still some chocolate on his face though. It looked kind of like a beard.

Qu burst into laughter. So did everyone else. All the spectators were laughing loudly except for the angry director.

The dedicated man yelled at the girl, "Vivian, what are you doing? Concentrate, please! If you can't, then just go!"

The girl was not like Qin Guan. There were plenty of girls like her in the circle. Qin Guan had been a background model before, so he knew that they were considered nobodies.

He waved his hands at the director immediately. He could do one more take. It was not a problem. The girl tried her best to hold

back her tears. The brand representative was going to repeat his scene because of her mistake.

He is so kind! I shouldn't be crying, or my makeup will be destroyed...

The girl braced herself. When Qin Guan rushed up to her for the second time, the chocolate in her hand was in the right position.

Click!

Both Qin Guan's teeth and the chocolate bar looked attractive in the camera. The two happy lovers smiled at each other, their foreheads touching. "Cut!"

# Chapter 702: The Second Ad

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The director watched the playback with satisfaction as David sized Qin Guan up from head to toe.

"Impossible! Your physique is pretty good, and most people can do a somersault, but how did you get familiar with all the landing and leveraging principles so fast? It took me lots of training and practice to do it!"

"You must be a magician! Oh, wait... Chinese people are good at martial arts! That may have something to do with this!"

As David tried to find an answer, Qin Guan smiled mysteriously and began packing for the next scene.

This was the difference between mental and manual work. Body dynamics, recoil force, force area, and mathematical calculation all indicated the importance of studying science.

If a snooker player was good at mathematical calculations, he would play really well. Qin Guan didn't feel proud of his luck, but he really hoped it would help him with those animals. Trained animals were much better than wild ones after all.

The second ad was set in an indoor lawn, so that the squirrels wouldn't escape. It was easier for their trainer to do his job this way.

The little creatures were very funny and they were amazingly good actors. Directors of Disney and Dreamworks movies loved them the most.

The trainer was showing them to the crew before the shooting began. He was quite proud of his boys and girls.

He took out a small hammer and a fine gong, like the ones used by Chinese monks. The squirrels, which had large hairy tails, were sitting on a shelf across from him, each preoccupied with its own hazelnut.

Suddenly, the trainer hit the gong.

At his signal, the squirrels straightened their backs and lifted their tails. If one looked at them from the front, they would see their small claws. They were so cute! If one looked at them from behind though, they would see 46 small chrysanthemums.

The squirrels were as good as professional circus animals. The trainer certainly deserved the title of the Best Trainer in New York. His pet store was actually a favorite of all directors that shot films with animals.

All professional filmmakers visited his store. Everyone eventually asked for his help.

The squirrels' abilities reassured the director. When Qin Guan came out of the fitting room, he had changed into a T-shirt of a different color and put on a pair of jeans.

KIT KAT was a fast-moving snack bar loved by the average consumer, so he couldn't wear Armani Haute Couture or expensive jewellery.

J Clothing benefited greatly from that. Although the brand couldn't appear in the actual ad, the outfit was really similar to its latest collection. Any loyal fan of Qin Guan would recognize its origin at first sight.

The ad agency didn't pay attention to such details. Qin Guan could wear anything, or even go naked, as long as he finished the ad.

Qin Guan looked at the troop of squirrels warily. They were all focused on the trainer, so they were paying no attention to the newcomer.

When the director finished all the preparations, the trainer left the set silently and squatted down within sight of the animals.

"Second scene! The chocolate carnival on the lawn! Three, two... Camera!"

All the lights went on.

Qin Guan was sitting on the lawn leisurely, leaning back against the leg of a bench. He was enjoying the warm spring, blue sky and green grass. A KIT KAT would make his afternoon even more perfect!

Qin Guan opened a bar of chocolate and bit on it. That's when the squirrels showed up.

They had heard the sound of the wrapper and seen their favorite snack. Are those hazelnut kernels?

The first part was finished perfectly. The squirrels moved together orderly with lifted tails. Any animal lover would surely like the ad.

# Chapter 703: Magic

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According to the script, the squirrels would beg Qin Guan for some chocolate while singing a pleading chant. Then Qin Guan would share the chocolate with them. It was actually hard for squirrels to find food in spring.

It was very easy. Qin Guan would just hand the chocolate to the squirrels when the assistant told him to. However, his troublesome nature took effect again, just like it had during the biscuit ad back in China. Back then, the docile golden retriever had refused to eat its dog food. This time, the squirrels rushed over to Qin Guan.

The 46 troublemakers saw the human, the chocolate in his hands, and his cantankerous smile clearly. The trained creatures acted together.

"Go! Go! Go!"

They formed four lines and jumped onto Qin Guan's body. Caught off guard, Qin Guan fell down on the lawn. The chocolate was lost, but the squirrels settled on his stomach. Even his hair became a temporary squirrel nest.

Everyone was scared by this turn of events, except for the experienced trainer. The fat man just rang the gong.

His soldiers responded to their master by lining up immediately.

They gathered in two orderly rows, their claws hanging down both sides of their bodies. Their tails were around their waists, which made them look like students during military training.

The problem was that they were standing on Qin Guan's body. They were on his legs, along his hip bones, and on top of his chest.

Amused by his pets' funny behavior, the trainer failed to deliver a third order with his whistle. Instead, he produced a fart-like sound.

"Ha ha ha..."

The spectacle was so funny that the entire crew burst into laughter. The only sad people among them were Qin Guan and the trainer, whose long faces created a sharp contrast against everyone else's.

The director finally stopped the camera and watched the playback happily with the manager.

"See? We could add some animation there. That would make the ad completely different!"

"Yes! That's even better than the original script. What a surprise!"

"The chocolate looks more attractive this way. We could also change the commentary to highlight the mouthful of hazelnuts inside the bar!"

"Even squirrels couldn't turn it down..."

"Would anyone feed squirrels chocolate?"

"No way!"

They laughed proudly before they turned back to the set, only to see their award-winning actor lying on the lawn.

Wow! He is certainly a professional actor. He won't move unless the director orders him to!

Actually, Qin Guan was not that dedicated. He was just horrified. "Cut!" shouted the satisfied director. Everyone watched as the handsome young man rolled away with his arms and legs up like Domino cards.

The clever squirrels jumped off his body right before his first roll, for fear that they would get crushed under his body. They all rushed over to their master for protection.

"Help! That bad guy wants to crush us!"

Qin Guan climbed up leisurely, as if there was no one else present. Then he dusted off his clothes and asked Qu, "Are we finished?"

"Yes!"

"Are they satisfied?"

"Yes!"

"What are we waiting for then? Run!"

He disappeared as fast as he could, leaving behind him a legend. People now thought that Qin Guan had the magical power to change a script for the better.

After those ads, Qin Guan enjoyed a happy period of just eating and sleeping. He didn't change his lifestyle until his film hit American theaters.

Posters could be seen in all commercial cinemas and community billboards. As the news about "Mean Girls" started spreading online, Qin Guan's team worked with the distributor to promote the film.

As a teen movie, it naturally attracted a lot of attention from students. Qin Guan was busy writing his thesis during summer vacation. Meanwhile, the promotion was in full swing.

# Chapter 704: Waterloo?

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When Qin Guan handed in his thesis to Professor Martin, he found out that "Mean Girls" had lagged behind other films that had premiered during the same period. The distributor had scheduled the first screening during the first week of summer vacation, when Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei would be getting their diplomas.

They just wanted to meet the demands of their college and their parents. Qin Guan's film seemed pure and clean among all those violent Hollywood blockbusters.

The teen movie just focused on school love, which made it seem like a feeble flower amid the rustling autumn wind against the formidable crusade of the other blockbusters. Film critics began to badmouth it at first.

"This is Qin Guan's first commercial film. The award-winning actor's script-selecting criteria may be inversely proportional to his acting skills."

"I wonder how long 'Mean Girls' will hold out before it collapses. It has the weakest potential after all."

"Can indie films and commercial films unite? Or could the actor be facing his own Waterloo?"

The audience was more or less influenced by the film experts. Some older people expressed their unfavorable opinions about the film.

A part of Qin Guan's fans was attracted by his acting skills, not his looks. Instead of fighting with the haters like his loyal fans, they remained calm and just replied to the posts peacefully.

"I'm a pure fan. I always focus on his performance, no matter the film genre."

"Yes. Every film must have some highlights, even if it's bullsh\*t. For an award-winning actor like him, a good interpretation of his

role is a big enough success."

"Kudos!"

"Kudos!"

This set a good example for Qin Guan's blind fans, who learned how to control their emotions and defend their idol in the right way.

They all united in harmony. The fans living in the same city or nearby cities contributed to the box office. American schools closed in late June, so the film was in theaters during the beginning of the longest, happiest student vacation.

Students were tired of doing boring homework, and kids pestered their parents for some weekend activities. Their parents took them to the cinema, which they loved. Out of all the films in theaters, "Mean Girls" was the only one appropriate for family audiences.

Everyone bought several tickets at once. It only took a few families to fill a small theater, so most cinema owners experienced a happy surprise. Their smaller theaters were crowded, while the larger ones were nearly empty.

The audience in the small theaters was talking and laughing, while the so-called blockbusters made the audience sleepy. The cinema owners, who were acute businessmen, used the audience's feedback to adjust the timetable the next day.

There were no complaints by the blockbuster distributors, as the latest box office and film reviews could be found in the newspapers.

The first week of the summer season, the North American Box Office went as follows:

No. 1 Mean Girls, 4.3 million dollars

No. 2 Alien vs. Predator, 3.8 million dollars

No. 3 Kill Bill Vol. 2, 2.8 million dollars

## No. 4 The Butterfly Effect, 2 million dollars

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The statistics shocked all the film production companies in North America.

"Alien vs. Predator" had invested a lot in high-tech effects during post-production. The "Kill Bill" sequel had attracted millions of dollars, but most people had expected more from "The Butterfly Effect". Who could have predicted that a teen comedy with a limited budget would top the list!

All experienced producers were stupefied. The confident critics had also zipped their mouths. They had originally planned on dissing the film after it lost the battle.

A strange silence prevailed in all film sections of the media. No fights. No praises. Everyone just remained quiet.

Of course, the Chinese media and Qin Guan's official blog did not count. All entertainment forums had fallen into the whirlwind of "Mean Girls" as young people gathered online to express their feelings.

"A good actor underestimated by American commercial film producers."

"My mom felt young again by watching Qin Guan. We didn't know that he was so young. We thought he was a middle-aged actor!"

"He is so handsome in this film. Don't you think so?"

"Of course! He looks amazing!"

"Yes!"

# Chapter 705: The Company's Last Film

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As the film's box office increased steadily, people got more and more surprised. The total box office of the first week reached 24,432,195 dollars. "Mean Girls" ranked first at the end of the first week.

This was only the beginning for the teen movie though, as it would be in theaters during the entire summer vacation. The haters disappeared soon, like waves leaving a beach. Only then did some observant, conscientious people realize that Qin Guan's film had grossed 10 million dollars amid the American commercial film circle.

Qin Guan, who was still dedicated to indie films, had made a good start in commercial films. When his other new films premiered one after another after extensive promotion, everyone faced a scary phenomenon.

"Mean Girls" remained first on the billboard even during the second and the third week. Its terrible momentum seemed like it would only keep increasing.

These horrible facts were on the desks of all market analysts. In less than a month, the total income of the film had reached 60 million dollars. An insignificant film with a budget of less than 10 million had made a counterattack.

This only proved that one should never look down upon anybody. There were so many unexpected happenings taking place around the world.

The PR Department of Nestle took advantage of this to launch the company's ads.

Where are the ads? What? You've only edited one so far? The parkour one? Just launch it immediately! Globally!

The food giant launched the same version of the ad in different

countries at the same time. Their chocolate started selling like crazy during that period.

The biggest advantage of fast-moving consumer goods was their overwhelming scale. People could see their ads everywhere in their daily lives.

The chocolate ad gave Qin Guan a rare chance.

The producer and distributor of Warner Bros was eating a KIT KAT bar in his office in New York. The chocolate suddenly reminded him of something, so he started rummaging in the pile of scripts at the corner of his large office. The scripts had been selected by his staff, but they were on that shelf for different reasons.

Qin Guan's ad had reminded him of a script about chocolate, which would be suitable for those chocolate businessmen.

Despite its unique style and black humor, the script had been graded with a "B", so the company wouldn't invest too much in it. It was actually tailored for Tim Burton, the only director who shot children's films by using dark, obscure methods.

Things were different now though. Inspired by the ad, the producer believed that the key to the film's success would be Qin Guan's participation and the selfless contribution of chocolate traders. This would save a lot of money for the film. Even Qin Guan's value wouldn't bother the distributor, as he was definitely a "B" kind of actor.

The producer, who was a go-getter, dusted the script off carefully and swallowed all the chocolate chips in his mouth. Then he made a call.

"What can I do for you, sir?"

"Call the Circulation Department. I want to see the director of Investment and Income Assessment in my office."

"No problem. Anything else?"

The producer pondered it a little before he told his assistant, "Contact B Plan Company for me. Tell them that I have a good script and I'm looking for someone to co-produce it with."

After a pause, the assistant reminded his boss, "Mr. Bem, you must be forgetting that the owners of the company are going through a marital crisis."

Bem took another piece of chocolate from the package, and then leaned back against his chair and said in the receiver happily, "I know, but I know Jennifer Aniston very well. Heartbroken people do well in their careers. If she is clever enough, she will realize that this film is a big chance for her future. She and Brad Pitt are getting a divorce, so this film will be the last one they produce as a couple through their company."

"A seemingly civil couple and a dying company... What would she spend money on?"

The assistant held his breath. This was a trick meant to minimize the risk for Warner Bros and get the most money out of the smallest investment. The company, which possessed both the production and distribution rights, would get the maximum profit.

Great trees towered over smaller ones. As a mere blade of grass, all the producer could do was do his job.

# Chapter 706: The Teen Choice Awards

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"Okay, sir. I'll call them as soon as possible."

"And contact Qin Guan's agent for me. Send him the script and find out if he is interested. If he's not, try to convince him."

"No problem. May I have the code of the script in our data?"

"B-22, Charlie and the Chocolate Factory."

"Okay, I'll check it out."

"Beep-

The producer hung up with an evil smile. Meanwhile, his prey, Qin Guan, received a confusing call from Sister Qu.

"What are you talking about, Sister? The Teen Choice Awards? What the hell is that?"

His question made Qu feel awkward, but she still tried to explain to him about the children's awards and their difference from traditional ones.

The Teen Choice Awards were a new event organized by FOX that had started only a few years earlier, but it was very famous among American teenagers. 80% of them knew about the awards, and many of them had voted online at least once.

The most important part of the awards was the grand ceremony, which was like a meet-and-greet with superstars. The group of idols that attended the ceremony made the teenagers go crazy.

FOX TV broadcasted the event live all over the world, so the producer of "Mean Girls" had sent the film to the organizing committee without hesitation.

Qin Guan had won not one, but three awards at the 6th Teen Choice Awards, including the Best Actor and Best Screen Partner Award. All the titles sounded very cool.

This was great news for him. He had won three awards with one stone! Naturally, Qin Guan decided to attend the ceremony.

The event would be held soon, so Qin Guan had to start preparing immediately. Even Qu was in awe of his good luck. He won awards for every film he shot.

Suddenly, her phone rang again.

"Hello, this is Qu Xuemei. Who is this? Okay, in the second week of August... No problem... I'll ask him to read the script first. I'll call you back later."

Finally, a decent job!

The Teen Choice Awards turned out to be better than Qu had expected. Qin Guan's starting point in Europe had still been a little higher though. The difference between the two was like the one between the Himalaya Mountains and the Mariana Islands.

The attendants didn't even need to dress formally during the ceremony, but a lot of Qin Guan's fans made their presence known.

The Columbia network technology team had hacked into FOX's ticketing system and bought a few more admission tickets. They were not greedy though. Qin Guan's fans only took up half of the seats in the splendid hall. The venue was full of flashlights, light sticks and banners.

His fans were actually honest. If they weren't, they would have let fans of other stars in on their secret knowledge.

The host on the stage was calm, but the audience was very nervous. They could see that half of the seats were occupied by fans of a certain star. Qin Guan's fans were all wearing uniforms and holding up banners and all kinds of strange tools. There were also some fascinating guys wearing sparkling helmets with LED lights.

They were certainly very ambitious.

Before the ceremony could begin, some fans, who obviously wanted to watch the world burn, started shouting under the stage.

"Britney! I love you!"

"Paris! I love you!"

The abominable fans began to whistle. Yes, the hostess was Paris Hilton, and the winner of the Best MV Award was Britney.

How embarrassing!

Qin Guan had no idea what his fans were doing. He was busy looking at a group of teenage idols backstage. The young stars were all the same age or even younger than him, but they treated him like a senior citizen.

JoJo, who was the youngest one among them, was only 14 years old. She and Ashley Simpson were hiding behind punk rock band Blink-182. The three musicians, who were fully dressed for the ceremony, were looking at Qin Guan jealously from a small corner.

The territories of the two groups were as different as the first and tenth WOW level.

# Chapter 707: Muddling Up The Ceremony

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The five of them were trembling in a corner, overwhelmed by his might. Qin Guan waved at them blankly.

"Hey, I don't think we've met before."

They all nodded at him.

"Why are you so afraid of me?"

The lead singer of Blink-182, who was the oldest of the five, held his head high, pointing his nose at Qin Guan. He was threatening in manner, but cowardly at heart. Despite his trembling voice, he still seemed undaunted.

"We... we are not afraid of you! Musicians are always united. Yes, united!"

Qin Guan burst into laughter. When he saw JoJo's sparkling eyes behind his back, the boy felt even more nervous.

"What are you laughing at? Stop laughing! You are a wizard who can fascinate people with just a smile! You are an evil spirit!"

His answer made Qin Guan laugh even louder.

"Ha ha! Nice story! Who told you that?"

The singer faced Qin Guan bravely, but he didn't say anything. Suddenly, some familiar voices were heard.

"It was me!"

"And me..."

"And me!"

Three blonde girls had appeared backstage. It was Britney Spears, Paris Hilton and the protagonist of "Mean Girls".

"Hey, Lindsay. Why did you slander me? I thought we were on the same side."

Lindsay, who had dyed her brown hair blonde, waved her finger at Qin Guan proudly. "I just released my first album this year. My manager is the same as Britney's!"

Qin Guan was speechless. "How are the sales going?" he asked her in a low voice.

"Pretty good. I have ranked among the top three new artists."

Qin Guan fell silent. He would never understand American teenagers. Lindsay's voice was abysmal.

He had been unlucky enough to hear her sing while they had been filming "Mean Girls". He remembered that he hadn't had anything for lunch that day.

The three girls eased the tense atmosphere. As they began to chat with each other, Paris Hilton started silently moving towards Qin Guan. She was in a great dilemma. I like him so much! Qin Guan is so handsome. Oh, no! What about MacArthur? He doesn't like Qin Guan at all...

Suddenly, the director shouted at them.

"The hostess needs to get ready! Music and lighting will be in place in one minute. The subtitles will run at 150 words per minute."

"Got it!"

"Ready? Go! Go!"

The ceremony began at his order. A thunderous applause was heard as the curtain rose. The deafening screams of the fans reached the backstage area.

"Qin Guan!"

"Qin Guan! My love!"

All the film, TV and music stars backstage turned their heads towards Qin Guan.

Your fans are bullying us! The fans at previous ceremonies had been divided equally. Does this mean that the whole audience is composed of your fans? Those screams sound terrible!

The fans seemed to act strange during the ceremony. Half the audience shouted themselves hoarse during the music awards, while the other half remained strangely silent. They were waiting for the film awards, holding up their banners casually as a response to the hostess' words.

Paris Hilton was lucky. The fans didn't rebel against her. They actually considered her one of them. They had not travelled a thousand miles and almost committed a crime for those singers! They just wanted to see Qin Guan accept his awards. If European film festivals sold tickets, they would have gone there instead!

They knew all about their consumer rights.

Hilton remained calm as the distinguished guests of the musical awards lined up to get on the stage.

Nothing, not even the hot dancers, could stop Qin Guan's crazy fans.

The live broadcast was shown simultaneously on TV and online all over the world. The viewers at home were laughing on their couches.

"Ha ha! This is the funniest ceremony I have ever seen!"

"I wonder about the psychological impact on Paris Hilton and the singers!"

# Chapter 708: A Big Award

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The organizer of a rival teenage award show was really happy to see that.

"Ha ha! They need a solid foundation to control the event! They can't keep a whale in a swimming pool! What a mess! An award-winning actor doesn't need their acknowledgement! This is so pointless..."

Then he suddenly stopped sneering.

"Now I will yield the floor to Qin Guan..."

"Qin Guan, I love you!"

"Cheers!"

The lights went on as banners started flying in the air. Qin Guan's fans were roaring, but the other half of the audience was scared.

"Look over here! Qin Guan, look over here!"

"Oh my! I can see him! He is on the stage!"

"We are in the same room!"

Some sensitive fans started crying out like mental patients. Paris Hilton handed Qin Guan the microphone. A princess like her had never been treated like this.

Your turn, popular boy!

Qin Guan looked at the microphone in shock. I thought the hostess would introduce me first. What is she doing?

Paris Hilton took a few steps back. She wouldn't dare talk during Qin Guan's time on the stage. The fans in the front row were watching her with red eyes.

Qin Guan was not nervous. He had never experienced anything like this before, but he was good at handling such situations. He

just waved at the audience warmly.

"Hello, everyone. I'm Qin Guan!"

His voice sounded like a battle horn. His fans began to roar at his order.

"Qin Guan!"

"Qin Guan!"

"Qin Guan!"

The guys in the LED hats stood up together. Everyone suddenly saw Qin Guan's Chinese name sparkling in the dark. It seemed like they had planned this in advance. It was certainly a big surprise.

Qin Guan's heart softened as he acknowledged their effort.

"My friends under the stage, how are you? I really like your gift. What about you?"

"So do we!"

Inspired by this grand gesture, Qin Guan's other fans forgot about their grievances. Wow! Fan events should always be like this! This is so cool!

If Chinese teenagers knew what they were thinking, they would have sneered at them. One was influenced by what they saw and heard since their early childhood. Chinese people were good at organizing formal events with strict regulations.

Qin Guan had no idea about this. He just wanted to share his feelings with his fans. Realizing that the crazy audience was now under control, Paris took out the award with trembling hands.

It was a mini surfboard.

The award was pocket-sized, but it was a perfect replica of a real surfboard. All its parts were identical, and if one threw it into the sea, it could work like a real one. However, its 182-centimeter length made it too big for a trophy.

As Paris Hilton carried it over to him, Qin Guan realized he was barely taller than the award.

Bang!

Qin Guan nearly fell down with his unique prize.

# Chapter 709: The New Villa

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Paris shrank her head back like a tortoise. You have the award. It's your responsibility now.

Qin Guan put the large award in front of him and showed it to the audience. He received a rapturous applause. A few sensitive girls even took some tissues out of their pockets.

This is so exciting, we just want to cry. We were with you when you won an award!

Despite the childlike award in his arms, Qin Guan managed to look serious. He cleared his throat and began his speech.

"Thank you for your support. This is my first Teen Choice Award, so the credit is yours, not mine. I would like to express my gratitude to all the people under the stage, as well as the audience at home. Thank you for your votes!"

His bow aroused an even warmer applause. Everyone loved him and had high expectations for his future. Admiring you is a blessing!

"I will work really hard to make you proud!"

His sincere words were the best response.

The autocue reminded Qin Guan that he had to surrender the stage to the next winners, so he waved at the audience once again and put a full stop to his speech.

"I hope to present you with good films every year and see you at this ceremony again. This is a promise. We all have to work hard for it to happen. Okay?"

"Okay!"

"Okay!"

"Okay!"

Qin Guan received loud responses. His fans watched their idol return to the backstage area with his heavy award, waving at them as he disappeared.

Their excitement and sorrow lasted till the end of the ceremony. Fans of other stars dared not cerebrate over the next awards. If they so much as laughed amid that sad atmosphere, they would have regretted it.

When Paris Hilton announced the end of the ceremony, she let out a long sigh of relief. As the curtain fell down, the director rushed to the Technology Department with his headset.

"The audience ratings of the whole ceremony reached 7%. When Qin Guan got on the stage, they boomed up to 8%! According to the statistics, we outdid the MTV Awards! The feedback from the advertisers is really good!"

The director collapsed on a chair. The FOX board of directors wanted the awards to do better. Despite that huge pressure, the TV station had tried its best to promote the event. If it wasn't for the sake of the stars and some sponsors, the awards would have been cancelled. Their rival, the MTV Awards, had a more solid fan base after all.

One person had turned things around completely though.

The director slept well that night. The next morning, his head was buzzing with good news. According to the statistics, the ceremony had reached the top of the entertainment ratings.

Plus, 8% of the audience had been adults!

This meant that the Advertising Department could get back to the sponsors with some good news. See? We can earn money in the adult market. It's not much, but it's still a good start.

While the TV station boomed with loud cheers, Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei were sighing in their messy apartment.

They were packing up to leave. They had lived there for two

years, so the apartment was full of warm memories.

They had finally graduated from Columbia. All the procedures had been taken care of. Qin Guan had decided to move all his work headquarters, including his accounting firm and studio, to China. He and Cong Nianwei would move into a new house.

They would spend some time in New York for their PhDs, but that small apartment did not meet their needs anymore. It was Lan Jin who had helped Qin Guan make that decision.

Qin Guan had acted right away. He had used his advanced payment from the accounting firm to buy a villa in Long Island. The villa was in an upscale residential area just a 20-minute drive away from New York. The house was close to the mountains and the sea, but far from the bustling city center.

# Chapter 710: Borrowing A Private Jet

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The villa was no more than 400 square meters, but it had a garden and a pool. Lan Jin also lived in the neighborhood. For Cong Nianwei, who was in need of an independent studio, this was better than a small apartment.

The couple moved to the villa as soon as they could after visiting it. Everything was going well, except for one thing. Qin Guan was annoyed with his work.

He was planning on shifting all his jobs, including his modeling and acting work, back to China. Chinese people focused on qualifications and style though, so he had to take all his awards with him. The three surfboards posed a big problem.

Checking them in as overweight luggage at the airport was not a good idea. The loading men were always casual with luggage, and no insurance company would insure them. It was not a problem that could be settled with money. Qin Guan had to either charter a plane, or trust his awards to an international shipping company.

UPS was good enough in his opinion, but everyone around him criticized him for being careless. Finally, He Ming, who was a resourceful guy, found him a private jet. The owner of the jet claimed to know Qin Guan.

The tycoon agreed to transfer his luggage for free without hesitation. The plane would only make a short stop at the Beijing Airport on its way to UAE. The man would take care of everything else. His only requirement was to meet Qin Guan to discuss a business offer.

Qin Guan was confused by his demand, but Qu hired Han Zhujiu from the Black Star Security Company to make sure he would be safe. Qin Guan wanted to show more dignity before the tycoon, but Han could last at least 10 minutes in an emergency.

The ignorant men went to the tycoon's luxurious mansion in New York, which also happened to be in Long Island. His private land was about 32,000 square meters, so it was 100 times bigger than Qin Guan's villa.

Qin Guan's team got on a sightseeing car at the entrance of the land. As they moved forward along the marble-paved road, Qin Guan thought that his own real estate was like a shabby shelter in comparison.

More than 10 minutes later, the white fold-top car pulled up to the entrance of the house, which looked like a European castle. Its dome seemed West Asian, and its lofty towers made it look majestic. There were two Roman girls standing on both sides of the gate, holding water bottles in their arms. The girls added elegance to the golden gate, which revealed that the owner of the house had gotten rich recently.

A kind, professional steward opened the gate for them. Qu Xuemei, who was a sharp-eyed woman, could tell that he had graduated from a British school. When they entered the hall, they faced a different world.

They noticed Chinese patterns on the center of the floor as the steward led them inside, and Chinese art greeted them from all directions.

Qin Guan also saw lots of decorations from his own gallery. It seemed that the mysterious Arabian was a collector of Chinese artwork.

Finally, they reached their destination. Qin Guan was allowed into the meeting room, but Qu Xuemei and Han Zhujiu were stopped politely by two security guards wearing headscarves. Qin Guan stood alone in the vast room, facing the tycoon.

The millionaire was a young bearded man wearing a robe and a white turban. The beard made him look scruffy, but his white clothes saved him. He adjusted his white turban slowly as he

pointed to the couch. "Your name precedes you, Mr. Qin. Please take a seat."

His childlike voice and serious tone were a funny match. He sounded like [Lin Zhiling](#) reading Chairman Mao's articles.

Qin Guan tried his best to suppress his laughter as he sat down elegantly on the couch. The Arabian smiled faintly. It seemed that Qin Guan's presence there made him happy.

The enigmatic man began a boasting self-introduction.

"You might feel strange. You don't know me after all, but I know you. We had some pleasant contact in Las Vegas. Of course, I was in my office, and you were just a visitor in my casino."

Qin Guan remembered that interesting incident. Are you kidding? Are you after me for such a small amount of money? You are an Arabian tycoon, bro! Okay, I'll pay you back. You are even stingier than me!

Qin Guan's eyes betrayed his thoughts. The young tycoon understood at once.

A Taiwanese actress famous for her big boobs and childlike voice.

# Chapter 711: A Judge In Dubai

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The man waved at Qin Guan eagerly and said in a childlike voice, "I invited you here to ask for your help. Believe me, it's not about money. I'm Abdul. My family has never run out of money. The casino you visited is mine, and its daily turnover is hundreds of millions dollars. I don't care about that small sum you won."

Qin Guan relaxed. There's nothing to be worried about.

Abdul glanced at Qin Guan. When he saw that he had calmed down, he started talking again.

"Are you aware of the political system of the UAE and their domestic economic policy?"

Sorry, but I'm really not... Qin Guan was not ambitious by any means. What he had achieved so far had been in order for him to have an easy family life. He had never thought about the national economy or other people's livelihoods. That was far beyond his reach.

The small man murmured to himself, "Our country is not a large one. Half of its land is desert, and the cities are built around oases or petroleum factories. Petroleum is a non-renewable resource though. One day it will run out, and the fortune we made from it will burst like a bubble. That's why the seven emirates have united and committed themselves to changing the state of things. Tourism is our new way of development."

"We are the richest men in the world, so we know what other rich men think. We built Dubai so we could swallow money from other parts of the world. You can find anything you can imagine there. Luxury brands come to the city to make money, so Dubai will soon become the fashion capital of the world."

"In order to expand the influence of the city, we need talented people from all fields."

Qin Guan felt sick. What did they want him to do? Give a show in Dubai? Was the man kidding? If he cooperated with Arabian girls, he'd be killed on the spot. Besides, everyone was wearing robes there. One could only see their eyes. Those radicalized people would show Qin Guan their power.

While Qin Guan was pondering how to say no politely, the man surprised him.

"We are planning on hosting some international events in order to attract the world's attention. We have shopping streets, children carnivals, Ramadan... This is not enough though. This year, we saw China get the 2008 Olympics. We know that we are not qualified to host the Summer Olympics, so we applied for the next Winter Olympics."

"We are also planning on organizing an international film festival. I would like to invite you to be a final judge of the shortlisted films."

Qin Guan was stupefied. He had only focused on the first plan. You want to apply for the Winter Olympics? You live in the desert! Have you even seen snow before?

Before he could come back to his senses, the tycoon smiled at him. "Your silence means yes, right? Don't worry. I'll get your awards to your office safely as a reward. Of course, if you have any new films coming out, our festival will be looking forward to them."

Qin Guan nodded helplessly. The man had no idea how the entertainment circle worked. A new film festival couldn't attract popular films, just indie films or films with a limited budget, who participated only for the bonus. Famous directors and proud indie films would never give the Dubai Film Festival a chance. Money couldn't always solve everything.

Feeling sympathy for the patriotic man, Qin Guan accepted his invitation. According to his understanding of Dubai, the salary had

to be very high.

Abdul was happy to see him accept. He shook hands with Qin Guan happily.

"Actually, we Arabians have no experience with entertainment awards, so we will be needing your instructions on many details. I'll contact your agent before the film festival. The reward will be 3.5 million dollars. What do you think of that? Is it too low?"

The two friends headed downstairs, surrounded by Han Zhujiu and Abdul's bodyguards. Qin Guan and Qu Xuemei nearly fell off the stairs at his words.

There was no such bonus for an Oscar or a European award!

When Qin Guan recovered from the shock, he asked the man seriously, "3.5 million per award?"

"No! We are rich men, but we are not idiots. That's the total sum."

# Chapter 712: Joining The Crew

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Qin Guan's first thought was to submit his own films to the Dubai Film Festival to make money. The average award would be worth tens of thousands of dollars, which would definitely make participating worth it.

Making a decision, Qin Guan hugged Abdul at the gate with a smile. The two of them had become good friends.

Han Zhujiu, on the other side, exchanged a fierce glance with the Arabian bodyguards before leaving.

On their way back, Qu asked Qin Guan, "Did you finish reading the Warner Bros script? That will be your last film before you return to China."

"I finished it. It's interesting. The investment is pretty good too. I think it was 10 million. Am I a B level actor now?"

"Yes, I submitted an application when you won your second award in Berlin. When the total box office of 'Mean Girls' comes out, your application will be approved."

"What does that mean?"

"It means that you will have a lot more options in the future. Your skin color will be a big problem though. As soon as you fail, all blockbuster producers will abandon you, no matter the reason. You'll have to stick to indie films in the future."

"That's not too bad, actually. At least you have your awards and the European film circle on your side. You are much better off than most Chinese actors."

As her voice got lower and lower, Qin Guan asked in surprise, "What do you mean? Did a Chinese actor fail recently in Hollywood?"

It had to be one of the three most influential actors. Although

Qin Guan had no connection to any of them, considering the date, the unlucky guy had to be Chow Yun Fat.

"Yes. According to inside information, his films have suffered a loss in America. The producers only got 35 million and 27 million back, while they had invested 80 million and 52 million on each film. Plus, his salary had cost them 12 million. I think he will not get a good script again in America anytime soon."

Qin Guan remained silent on the way back home. At the sight of Cong Nianwei, who was trimming the rose bushes in the garden, he relaxed again. As he got out of the car and went over to help her, he heard Qu's voice behind him.

"Learn from his mistakes. If you want to concentrate on China in the future, you have to win this round. You are bringing money to this film and replacing Johnny Depp, who is Tim Burton's favorite. If you are not good enough, people will call you Box Office Poison."

Qin Guan didn't care. He had read the script many times and thought he was good enough for the role. His only problem was the squirrels. Would they be the same ones that Nestle had hired?

Sometimes Qin Guan's hunch was right. As he and Cong Nianwei greeted their new neighbors, the producers called him.

Abdul's plane had taken off with his awards, so Qin Guan led his formidable team to the studio carefreely.

His team was twice as big as the crew hired by the producer. There were about 80 employees, including the Armani studio, which would design the costumes of the actors. The magnificent vintage costumes could only be tailored by professional designers, so this had been part of Qin Guan's contribution.

A second group were the chocolate and candy traders, who had provided real props for certain scenes.

Nestle had donated thousands of chocolate bars, and the large lollipops, chocolate trees and flowers made by a Brighton chocolate

store had also been donated by Nestle. Those special props had to be maintained by professionals.

The last group were the professional colorists and pastry cooks, who would mix chemicals with a special viscous oil to make the chocolate stream. A real chocolate river was too expensive even for Nestle after all.

The big team didn't overwhelm Tim Burton, who was very experienced. It actually saved him a lot of money. The adventurous director didn't want to return the money, so he made the brave decision to put pressure on Qin Guan.

"We could use a 15/70 film."

"But that's larger and much more expensive, director! Besides, the film will be screened in IMAX cinemas!"

# Chapter 713: Breeding

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Tim Burton adjusted his glasses with a smile.

"I know. You are an award-winning actor after all. We should believe in each other."

Actually, the old man was holding a grudge against Qin Guan for replacing Johnny Depp.

If the budget was reasonable, the overall plan of the film was up to the director. That was the most vital reason for a director to find a producer easily. A good director was very beneficial to the film's box office.

After an initial struggle, the producer had stopped resisting. As Warner Bros had expected, Brad Pitt didn't show up. Jennifer Aniston was the only one on the site, which proved that their marriage was indeed going through a crisis. The actress looked very lonely.

The crew was too busy to pay attention to the woman's presence though. When the child actors arrived happily, the assistants led them to the makeup room. Jennifer was looking at the familiar studio with blank eyes. She suddenly noticed that there was a cup of juice in her hand. Qu Xuemei had brought it.

"It's perfect for the summer. One should do the right thing at the right time. There are so many things to do in the world after all..."

The juice was just an excuse for them to meet. Jennifer, who was a wise, independent woman, smiled at Qu. She knew that she was trying to comfort her.

"Thank you."

Some people only needed two words, while others required extensive persuasion.

Qin Guan walked out in his costume, mentally complaining about

the aesthetics of the film. Maybe this was in the original script or in the absurd imagination of the director and the prop team.

He was wearing a bright red formal suit and a tall hat. His loose cloak floated when he walked, but his red leather pants felt tight on his legs.

The supporting characters looked normal compared to him. The world had been a very strange place before the European Industrial Revolution.

The five children did not look nervous when they saw Qin Guan. Their guardians and agents had warned them before they had come to the studio.

"You'll see Qin Guan there. Willy Wonka and Charlie are the main characters of the film. The most important thing for a child actor though is to build up their acting skills!"

Many child actors lost their way as they grew up, but they still had an advantage over other actors. As long as they shook off the influence of their childhood, their unconscious experience could become the key to their success.

All grown-up child actors were good at acting, as they had gained endless advice from the various stars they had cooperated with.

As a result, when the five children came to the site, they were in awe of Qin Guan. Their adoration vanished as soon as Qin Guan appeared though. Was he the man who had conquered half of Europe?

Qin Guan's face was pale with makeup, so he looked both funny and scary. The children relaxed as they got closer to the actor.

Tim nodded when he saw Qin Guan's costume. He was very satisfied with the international designer.

The chocolate factory was ready for Qin Guan's first scene.

"Here comes the mysterious owner of the factory. Three, two,

one... Action!"

The chocolate factory opened its gates to everyone. Large colorful lollipops were hanging around the operating room. The mysterious Willy Wonka was sitting among them as different colors twisted before the camera. The candy-like props smelled as sweet as real candy.

The man's face was shielded, but his beautiful eyes twinkled behind his transparent glasses.

Charlie's grandpa was played by David Kelly, who was a stage comedian. Tim Burton had chosen him for his typical face and powerful muscles.

"We are running out of chocolate birds, sir!" Grandpa Joe shouted at Qin Guan.

Qin Guan looked at him through all the candy. His eyes were as soft as lavender mousse and as clear as California frosting.

He handed Grandpa Joe a small egg. "Running out of birds? Just breed one."

Grandpa Joe calmly put the egg in his mouth. When he opened his mouth again, everyone saw a chocolate bird fly out of the eggshells.

Of course, the scene would be edited during post-production. The actors just pretended that this had happened.

# Chapter 714: A Strange Man

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A skilled actor could make something out of nothing. They could pretend to see invisible figures or fabricate emotions, which was precisely Qin Guan's advantage.

In one minute, Tim Burton forgot all about his resentment for Qin Guan. He knocked on a board next to him, threw a wooden stick at the shelf and said, "Cut!"

This was his typical way of finishing a scene. His knock acted like a gong at the end of a boxing round.

Not everyone was familiar with this habit of his though. The assistants hastened to explain to the children, for fear that they would offend the strange director.

When the director left, Qin Guan craned his neck around the candy, immediately attracting the attention of the children. He winked at them and made a grimace, making the children burst into laughter.

Their parents and agents misunderstood their laughter. Qin Guan was behind them, so they couldn't see him. Thinking that the children were making light of their lessons, the adults surrounded them with a strict expression on their faces.

Qin Guan realized he was in trouble and tried to escape under the cover of the candy, all the while sticking his tongue out at the children. The innocent children tried to explain. "No, we were not laughing at you! Qin Guan was making faces at us!"

"Where is he?"

The adults turned around in the direction the little fingers were pointing, only to find empty space. They all turned back angrily. "Don't make excuses! You are just messing with us..."

Before they could finish their words, they saw a large white face before them. Qin Guan, who had walked around the children, was

now making faces at the adults.

His white face made him look like a scary ghost. The adults nearly fell down from the shock, but the children were really excited.

"Look! We were not lying. Uncle Qin was greeting us!"

The naughty children just wanted to get out of trouble. Before Qin Guan could complain, the adults surrounded the children with forced smiles and disappeared as fast as they could.

"See you!" They left faster than rabbits.

Qin Guan looked so strange that the guards had forgotten that he was an award-winning actor. He was just a freak they had to keep a distance from.

Qin Guan was looking at the empty room sorrowfully, when Qu and Jennifer walked over to him slowly.

"Why are they treating me like this, Sister Qu?"

"Rubbish! Could you please wash your face before you greet people? Change out of your costume and then come back and talk with me. You look like a zombie!"

Qin Guan walked to the dressing room sadly. "But my makeup looks so cool!"

Qu forced a smile at Jennifer and tried to ease the awkward atmosphere.

"Don't get too much into character," she told Qin Guan. "The character's traits are not yours. Remember that!"

Qin Guan shrugged. He really liked the film. Even though it was a children's film, the simple story allowed him to show his abilities. If he could get good reviews and succeed at the box office, he might win some awards for his last film.

As Qin Guan was imagining his future happily, the two ladies were talking about him. Qu shared some funny stories about the

award-winning actor with her new friend. The anecdotes made Jennifer feel better.

Qin Guan returned to the set in another costume. The crew was adjusting the set for the last time before filming began.

# Chapter 715: It's Hard To Shoot A Children's Film

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Everyone put on safety goggles to protect their eyes from the irritant gas of the machines. The interior of the chocolate factory had taken them nearly a week to build.

It looked like a child's dream world. The lawn was made of green candy, and the fruit was made of hard red candy. There were also red-and-white rainbow sticks and white cream that served as clouds. Everything was made of candy. Even the slow-flowing river was made of liquid chocolate.

That factory was the dream place of children all over the world.

The story began with Qin Guan. This character was quite different from the previous ones he had portrayed. Willy Wonka was a freak that had remained isolated from the world for 20 years. He had only opened the factory again because of his love for candy, but he didn't really trust anyone. No one knew his real motivation.

Tim loaded the expensive film into the camera as he waited for the actors to get into position. Finally, they started filming.

This was the first time Qin Guan had to use his facial muscles in such strange ways. Every word he delivered felt like it was not coming from a common man.

After being silent for a long time, Willy Wonka had forgotten the correct meaning of words. When the naughty children behaved badly, a strange expression appeared on his face.

He grimaced with a fierce expression in his eyes. Frowning, he stopped the kids with a shaking finger.

"Why are you so short?"

They all turned their heads around and answered angrily, "Because we are kids! You must have been just as short when you

were young!"

"No!" Qin Guan told them proudly. "I was tall as a child. I always wore a tall hat. I never took it off!"

Suddenly, a meaningful smile appeared on his face for the first time. His pale face couldn't cover his good looks, and his white gloves, stick and purple velvet suit made him look mysterious.

One of the parents, who was the mother of the cheerleader, focused on Qin Guan. She ogled at him and straightened her chest, while he tried to find a place to hide. He was not very familiar with humans.

Thanks to his perfect body language and dramatic expression, Qin Guan performed well during the simple scene. The line delivery was just as perfect. The 10 actors cooperated well and avoided making any mistakes.

Some lines were repeated, as some supporting actors failed to keep up with Qin Guan's high speed.

The only retake caused by Qin Guan was during his reaction shot. He looked like a vampire with that makeup, which made him much too beautiful for the role.

Qin Guan was speechless at the mistake. The reaction shot had originally not been included in the script. He shot a complaining look at the director, but Tim ignored him.

Tim Burton, whose hairstyle made him look like Einstein, knocked on the board again. All the actors collapsed at the sound. The director was very strict, but they worked really hard, so they managed to get half-way through the film in a few days.

There was no fighting or romance in the film, but even the supporting characters had plenty of lines. Most of the characters appeared together in the same scene, so the actors had to do their own job well while they paid attention to the others.

# Chapter 716: Cuckold By Mistake

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They had to be careful with their expression and keep acting even when the director was filming the others. There were eight cameras around, aiming at them from all directions.

The director might use some shots of them during the editing process, so all the actors were nervous. Their job was more exhausting than a fierce fight.

After all, in a sense, mental work was more tiring than manual work.

Qin Guan, who was the most relaxed one, joined in the fun.

"Hey, everyone! Don't sit here. We are really close to the chocolate river. It's very dangerous! There is a poisonous gas here. If you stay too long, your brain will stop functioning!"

Qin Guan pulled the children away. The adults also left as soon as possible. Fortunately, the next scene was on a different site.

Qin Guan pushed the naughty kids towards the lounge and then headed to his own rest area. He had a long, soft couch he could relax on after work.

Under normal circumstances, Qu would be there to prepare a cold beverage for him.

A cup of iced coffee was on the table as a woman in a suit was rummaging inside a large cabinet.

Qin Guan collapsed on the couch and poured the coffee into his mouth. When the cold stream flowed to his stomach, Qin Guan felt refreshed. It was as if he had come back to life again.

He leaned back against the couch elegantly and patted the spot next to him, shouting, "Well done, darling! Come on, stop working now! For heaven's sake, I left the room for you. I left the emperor by himself!"

Proud of his joke, Qin Guan looked at his cup again. Wait! There is a pink lip stain on the edge of the cup!

Qin Guan touched his own lips, which were as pale as his face. Then he looked at the woman.

Suddenly, she raised her head to reveal her blonde hair. She was wearing the same gray suit as Qu Xuemei, but her fair skin looked like pure snow.

It was not Qu. It was actually one of the producers, Jennifer. To some extent, Qin Guan had to rely on her to make a living.

Jennifer burst into laughter at the Asian man, who was lying on the couch handsomely. This was the first time she had laughed in a long time.

"Hello, Qin Guan. You must have mistaken me for someone else."

Qin Guan felt so awkward that he forgot to change his posture. "Where is Qu?" he asked with one hand on his head and one on his hip.

"She had some work to do and had to leave early. You can call her if there is an emergency."

"Okay... Sorry, I made a mistake... The coffee... Would you like to take a seat?"

Qin Guan started talking nonsense as he offered her the couch. Life was always filled with little accidents. The two strangers got to know each other quickly thanks to that innocuous coincidence.

As they offered the couch to each other politely, the door was pushed open and a handsome blond man walked in angrily.

"I'm really busy these days, Jennifer. Why are you discussing our private life with everyone? Are you pleased with yourself?"

His voice was low, but full of anger. It was Brad Pitt, Jennifer's husband. Suddenly, he realized his wife was throwing flirtatious looks at the handsome man lying on the couch.

"Wow! What are you doing? You have been accusing me of infidelity, yet you are flirting with another man. You have been slandering me and Angelina, but now I caught you in the act!"

Jennifer's eyes turned red at his reproach.

# Chapter 717: Collapsing At The First Blow

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Considering their age difference, Jennifer was too old to be Qin Guan's girlfriend, but her beloved husband was hard-hearted enough to accuse her of adultery, regardless of their marital status.

Qin Guan came back to his senses immediately. Is he calling me a boy toy?

Even a good-tempered man like him wouldn't stand for that. He bounced up from the couch and rushed over to Brad. The two handsome men, who were about the same height, stood face to face.

"This is not our first meeting, Pitt. Do you really want to defame me before you've even gotten a clear look at me?"

Brad suddenly realized who he was. His strange makeup made Qin Guan look like a vampire, but after careful observation, Brad was able to distinguish his facial features.

"Qin Guan?"

He was stupefied. The two of them had collaborated shortly in "Confessions Of A Dangerous Mind". Back then, the crew had compared the two handsome men to each other, even though Qin Guan was younger than Brad by about 20 years.

It was embarrassing. Qin Guan was famous in the entertainment circle for his self-discipline. He never attended any crazy parties, nor did he drink or smoke.

It was Brad's fault for accusing him of adultery before even finding out his identity. He couldn't back off now though. Thinking of Angelina Jolie's thick lips, he answered sarcastically, "Defame you? Maybe you've taken things even further in private! Jennifer has just miscarried, yet she was smiling at you happily! You must be in love with her, but she is just pretending..."

Jennifer burst into tears at the insult. Qin Guan bristled with

anger. Bastard! That explains why Jennifer always looks so sad. The woman was deeply in love with you and tried to have a baby with you, yet you are paying her back like this!

Jennifer squatted down helplessly, her tears landing on the ground and getting smashed to pieces. Qin Guan couldn't control himself. Qu's friend is also my friend. Qin Guan picked a side immediately.

He didn't want to talk anymore. He just punched Brad hard in the stomach.

Bang! He used all his energy.

Caught off guard, Brad took a few steps back and went down on his knees, crying out in pain. The tall, strong man lay on the ground, twisting and rolling around. All he could do was fight back with words.

"Son of a b\*tch! Bastard! F\*ck..."

Qin Guan played his last card, kicking Brad's butt with his pointed leather shoes.

"Ouch!"

One disaster followed another. Brad's screams attracted the group of children actors, who always went to Qin Guan's room to eat and lie on the comfortable couch. They loved to visit him, and their guardians were aware of that.

As a result, they watched the whole incident from the crack of the door excitedly. Brad's scream escaped from the crack and reached their ears.

The crew was too busy to pay attention. The only one idling around was Tim Burton. The old gossiping man hurried over when he heard the screams and found Qin Guan kicking another man's butt. The wretch was rolling around on the floor.

What was he doing? The man had to be an idiot! If he rolled

around, he could get accidentally injured.

Unable to protect himself from the first kick, Brad rolled over, nearly squeezing his testicles to death.

# Chapter 718: The Completion Of The Last Film

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The handsome Hollywood actor looked like a drowned mouse. His face was covered in dust, tears and snot. Jennifer was stupefied by his appearance. This was the first time she had ever seen him like this.

The clever director closed the door for them from outside hurriedly. When some curious people walked over, he explained with a satisfied expression on his face, "Qin Guan is getting ready for the next scene. He is a very dedicated actor. He never relaxes!"

Meanwhile, Brad couldn't even move after Qin Guan's fierce attack. His enemy had calmed down, fixed his soft, smooth wig, dusted off his pants and sat back down.

"What do you want then?" Qin Guan asked. "Do you want to go to court? My lawyer will send your company a formal letter accusing you of defamation and malicious personal attack. Any wounds on your body will be considered self-defense caused by your provocation."

"I know that you suffered no bone fractures. Any hospital will tell you the same thing. Unless you want to involve the media in the matter. This is my last film in America. I'm not afraid of anything."

He turned his eyes to Jennifer. He was a stranger after all, so he was worried that they would side against him.

Jennifer, who was a clever woman, knew what Qin Guan was thinking about. She turned and looked calmly at her husband, who was still on the floor.

"Nothing happened here today. My husband slipped and fell by himself as he entered."

Qin Guan smiled. He'd have to fall multiple times to end up in this state. Anyway, this is none of my business.

Qin Guan stood up and walked past the trembling body on the floor. He pushed the door open and left without looking back. Tim Burton, who was sitting not far from the lounge, grinned when he saw Qin Guan walk out unwounded. He walked over with his hands behind his back.

"Are you finished?"

"Yes."

"What are you doing here then, you bastard? Let's get to work! I'll ask Aniston to deal with this matter. You just concentrate on the film."

"Okay."

"Go to the set, quick! Attention, please! Next scene: the distressed mill-owner!"

Qin Guan got to work at his order. He was a professional actor after all.

They were already half-way through the film. Four of the five lucky children had been weeded out. The only one left was Charlie, the final winner who would get the chocolate factory. The catch was that Charlie would have to leave his family to live alone at the factory. The boy turned down the fortune.

His family was the most precious thing for him. This was exactly what Qin Guan lacked. He had parted with his father because of their conflicting opinions, but his father had been waiting for him all this time.

Kind little Charlie had warmed his frozen heart. Encouraged by the boy, he finally decided to meet his family. He looked nervous in the camera. He was not the calm owner of the world's biggest chocolate factory anymore, but an anxious boy who had been away from his parents for too long.

Qin Guan made the character come alive through his performance. His lips turned red to reflect the change of his mood.

He was wearing a formal outfit and carrying a golden stick, but he was so nervous that he unconsciously fixed his clothes as he knocked on the door.

As soon as the door opened, Qin Guan recognized the old man. Time had carved deep wrinkles on his face, but Qin Guan was old enough to read the expression in his father's eyes. It had been 20 years, so the man couldn't recognize him. As he was checking Qin Guan's teeth though, the old man's hands trembled.

He was a professional dentist, so his hands were always steady. That moment though, they shook before the familiar stranger.

"Are you..."

His father's hoarse voice expressed his deep love for his child. Qin Guan sat up on the chair tearfully. He was smiling brightly.

"It's me!"

"It's you!"

"I'm back, Papa!"

That was what he'd used to call him as a child. Some things did not change with age.

Willy Wonka let out his suppressed emotions after 20 years. His father's love was warm and restrained, silent and selfless.

This was Qin Guan's second film about family and fatherly love. The first film had showed that deep emotion directly, while this film portrayed fatherly love in a funny, almost absurd way.

The films' directors were different, but the leading actor was the same. Both films drew tears from the audience. The first one made people cry their eyes out, while the second one made them smile tearfully.

That warm scene was the last one. The cameras were shut off, and the lights were turned off. Everyone returned to reality. The child actors rushed over in tears and hugged Qin Guan. They had

become good friends during that short time.

# Chapter 719: Officially Returning to China

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In a corner of the room, Qu was bidding farewell to Jennifer.

"So you're leaving?"

"Yes."

"Will you return to China with Qin Guan?"

"Not anytime soon. I have my own work here in America regarding the studio. I like it. I won't resign. You do not need to worry about me. You have your own problems. Have you made a decision?"

Jennifer looked absent-minded for a while.

"Yes, we will separate after our company and common assets are taken care of."

"You will let him go that easily?"

"I'm living my own life. He has been nothing but a stranger ever since we broke up. I would never waste any emotions or energy on a stranger. Why would I?"

Qu approved of her foreign friend's attitude. Women had to remain unburdened and independent. The two friends hugged each other before parting ways. Meanwhile, not far away, Qin Guan finished saying his own farewells.

"Good luck."

"I wish the same to you."

Time never paused for anyone. Cong Nianwei was so busy working at the community construction site, that she missed Qin Guan's flight.

The inventor of the video call would always be praised by couples. Qin Guan had no time to rest at home. He had too many things to do.

As soon as he switched to his previous phone number upon his return, he received a short message from his realtor.

"Hi, Mr. Qin. This is Xiao An. I have some urgent news for you. Wanda Group is facing some conflict with the residents of the Dongzhimen yards. Do call me back when you return to China."

Qin Guan read the message right away. What happened? Why didn't they have a friendly negotiation? Qin Guan glanced at the clock on the wall before he called the man back.

"Hello, this is Zhongdahengji Real Estate Company Limited. Thank you for your call. What can I do for you?"

"Hello, I'm a client of yours. My surname is Qin. An Zhijie, your manager, knows me. May I talk to him?"

"Yes, wait a moment."

As soon as An was notified by his assistant, he returned to his own independent office to give Qin Guan a private report.

"Hello? Yes, this is Xiao An. Have you returned to China, Mr. Qin? Great! Listen..."

Ten minutes later, Xiao An had finished his flawless narration. Qin Guan realized that the events that had taken place in the past six months were enough to write a long script.

At the beginning, both sides had been reasonable. They had just negotiated about the contract according to their respective standpoint. When the rush of real estate development in the capital had begun though, Wanda Group, which was at the top of the real estate industry, couldn't wait anymore.

The State-Owned Asset Supervision and Administration Commission made a series of sudden reforms on national real estate investment and development. Following the laws and regulations of the industry, they had met the qualifications of the new institutions of real estate development and investment.

All real estate companies had been affected by the new policies. The strict requirements and high standards had left only two options to the smaller companies.

They had to shut down their businesses and transfer any on-going projects to qualified companies, or cooperate with a big company to complete their unfinished projects. Of course, the government would act as an inspector during the whole process.

Their second option was much simpler. The big fish ate the small fish, so in order to survive, the small fish had to unite and form a big fish that could fight against their enemies.

Hundreds of small real estate companies in the city merged and formed bigger ones. As a result, real estate companies began competing even more fiercely.

Wanda Group was surprised to discover that those small fish could sit at the same conference table as them. The new competitors wanted a piece of the pie.

There were opportunities everywhere, so time was of the essence.

Before any funds started flowing in, a project had to go through a process of investment, design and construction. For real estate agents, this was a very long procedure. During these golden times of development, it was very important for companies to shorten that process.

Wanda was no longer calm. The company was eager to start a negotiation, but the price suggested by the stubborn residents was ridiculous. They just couldn't reconcile themselves with the principle of benefit maximization.

They tried several ways to solve the problem, including differentiation, suppression, conciliation, and threatening. The gong and drum had rung to signify the start of a full-scale drama.

Plumbing maintenance, circuit damage, environmental

sanitation suspension, construction noise... Wanda Group had tried everything in their power to convince the residents of the area.

# Chapter 720: Untitled

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According to Xiao An, the whole thing could turn into a violent conflict soon. The women of the neighborhood committee saw suspicious men in black suits walk around the alleys every day.

For the sake of their wives and kids' safety, the men sent their families to stay somewhere else. Then they rolled their sleeves up and organized patrols. There were even night watchmen. The whole situation took everyone back to the times of the Anti-Japanese War.

When he felt that things were getting out of control, An had sent a short message to Qin Guan. He just wanted to remind the star, whose every movement could make the headlines, not to get involved in this complicated matter. Qin Guan had just returned to China and knew nothing about the situation after all.

An actually judged people solely on their appearance. He had already met Qin Guan twice, yet he still didn't understand anything about his nature. Unlike most stars, who wanted to protect their reputation, Qin Guan never thought about things like that. He tended to deal with everything in the most simple and direct way. Human kindness was the key to success after all.

Qin Guan hang up the phone excitedly. He was planning on driving his Cherokee to Dongzhimen in his flip flops. When he saw the car though, which was nearly buried in birds' droppings, he realized his current situation.

The sky was getting darker. It was exactly the time of the day when those mysterious men in black wandered around. Shall I go like this?

Qin Guan looked down at his black shirt and loose sweatpants. He was afraid that he might face an unavoidable confrontation. He put his safety first and decided to get dressed before leaving.

Then he rushed upstairs and called the richest tycoons in the capital.

Bu Qinglu was having a rare day off, so he answered Qin Guan's call excitedly.

"You are so brave, bro! Thank you for calling me! I'm your elder brother! Wait right there, I'm coming!"

Wang Hailiang bounced up from the couch and lifted his arms, shouting at his employees, "Take your weapons, brothers! No, prepare for a legitimate negotiation!"

The two men were on the right side of the tracks now. The night entertainment industry was pretty good. Although they played the edge ball, people called them Boss Bu and Boss Wang at parties, instead of Brother.

As typical villains, Qin Guan's case made their blood surge.

Their subordinates were no longer young alley idlers, but the best fighters in the city.

Everyone got on the company's minibuses. A minibus was the best way to get to know one another when one was holding a steel stick in their hands. It was a gang fight strategy.

In a few minutes, the four minibuses were ready to go. Bu Qinglu got in one of them and waved at the others. "Let's get going! Xizhimen!"

They roared away, leaving Wenwen in the empty Candy Club parking lot. She stomped on the ground with her high heels.

"Bastard! Qin Guan is back! Why didn't you take me along? I knew you were jealous of his looks!"

She left gracefully with a flirtish grumble. It seemed like she was living a happy life with her boyfriend.

The motorcade merged into the traffic like a water drop into the sea. By the time they reached their destination, the traffic jam had

calmed their impulses down.

They all entered Qin Guan's home. After a hasty hug, Qin Guan explained the situation. As alley people, they naturally tended to side with the mass. They were confident about discussing a plan though. Qin Guan was pulled away to Dongzhimen.

They just travelled around the Second Ring Road that night.

When they reached the neighborhood, Bu, who was a clever man, led all the cars to a parking lot across the street. Everyone got out of the cars silently and went through the alleys.

The moon was shining in the summer night sky. There were scarcely any people in the empty alleys that time of the day.

# Chapter 721: Chaos

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After a long conflict, the public facilities of the area had been stalled. Along the 100-meter potholed path was only a dim lamp post.

"Follow me. Let's make some inquiries around my own house. Maybe we misjudged the situation. I should have come by in the daytime and had a meeting with Grandpa Yang first."

Before Qin Guan could finish his words, several glaring beams came from the direction of his yard.

"Who is there?"

The dark night was lit up by flashlights. Qin Guan and his friends lifted their hands up to protect their eyes from the light. Bu had never been provoked like this before. The bad-tempered man cast the first stone.

"Son of a b\*tch! What are you doing? You shouldn't point a flashlight in someone else's eyes!"

Those bright lights were a miserable memory for most of the people on the site. The sudden light reminded them of the old days.

Bu's vigorous shout elicited no response. None of the flashlights were turned off after his threat. Instead, a strange, familiar sound came his way. It sounded as if the air had been ripped.

Swish!

Bang!

"Son of a b\*tch! What the hell was that? It was not a brick..."

The lucky man moved the stinky, sticky thing away from his forehead and roared angrily, "You bastards! Why did you throw rotten eggs at me?"

Qin Guan reacted quickly at his words, squatting down and

covering his head with his hands before he cried out amid the empty yard, "This is my house! I'm Qin Guan! I just returned from America!"

The enemy held back its biochemical weapons.

"You are Qin Guan?"

"Yes!"

"Who took you to Grandpa Yang's that day?"

"Auntie Liu. I've been gone for nearly a year. How is she?"

"It's him! It's the owner of the house! It's Qin Guan! This is a misunderstanding!"

Suddenly, the flashlights went out and a dim lamp was lit in the small yard. A few men wearing shirts, tanks and shorts appeared, carrying baskets on their backs.

Bu and his men looked helpless. Each of them had a yolk on his head.

"Why did you sneak in at night?"

"Yes, young Qin. You walked in here silently like experienced thieves!"

"You were even wearing black. We couldn't see you clearly in the dark!"

Some considerate residents brought towels from their homes to clean up the eggs. They still smelled pretty awful though.

Qin Guan entered his own house and tried to calm down. Then he introduced his team to Grandpa Yang. The residents were glad to meet the visitors. A group of mysterious men in black had been appearing and disappearing surreptitiously in the area lately, so they would welcome any external help.

The men looked perfect for the job, if one ignored the yolks.

Bu Qinglu patted his own chest professionally. "No problem!

Leave this to us. They are doomed. When will they be coming?"

"Anytime now. You are just in time."

"Okay, there's no time to lose. Split up, guys. If we are lucky enough, we will settle this tonight."

Everyone got into position immediately. Qin Guan was left in an empty room with a sole candle.

Bu just wanted to help his friend, but the residents knew that Qin Guan was not familiar with the alley, so all Qin Guan could do was take out his cell phone sadly and send Cong Nianwei, who was on the other side of the ocean, a grumpy message. Suddenly, he heard chaos from afar.

"Catch him! Son of a b\*tch! He is so cunning!"

Bang!

"Spare me, man!"

"Don't hurt me! I have money!"

"Shut up!"

Bang!

"Ouch!"

Did they catch the thief? It sounds like he's been hurt badly!

# Chapter 722: A Skilful Inquest

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Qin Guan rushed out of the room. Suddenly, Bu stopped him, taking out and handing him a pair of large sunglasses.

"Are you kidding? It's night!"

"Listen to me! Hurry! They are coming!" Bu whispered urgently. Qin Guan opened his eyes wide behind the glasses. You are so clever! I like it!

Qin Guan returned to the room, feeling his way in by touching the walls. He could see nothing with those glasses on.

He found a chair behind a square table and sat down. Then his guests came in, surrounded by some other people. The two men were wearing black shirts, black pants and gray ties. They looked really strange in the hot summer.

Their leader, who was very brave, looked up in shock to meet the true face of the master. His tongue was tied as his eyes focused on the man sitting in the middle.

There were three men before them. The two men on the sides were wearing white shirts and black pants, and tattoos of tigers and dragons were visible under their collars. Their black leather shoes were shining under the dim light as they sat in their chairs in an imposing manner, gazing at the guests with great interest.

The man in the middle looked extraordinary. His face was as white as jade, and he was sitting there as straight as a pine and as calm as a mountain. He was not moving, but his lingering charm attracted everyone in the room.

As he'd entered, he had noticed the mysterious man's steps. Some people walked like rigid wood, while others moved like willows in the breeze. That man was different though. His posture was neither delicate nor rough, but he radiated an unspeakable appeal.

He could attract everyone's attention just by sitting there. His

charm was undeniable. He was calm, quiet and extremely elegant.

When he looked down though, he was confused. The man in the middle looked like royalty from the neck up, but he was wearing an ordinary tank top and a pair of shorts below.

Of course, elite men were also allowed to wear shorts, but not during a formal meeting. When he looked farther down, he noticed a pair of flip flops.

The intruder relaxed, straightening his back and fixing his tie as he waved at Qin Guan.

"Let's talk calmly, dude. Whoever you are, you must have been invited here by the residents."

The man smiled and spat out the dust and sand in his mouth.

"I actually think I know you guys. What's your territory in the capital? Does the boss of the Dongcheng District know about you? You must be in charge of another area, or you wouldn't have intervened..."

Bu grinned at him, but Wang Hailiang stood up impatiently and kicked the man hard on the butt.

"You are so annoying! Are you aware of the situation?"

"Ouch!" The man, who was quite smart, rolled on the ground and changed his attitude immediately.

"Grandpa! You are the grandpa!"

Wang was really annoyed by the man. Before he could give him a second kick though, Qin Guan coughed.

"We are law-abiding citizens, Brother Wang. Wait for his answer. If it does not satisfy us..."

"Then we can beat them to death!"

"Exactly!"

The second man in black shivered at their ruthless words, but the

man in the middle said calmly, "Answer my question. Who are you?"

The leader stood up and dusted off his clothes. Before he could say anything, his subordinate answered for him eagerly.

# Chapter 723: The Contract

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"He is a lawyer! A lawyer! I'm his assistant. I know nothing! I was just accompanying him! Believe me!"

"Really?"

It was certainly interesting to see a lawyer visit an alley at night. According to the residents, he had been there several times lately.

"Good! People in societies should communicate with each other. Questions and answers are the key to eternal harmony. So, my second question is, what were you doing here?"

"We were here for the contract."

"What contract?"

"A housing transaction."

"Transaction with whom? And who is your employer?"

"We are representatives of Wanda Group. We want to negotiate with the residents about their houses."

The assistant told them everything he knew, holding nothing back. The lawyer was surprised by the honest, cowardly man. If this had been the Anti-Japanese War Era, he would have been a traitor. The enemy wouldn't even have needed to bribe him.

Their opponents knew everything about them, while they had no idea about their identity.

The lawyer sighed, pushing several ideas out of his mind. A forced smile suddenly formed on his face. The residents were uncertain about the truth.

"Impossible!" Most of the people there were really poor and unsatisfied with their unreasonable offer. No one actually wanted to stay there.

"No one would choose these poor houses over new apartments!"

"Yes!"

"Yes!"

"Liars! We were so polite with them. They deserve a sound thrashing!"

Everyone was burning with rage. The assistant was so scared that he fell down. The lawyer sighed again. Then he looked up and lifted his hand like a pupil in class.

"Excuse me!"

"Yes?"

"He is telling the truth. This is about Grandpa Jia, who lives in No. 383. Everyone in this area knows him. People call him Jia Laosan."

When he mentioned the person by name, the residents were almost convinced.

"Really? Jia Laosan?"

"It's true. My name is Chen Kang, and I'm the director of Chen Kang Law Firm. Wanda Group entrusted me with the real estate contracts and legal consulting of this area."

Then he suddenly seemed to recall something. He took out a fine silver card holder from his pocket and handed out cards to everyone.

"My expertise is financial and civil cases."

The man could deal with a temporary setback, which explained how he could take on such a big case.

Qin Guan took a card with his slender fingers. He found the man very interesting.

"Okay, I have one last question. If you came here to negotiate about a contract, you must have some documents in your bag, in case the residents were in a good enough mood to sign. Am I

right?"

He waved the card at Chen Kang with a naughty smile. The lawyer felt like fleeing.

"Yes!" he said, nodding without hesitation. Qin Guan smiled again and stretched his hand out towards the young lawyer.

"Show me then!"

Qin Guan felt really bold and confident. Everyone around, except the two unlucky men, nodded in unison. Show us!

No one could help the men under these circumstances. Chen Kang kicked his crouching assistant. "Give me the bag!"

The assistant didn't move. He was trembling in horror. Chen Kang sighed for a third time. "You can take the bag yourselves. The contracts are inside."

Soon, a thick pile of documents was handed to Qin Guan.

Silence prevailed in the room again as Qin Guan read the papers as fast as he could. Five minutes later, he finished the contracts and handed them to an old man next to him.

"Chen Kang is not messing with us, Grandpa Yang. He is a lawyer. Grandpa Jia has signed a contract with him to sell his house, but the price is different from the one they offered you. It's actually double."

"He also exchanged his house based on the area. He can get six square meters by the North Fifth Ring Road for one square meter in this area!"

# Chapter 724: Meeting Wang Jianlin

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Everyone was shocked by the key terms of the contract.

"Impossible! If Wanda had negotiated with us on the same terms, we would have agreed. We are not greedy after all!"

"Yes, we'd accept such reasonable terms."

"Why are they signing such a contract in secret?"

Everyone was gabbling on. They couldn't understand why there were two different contracts, a public one and a secret one. In their opinion, the secret contract was the most reasonable one.

Qin Guan would have also agreed to that price. Actually, Wanda had its own reasons for acting like this.

Qin Guan turned his eyes to Chen Kang. Although Chen couldn't see his eyes behind his glasses, the clever lawyer could guess his next question, so he decided to explain everything.

"They are doing this to save money. Your alliance could threaten the company and make it pay a reasonable price for all the houses. That would be beyond its budget, as the company has to pay for the relocation, houses, road maintenance, circuit rewiring, urban construction planning, and so on. Every one of these things requires a large investment."

"The marked prices are fixed. This is the company's only way of reducing expenses and saving money."

"Differentiation is the best way to deal with a group. People like to protect their own interests, so bringing the weakest of them over to our side is the best strategy. When people start compromising one after another, everyone tends to follow the crowd's mentality."

"Your neighbors will gradually sell their houses and leave. God knows what the actual price will be! It's very complicated. When

most people leave, they are just sent the secret contracts. Most of them are grateful to us for saving their lives..."

Chen slowly explained the darkness of human nature in the quiet room during the peaceful night. No one said anything.

When he finished his words, Chen relaxed, unfastened his tie and sat down on the floor.

"That's all I know. As you can see, my firm is independent. We are just cooperating with each other. So what will you do to me now?"

We are no cannibals. We are not interested in your flesh.

Qin Guan was quite interested in the man. He was very adept at changing his attitude based on the circumstances. Threatening, silence, surprise, cooperation... He was an actor during his everyday life too. His acting skills were really exceptional.

Satisfied, he decided to answer Chen's question.

"I know there's nothing you can do, but you must know how to get in touch with Wang Jianlin. I want to meet him."

Chen Kang nearly fainted. What? Wang Jianlin? The Wang Jianlin?

"You want to meet the owner of Wanda?" he couldn't help but ask. "The man at the top of the pyramid? Do you mean the same man I have in mind? Ha ha! Why? What for?"

F\*ck! He is so charming! He is a god-like entity, but he has misjudged the situation. People who wear tank tops and shorts to meetings are hopeless after all.

Qin Guan remained calm as Chen laughed at him. He just kept talking slowly as he took off his silly sunglasses. His dazzling eyes shocked everyone as his words shocked Chen.

"Do you think he would meet me if my houses were garbage? I'm an award-winning actor who turned down a proposal to emigrate

to America and returned to his hometown. Fans all over the world idolize me. Imagine if an actor like me lost his home..."

Qin Guan wiped non-existent tears from his face.

Wang Hailiang tried his best to hold his laughter back as he watched Qin Guan's performance. You would not be homeless! You have a house to live in. You have a new apartment on Financial Street! Plus, you own eight yards in this neighborhood! You are filthy rich! You could book the presidential suite of any luxurious hotel!

# Chapter 725: Settlement

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Qin Guan had not acted for a long time, so this was a good chance to satisfy that craving of his. Throwing his glasses at Bu Qinglu, he turned back to Chen Kang with a hand over his heart.

"If the news were published on my blog, Chinese fans would be very interested. New York and Beijing will get very friendly soon, and I'll be their ambassador. What would the international consequences be? I have one million foreign fans. If they found out about this, what do you think they would do?"

"Who is the mastermind behind this? It must be Mr. Wang Jianlin, whom you think I'm not qualified to meet."

By the time Qin Guan finished his performance, Chen Kang had started sweating. Son of a b\*tch! He is so crafty! I can't take responsibility for this decision. I have to stay away from this affair.

The man made a decision immediately, "The sooner you meet him, the better. I'll contact him as soon as possible. Just give me a minute!"

Talent was in great demand in the 21st century.

Chen Kang asked for his phone back and dialled a number quickly. As everyone watched, he described the whole matter in the concise words of a lawyer.

"Hello, this is Chen Kang."

"If you are calling me at this point, you must have good news. Did you buy another house?"

"No, listen to me. I was caught by the residents while I was on the job. They couldn't do anything to me, so they just let me go. There is a troublesome owner we didn't take into consideration though. The real estate agency has been withholding information from us. The strange man who purchased all those houses is sitting right in front of me. His name is Qin Guan."

"Yes, the Qin Guan! The international award-winning actor! The favorite man of all domestic portal websites. All those houses are his property. He wants to meet Mr. Wang. If you want to take care of this fast, tell Mr. Wang as soon as possible. I think Mr. Qin would agree to a private settlement."

"Okay, I'll be waiting for your response."

Chen Kang hung up and smiled in a flattering way. "If everything goes well, they'll contact Mr. Wang tomorrow. Can I have your number?"

Qin Guan burst into laughter.

"Everyone knows the number of my firm. As a group company making investments in so many fields, Wanda will surely know my official number. You are a smart man though. You want my number for yourself, don't you? It's my private number you want, isn't it?"

Hey, award-winning actors are supposed to be good at acting, not reasoning!

Chen Kang wasn't ashamed. This caused no substantial damage to him after all. Qin Guan turned to Bu Qinglu. "I think our company could change its law firm, Brother Bu. Chen here would be a good choice."

"I agree."

"My number is 138010XXXXX. Call me back. I need a chamber counselor. The payment is reasonable, but it's not a high-paying position. You could do it pro bono."

Chen Kang typed the number into his phone fast, murmuring, "The palest ink is better than the best memory. I consider myself pretty good, but I'm a little expensive."

Satisfied with his shamelessness, Qin Guan stood up and smiled at his neighbors.

"Everyone will be able to sleep at night from now on. Nothing will happen here, at least not before I reach an agreement with Mr. Wang."

"I think the problem will be solved soon, but I don't want anyone to get greedy. Honest men don't behave like that."

Everyone nodded. They had seen what Qin Guan had done for them. The young man had fought for them and taken all the responsibility on his shoulders.

As a result, everyone saw him off warmly when he left. They were all concerned about him living alone in the city, and they expressed their kindness in a direct way.

They presented him with some salted duck eggs and frozen dumplings. It seemed that they were afraid that Qin Guan would starve to death at home.

As a foodie, Qin Guan would never turn away food. As he left in Bu's jeep, he noticed the surprised expression in Chen's eyes. When he got home, he put the food in the empty fridge. Then he finally had some time to clear his mind.

# Chapter 726: New Rich And Old Rich

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Everyone thought he was so good. Getting money from people was just like killing their parents though. Qin Guan had eight houses in Dongzhimen, so his only goal was to make money. Otherwise, he wouldn't have bought those shabby houses. He could have simply invested his money in an apartment downtown and gotten it back in a few years.

This investment could bring him 20 times that profit though, so it was certainly worth his effort. Qin Guan was a money grubber after all.

He acted first and told Sister Xue afterwards. She was one of the people who knew him the best, so he got her into trouble. Yin Changtao had followed Sister Xue back to China, surrendering to the appeal of the Chinese beauty. He was currently washing their socks in the bathroom.

"Who's that, honey?"

"Qin Guan!"

Judging by her tone, Yin could tell that his boss had done something terrible.

"What's the matter?"

"He provoked Wang Jianlin."

"Who is Wang Jianlin?"

"A rich man!"

"So is Qin Guan..."

You are too reasonable for me to argue with you.

Actually, Yin had no idea about the current situation in China. He was just focused on fashion and design. Suddenly, Sister Xue was enlightened. Wait, this is not bad. We could do so much more about this matter!

Sister Xue rushed into the bathroom and kissed Yin's bare head.

"You are a genius, darling! And I'm not just talking about design! You must be tired. Leave this to me!"

Yin caressed his own head happily, leaving some soap bubbles on it. Sister Xue burst into laughter.

Most people were asleep late at night, but there were some people who had to work. Wherever one was, that's where their home was too.

Qin Guan had a good night's sleep that night. In the morning, the sunshine greeted him brightly. It seemed like a good day.

Sister Xue's call came just in time. As expected, she had good news for him. The man he wanted to meet was also eager to meet him. Both sides chimed in happily and made an appointment for the same day.

They were not able to agree on a meeting place though. Wang Jianlin preferred the traditional Chang'an Club, while Qin Guan liked the American Club, a place where overseas immigrants and newly rich people liked to get together.

Although both clubs were in the capital, they attracted very different groups of people. The men smiled meaningfully at the difference. A conflict between the new and the old emerged as more and more young people joined the ranks of the rich and powerful.

They needed to find a location that suited their different backgrounds and financial status. Nothing would be more suitable than ancient China.

They naturally chose No. 51 in the Xirongxian Alley of the Xicheng District.

The China Club was a private lounge located in an ancient building on the Chinese mainland. It was its specialties and rich historical atmosphere that attracted its members, half of whom

were CEOs of big domestic enterprises. The other half were foreign CEOs and ambassadors. The club was a perfect combination of modern and ancient elements, as well as oriental and occidental culture.

The two men met in the luxurious building with the blue-gray tiles, carved beams, palace lanterns and ancient locusts.

Good wine was poured into phosphorescent jade cups before toasts were made. Old people were wary of young people. There could be no friendship between the two generations, but Wang still admired the young man.

By the time the meeting was over, both of them had gotten what they wanted.

Qin Guan left the club with a clear head. Chen Kang, who was good at judging a situation, appeared at his side, taking advantage of this chance to show his abilities.

As soon as he'd gotten Qin Guan's private number, Chen had called Sister Xue and gotten appointed as Qin Guan's counselor. Now he was filling out an application form on Qin Guan's behalf in China Club. On their way back, Sister Xue and Qin Guan talked about the meeting in the car.

"I didn't expect Wang to be such an easy-going man."

"He is really clever. We'll be making profit for him."

Qin Guan leaned against the back of the seat comfortably. Suddenly, he recalled something.

"He has made the wrong move. Chen Kang failed at his job. The price will go up sooner or later. He is not an idiot. If he loses one house, he will have to maximize his profit on the other houses. Otherwise, he wouldn't have changed his attitude. He knows that I own 20% of the property of this project after all."

"Withdrawing capital from circulation in advance is the most important thing for a land agent. A few millions is not much for

him, but it's enough for him to start planning his next project."

Sister Xue nodded. She was still worried about the old man though.

"Be careful. Don't spend too much on new buildings. The demolition has not been completed yet, but you signed a contract for an advance delivery. Besides, you have never invested in stores before. Why are you so confident about Wang's project?"

"In my opinion, you are just paying for the new houses of the alley residents."

# Chapter 727: Niggling

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Qin Guan smiled at Sister Xue's warm complaint and stretched his arms out in the narrow backseat of the Buick Business Vehicle. Avoiding the topic, he replied, "Buy another car for our agency, Sister Xue. I have returned now. You can't drive me around in this shabby car. I'm an international award-winning actor after all!"

Sister Xue changed the topic again. "Stop beating about the bush. You work hard to make money. Don't spend it so casually!"

Qin Guan adjusted his posture. He couldn't tell her about his past life, but he had to convince her.

"Don't forget about my studies, Sister Xue. It's why I returned to China without a PhD. China is about to soar into the sky, not just in one industry, but in all of them!"

"Let's discuss Wanda's leading position in the real estate industry later. According to the location of my residential holdings, the company has to pay me 10 times my investment to buy the lots. 10 times! This means that 2,500 yuan will turn into about 20,000! I could get about 10 million for the property. With a little more investment, I won't suffer any losses on the bigger, newer stores around the same area."

"The 6th Ring Road has been under construction lately, so we don't need to worry about the financial potential of the city. I'll get us the deal."

Qin Guan was calm and peaceful. Reassured, Sister Xue patted her chest and murmured to herself, "I feel more at ease now. You know, I invested all my savings in one of your stores. It's my entire fortune. Do you understand?"

It turned out that she was worried about her own fortune. If it hadn't been for Qin Guan, she would never have gotten a store by the East Second Ring Road.

Qin Guan smiled again. "Is that your dowry, Sister Xue? When is your wedding? I'll give you a large bonus."

Sister Xue was not ashamed at being exposed. She didn't want to talk about her private life though, so she steered the conversation away.

"Will you accept Wang's proposal?"

"No."

"That's smart. His idea is not good enough..."

"The real estate industry is not like other industries. No project can please everyone. Even the nicest building can't satisfy all customers. On the contrary, people may start to question your taste."

"Real estate advertising tends to be more traditional. Let's not push our luck..."

The car slowed down gradually and pulled up to an independent three-storey building 300 meters away from the China World Center. Qin Guan had bought the building for his firm. He got out of the car and then turned back, suddenly remembering something.

"Actually, I won't turn down Wang's offer... Not unless I get the same money Ge You got from China Mobile!"

Sister Xue was speechless. This was the first time Qin Guan was being so bold. With that amount, Wang would be able to develop even more buildings!

Talking and laughing, the two of them went into the unfamiliar office and checked Qin Guan's work schedule, both abroad and domestically. Qin Guan had returned to China in secret. No one actually knew about his arrival.

The jobs at hand were not urgent ones. Qin Guan had accepted them during his short stay in China back at the Spring Festival.

Qin Guan took out some scripts first. He was not interested in the modelling circle lately. He wanted to have a meeting with the owner of J Clothing about the shooting of the latest posters. They would also negotiate about a contract for Wang's new business streets.

Meanwhile, Qin Guan could relax for a few weeks. It was rare for a celebrity like him to rest at wish.

If one stayed away from the cameras for some time, the audience would forget about them and think that they were past their prime.

Qin Guan's staff were familiar with his indolence though. Some actors just didn't fit into the traditional entertainment circle.

Talented actors could stay in the audience's memories forever. No matter how many years passed, they could still make a comeback with a high-quality film and make their fans get obsessed with them again.

They were so charming that they didn't even need a PR team. Their loyal fans would talk to younger fans about them when the time came.

# Chapter 728: The Coming Storm

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The backbone of the firm was young, but had many films to his credit. His three shining European awards and American surfboard were the base of his self-confidence. Qin Guan could be considered a prolific actor.

Most good actors didn't even finish one film a year, so his staff were satisfied with him. Or weren't they?

Qin Guan's private phone and Sister Xue's work phone started ringing in the quiet office.

The two of them exchanged a look. Qin Guan walked to the meeting hall outside to answer the call privately. He stood by the shelf that held his awards.

"Boss Qin, this is Chen Kang. The application is completed. You are a permanent member of China Club now. I have emailed you the club regulations. The contract has been sent to your firm by post."

"Got it. I'll call you if I need anything."

"Will I get paid separately for each job?"

That explains why Chen Kang was so eager to fill in the application, even though that would normally have been an assistant's job. And he said that he was just being professional. I like his methods though...

"No problem, Counselor Chen. Based on our contract, we can consider this a private service. You drafted the contract yourself after all."

He said yes!

"Business is business. I'll treat you to dinner sometime. Deal! Call me if you need me. I'm available 24 hours/day."

His delighted voice cheered Qin Guan up. He returned to the

office with a smile, only to find Sister Xue waiting for him with a grimace on her face.

"What's the matter?" Qin Guan sat down on the couch leisurely as he waited for her response.

"I just received two conflicting calls. Guess who it was."

"Wang Jingcao and the Huayi Brothers."

"How did you know?"

"It's simple. As soon as I returned to China, I received a short message from Wang Jingcao, expressing her wish to have a talk with me. I ignored it though."

Sister Xue was shocked. Qin Guan had never mentioned Wang to her. Meanwhile, Qin Guan was playing with the Tiffany cardholder on the couch.

"Why didn't you discuss it with me? Maybe Wang wanted to make us a good offer!"

Qin Guan shook his head. "Do you remember the Beijing Stamp we shot last year? Who contacted us about that?"

"The Brothers. Wang didn't show up."

"That's interesting. Why should I meet her in secret now? Doesn't she work for Huayi anyway? If there was an important offer, the Brothers would have called you. We cooperated with each other for Ke Ke Xi Li after all."

"So?"

"So something must have happened while I was abroad. That's why I ignored her message. If I contacted her privately, I'd get in trouble if she was in a sort of conflict with the Brothers."

"Plus, I didn't even tell my friends about my return. Why would I make an exception for a benefit-oriented partner? She is no different than the Brothers to me. I only care about getting a good salary and a good script."

Sister Xue approved of Qin Guan's analysis. "You have a point. One must use their IQ when dealing with these two parties."

Qin Guan shivered at her praise. He had spent a lot of time thinking about the Chinese entertainment circle, which was famous for its complexity all over the world.

Qin Guan had just returned from abroad, so he didn't want to get in any trouble. When Sister Xue told him about the two calls, he fell into deep thought.

Wang's call had been pretty straightforward. She had just wanted to find out when Qin Guan would be returning to China, and if he would like to work on some films, unrelated to Huayi, for her sake.

The Brothers' call was more intriguing. They had talked about the release of Qin Guan's two previous films and said that they were looking forward to Qin Guan's future cooperation with their company, which was very powerful in the entertainment circle.

They were hoping that Qin Guan would cooperate with them when he returned home. They also wanted to share some profits with him, which were only reserved for the company's VIPs.

Actually, at the time, everyone was trying their best to get into a big company. Qin Guan was the eccentric one. All the insiders of the Chinese entertainment circle were fighting over territory like crazy. No one wanted to share any resources with anyone else.

Of course, Qin Guan had his own plan, but he seemed overconfident about it.

# Chapter 729: Acquiring Original Shares

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Why would the Huayi Brothers share their resources with an outsider who wouldn't even join them? What did this mean?

It meant that they were burning their bridges. As soon as their conflict with Wang had broken out, they had started drawing influential actors to their side at any cost. The Brothers were afraid of Wang's abilities. She had attracted many actors and won a lot of stars' hearts with her kindness after all.

Qin Guan knocked on the table with his fingers before he asked Sister Xue a seemingly insignificant question.

"Has any powerful firm or individual, either foreign or domestic, entered the circle lately?"

"Yes! Why didn't I think of that?"

Sister Xue patted the table. She remembered now! The whole firm was a lot like Qin Guan. It paid no attention to irrelevant people or matters.

People thought that Qin Guan considered money dirt, but he was actually just waiting to get the highest offer.

This was not the right time to give lessons to the sixth-generation directors. Sister Xue made several calls. In two minutes, she had collected some valuable information from a reliable source. The reporter she had spoken to, who was Qin Guan's loyal fan, was also the chief editor of the entertainment section of the Wangnan website.

Some of the news attracted Sister Xue and Qin Guan's attention.

A mainlander who had been born and raised in Japan had recently moved his Japanese firm to Shanghai. The successful businessman had paid a lot to bring Tetsuya Komuro together.

The company he had founded in Shanghai was a comprehensive

entertainment firm very different from his music firm in Japan. The man was definitely qualified to hire Wang after she left Huayi.

According to Qin Guan's understanding of Wang, she was not capable enough to establish a company of her own. Even though she knew a lot of actors, she didn't have the money or resources one needed in the circle.

Sister Xue and Qin Guan exchanged a meaningful glance. They knew that it was this new firm that was trying to challenge the biggest entertainment company in China.

"Got it!" Sister Xue hung up. "We could wait a few months until they are done fighting. Just to be safe."

Before she could finish her words, Qin Guan shook his head. "No, I'll get in touch with one of the parties. This is our chance."

Qin Guan stood up suddenly. "Huayi! Sister Xue, contact the Brothers and tell them I'm back! I'm available now. Any job will do."

"What? You want to join them? The fight has not even begun yet."

"I've thought it through. I won't intervene in the fight. I just want to use their resources."

"You mean..."

"Both sides will suffer during the next few days. If Huayi succeeds, my investment on insider equity will be the best support. I will become their partner and enjoy a priority on the best scripts of the company."

"But what if they fail?"

"That will make things even simpler. A lean camel is still bigger than a horse. I'll have an entertainment firm, a group of famous directors and actors, as well as a good film and TV resource on my hands. Do you think the Brothers would fail at all these things?"

Reassured by Qin Guan's confidence, Sister Xue rushed to her desk. "I'll call them as soon as possible!"

"Okay! Call Chen Kang first. That guy is good at trapping people."

Qin Guan opened his China Club certification. The club offered only 500 spots for permanent members, but Chen Kang had finished the entire procedure in under half an hour and managed to get Qin Guan some special treatment.

Qin Guan had had to pay only 100 dollars for the membership fee, which was a really low price. Such a talented young man certainly deserved more work.

Kindness was always paid back. Qin Guan changed clothes at home. That night, he met the Wang Brothers in the same yard where he had met Wang Jianlin.

Although they had the same surname, they were not related to each other.

As a new member, Qin Guan had his own yard where he could meet guests. His yard was as big as a country.

Vines were winding along the fence and wildflowers were blooming silently all around. A few cups of tea would help everyone calm down in the scorching heat.

The Brothers relaxed and forgot all about the pressure they felt. They wanted to talk about a potential cooperation.

Back in ancient times, rich men did not forget their poor friends. In modern society though, people were always fighting for profit. The Brothers had worked hard to develop their company. Qin Guan didn't want to fight with them in the future. They were the decision-makers after all. He was only a partner.

An open, sincere meeting was necessary before their cooperation. That was why he had invited them to the small yard. After enjoying some tea, everyone was in the mood to share their ideas.

# Chapter 730: The Athens Olympics Closing Ceremony

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Qin Guan felt sympathy for them. They clearly knew about their upcoming misfortune, but they had no idea how to restrain the actors, as their contracts were about to expire. They would be free to leave soon.

The only thing they could do was try their best to keep the actors that were on Huayi's side. They considered their previous partner Qin Guan one of them.

They didn't want to lose such a powerful actor after all. They had to compete for every available resource.

Qin Guan had unexpectedly returned to China and agreed to have a meeting with them. He also wanted to purchase some original shares of the company. All senior staff members and directors of the company had the same right.

Zhou Xun though, who was an ex-partner of theirs, had turned down a similar offer. They didn't force anyone, they simply tried to promote a sense of union between the actors and the company during these turbulent times.

This was just like the internal pre-sale of Baidu and the employee benefits of all emerging technology companies. Qin Guan is interested in the shares! He will have to pay in cash, won't he? Does this mean that...

The Brothers did not enjoy their tea. They stood up right away and took Qin Guan's hands.

"Mr. Qin... No, Brother Qin... Do you really mean that?"

"Yes. My lawyer will get in touch with you to discuss all the details. The amount will be decided by the price. We can discuss this further later. Is that okay?"

The Brothers said that it was. Qin Guan trusted them with the press conference and other similar matters. They had experience on such things after all. They were both shareholders and performers.

They left the private yard late at night, while the candles and lanterns were still burning silently. The professional servers didn't complain about the hard work. Their high salary guaranteed their efficiency and discretion.

They still liked to gossip though. In the silent night, the girls took off their cheongsams and cleaned the yard in their household clothes. The supervisor pinned a VIP label on the gate of the yard to indicate that it had been reserved.

A girl carrying a tray with cups whispered to her, "Sister Li, the member's name was Qin Guan. I saw his application form! I dared not look up at him while I served the tea, but I noticed his age and physique more or less. Was he the famous actor?"

Sister Li, who was an experienced staff member, didn't seem to care.

"He will return one day. You can take a look then. Whoever he is, don't forget our work regulations!"

Frustrated, the girl walked to the operation room helplessly. I can have no private contact with any member of the club... I need the money. Goodbye, my idol...

The investment process was very simple. It was actually harder to find a proper chance to reveal Qin Guan's return to the media.

They couldn't delay it too much, or the reporters would eventually spot him. As the Brothers were thinking about that, Director Feng Xiaogang reminded them of something.

Feng had gone to them to get resources for his film. "See? Zhang Yimou went to the Athens Closing Ceremony to shoot his own sports documentary. What are you saving all that money for? Just

give it to me! I won't destroy your reputation!"

The Brothers suddenly felt inspired. We forgot about this completely. The "Chinese Stamp" documentary will be aired during the Closing Ceremony of the Olympics! Qin Guan will appear before a worldwide audience! This is a big event for humanity!

Nothing could top that. All Chinese people would be shocked by the power of their motherland and feel proud of being Chinese.

When the day came, the highly anticipated film was played on a giant screen in the crowded stadium. The screen, which was hundreds of meters long and tens of meters high, lit up slowly in the dark.

The bright colors and melodious background music revealed the mystery of China to the entire world.

# Chapter 731: A Global Press Conference

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Qin Guan's fans watched their idol in the four-minute documentary on his official blog.

Even the green hills and blue lakes seemed inferior to his elegance. His presence added charm to the landscape and made the audience yearn for that wonderland and feel anxious to be in the same place with him.

When the live Chinese dance, music, martial arts and folk art show came to an end, nearly all the fashion media in America published articles about Qin Guan's return to China.

Although a press conference was about to take place in China, the arrogant, restrained American film critics were the first to feel uneasy.

They had not expected this. The Chinese actor had planted roots in America, and the exclusive film circle had gradually accepted him. Why would he choose to return to China and abandon a bright future in the US? In their opinion, the Chinese film circle was practically primitive. What the hell had attracted Qin Guan to it?

Conspiracy theories started spreading among the netizens, who always remained open-minded.

"Qin Guan has been secretly detained and is being escorted back to China!"

"Qin Guan is under high-tech brain control. He has lost his memory!"

"Qin Guan broke up with his high school sweetheart and wants to escape from this city because it's full of memories..."

However, an announcement on his official blog attracted the fans' attention.

"There will be a press conference regarding Qin Guan's return home. The link of the live broadcast will be on his international website..."

It seems that Qin Guan has really gone back to China. That heartless guy didn't even give us a chance to send him off properly!

"If he doesn't give a valid reason for his return, I... I'll protest before the Chinese embassy!"

The post appeared immediately on the forum and received thousands of kudos. The staff of the Chinese embassy wiped beads of sweat off their foreheads as they sat before their computer screens.

According to the statistics, fans from more than 30 states and cities, including remote Southern California, had decided to participate in the demonstration.

Please, Brother Qin! Give them a valid reason during the press conference, or our embassy will suffer the consequences...

Thanks to Rongzhi and his outstanding technological skills, the video was released to the fans. Suddenly, hundreds of thousands of fans from all over the world poured into the blog. The server was nearly overwhelmed. The video did not load fast enough, but the fans were still satisfied. They were actually very easy to satisfy.

Qin Guan took a seat. The background behind him was covered with logos of shameless popular brands. Tiffany and Armani had fought over the best placement. The conference had even more sponsors than the European Champions League.

This was actually completely unnecessary. The background was not the center of the attention. All the reporters pointed their cameras and microphones at Qin Guan.

His status in the circle, as well as Huayi's effort, had made both domestic and foreign reporters fight fiercely over the limited invitations of the small-scale conference. In the end, only 100

invitations had been sent out.

All the reporters present were the best of the best, so they had prepared really well for the conference.

The host spoke up first, making an official introduction before he retired to the backstage area.

"The conference will last 30 minutes. During the first 10 minutes, Qin Guan will be announcing his return and explaining the reason behind it. The rest of the time will be reserved for questions. Now, I'll leave the floor to Mr. Qin Guan, the real hero of this conference!"

A thunderous applause followed his short speech. All the reporters were shouting in their minds, "Thank you so much! Now go away!"

When Qin Guan picked up the microphone, everyone fell silent.

The Chinese reporters looked at the man on the stage. Long time no see...

As he looked at the cameras and raised faces in the crowd, Qin Guan felt the deeper meaning of the words "returning home".

He let out a long sigh and then began his sincere speech.

"Hello, everyone. I'm Qin Guan. I think you all know me, so I will skip the self-introduction."

"You came to this conference today to find out the real reason behind my return, so I will give you a sincere explanation."

"The official reason is that my studies in America have entered a new phase. I do not need to attend any lectures anymore, so I can spend more time on my career and family. My love for my motherland made me return to her embrace without hesitation."

"I'm not such a great man after all. I have missed my home and my parents' cooking. I've missed the local accent and the traditional code of conduct..."

"A man living far from his hometown becomes homesick. Some people may not understand this, but the Chinese believe that a successful man should return to his hometown. Otherwise, his victory will be as boring as a dull night parade."

"I just want to enjoy the attention of my compatriots!"

His confession immediately closed the gap between him and the media.

The Chinese felt proud of the people that succeeded in foreign countries. Even though Qin Guan was a rising star in the Euromerican film industry, he had returned to China to continue his career, which was very admirable.

The reporters were taking notes like crazy as Qin Guan's speech moved everyone in the room.

"I actually made my final decision when I saw the development of the Chinese film and fashion circle. The status of Chinese filmmakers is rising in the world. There are so many people working hard for this industry, but I'll be really happy to make my own contribution. It's my responsibility after all."

"I do not want to miss the year that Chinese films soared. One day, the film industry of this great country may compete against Hollywood. When that time comes, I hope that my name will be mentioned, along with thousands of other hard-working actors and directors who helped achieve this milestone. It will be an honor for me, a descendant of Yan and the Yellow Emperor."

The audience grew serious as he voiced his ambition. Suddenly, Qin Guan changed his tune.

"Of course, with great power comes great responsibility. I started out my career as a model, so I will try to lead more and more Asian models towards the Western fashion circle. My firm will give you a more detailed explanation later. You can also find information in the material handed out to you. Please look at it and remind me

next time. Meanwhile, I'll keep moving towards my destination."

"Thanks a lot!"

# Chapter 732: The Different Responses Of Two Directors

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His conclusion shocked the audience. The award-winning actor seemed to be really strict with himself. The ambition underlying his short speech seemed very difficult to realize.

He had found success very young, yet he hadn't relaxed. His effort certainly deserved everyone's support and encouragement.

Qin Guan received a warm applause from the audience. Whether he deserved it or not was debatable.

Of course, if Qin Guan's actions did not match his words, the Chinese media would cast him aside. No one could ever fool the media.

The atmosphere was harmonious as the reporters started asking him questions.

"Why did you return to China at this particular moment?"

"Today, Zhang Yimou's documentary was broadcast all over the world during the Closing Ceremony of the Athens Olympics. I represented Chinese people before the entire world, so this was the perfect chance for me to return to my homeland."

"Mr. Qin Guan, may we know your plans for the future? Are there any new offers on the table?"

"I only accept good scripts. My agent will be glad to receive any good-quality scripts. I'll read them all carefully."

"Do you think your status in the international fashion circle will be affected? Will all those top brands terminate their contracts with you?"

"I haven't signed many contracts lately. Quality is more important than quantity. Some brands have moved their headquarters to China for me. I think it won't be long before we

see even more top brands in China."

...

The reporters were competing for a chance to ask him a question. Twenty minutes were not enough to satisfy them. The host watched the time, and the staff of the International Black Star Security Company stopped any reporters who ignored the time limit.

They were still pretty lucky though. They got to talk with Qin Guan face to face after all. His fans were really sad after the conference.

Our idol has really returned to China. It seems like he will travel for an offer if the script is good enough though. Let's hope production companies act quick and give him some good scripts!

Actually, all foreign film companies were confused. Qin Guan had just been promoted to a B-level actor in America and accepted an offer from Warner Bros. Then, before people could even come to terms with this, he had suddenly returned to China.

Everyone was speechless over the matter. This was not a time of war after all, when actors were not considered talented individuals.

Qin Guan was not that important for the American film circle. There was only one man who thought so.

Director Li An had won the Oscar for Best Foreign Language Film with "Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon". The Taiwanese director, who had captivated the Oscar committee with his talent and appeal, had also shocked film production companies with his elegance.

As a result, Li An had gotten a script that he had been longing for. It was an indie film about homosexuals called "Brokeback Mountain".

The script had been handed around to four other famous

directors, but had been turned down by all of them. Li An was under great pressure, as he loved the script and wanted to shoot the film.

In 2004, homosexuality was not acknowledged or accepted by mainstream society, so both the producer and the director were under a lot of stress.

Li An though, who was a sensitive man, really loved the script. He did not just see homosexuality, but also love, kinship and humanity in the story's loneliness. That was the real message of the film.

After some careful consideration, he chose Jake Gyllenhaal and Qin Guan as the two leads.

Director Li An threw Qin Guan's resume on his desk. His assistant tried to comfort him. "The company has just begun preparing for production. We have at least two to three months left. I'll contact Qin Guan's firm right away."

"Don't forget your identity, director. You are also Chinese. You could just appeal to his emotions..."

"This is a really good film after all. It should definitely be made."

Li An waved his assistant away torpidly.

Meanwhile, another lucky director, quite different from the world-famous Li An, was sitting confidently before Qin Guan.

Xu Jinglei was the most artistic female actor in China. She would much rather be a talented director than a trashy celebrity of the fickle entertainment circle.

# Chapter 733: The First Scene In Tianjin

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She spent more energy on her directing and producing work than her acting work.

A thick script was lying silently between her and Qin Guan. Small vintage holes had been punched into the simple pile of paper and a silk thread had been woven through the holes, making the script look like an elegant thread-bound book.

The Chinese characters on the cover spelled "Letter From A Strange Woman". The words were written in ink.

In other words, the script looked rich in art and literature.

Xu liked to make demands from others though. "This is our first meeting, Mr. Qin Guan. I apologize for my presumptuous visit, but I had no other alternative," she said politely.

"I wonder if you have read this script before?"

Qin Guan nodded.

"I actually approached Jiang Wen first. I'm the director of the film, but after reading the script, Mr. Jiang told me that he was not a good choice for the role. The script had been adapted from a foreign novel after all."

"The hero is a true playboy. A womanizer's nature cannot simply be reproduced through acting. To be frank, the actor has to be a stunner himself. That's why he recommended you."

"In his opinion, you are the only actor in China who can portray the man without disgusting the audience."

Qin Guan didn't comment on the compliment. He also liked the sentiment of the story.

Qin Guan just nodded. "You've come at just the right moment. I'm not very busy with the firm right now. Thank you for your trust. My answer is yes."

All women were like flowers. At Qin Guan's response, Xu Jinglei smiled elegantly, like a daisy blooming silently on a field.

Even though this was their first meeting, they felt like they were old friends.

The firm began to prepare in a hurry. Sister Xue started getting ready for Qin Guan's appearance at the French Fashion Week. This was the only international fashion week that Qin Guan had not attended so far, so Sister Xue appointed a capable girl named Wang Liying as his assistant.

When she heard the news, Wang Liying nearly burst into tears of joy.

Qin Guan once again joined the crew with a big team and a considerable investment. He provided one fourth of the total amount. Soon, the shooting began in Tianjin.

When they arrived at the site, some keen reporters recognized him. As a result, the whole site had to be sealed off like a mysterious box kept secret from outsiders.

This was Xu's idea of marketing. She was a capable woman with big ambitions, so she planned on taking advantage of Qin Guan's international influence. She was a talented woman indeed.

The beginning of the film, which was quite peaceful, was filmed in a quiet Tianjin alley.

The alleys of Tianjin were just as old as the Beijing hutongs. They had been established during the Ming Dynasty and they reflected the style of Tianjin, which was a city located by the sea.

The air was moister than that of the capital, and the weather was friendlier. A canal went through the city, leaving the alleys to find a place along its banks. The larger alleys were as broad as roads, and the smaller ones were as narrow as ribbons twisting and winding in the small area.

Of course, the crew hadn't chosen them as their shooting

location. The scene was set in an ordinary native quadrangle dwelling.

Tianjin people were very kind to strangers. The crew started carrying props and equipment into the yard early in the morning, but the residents didn't complain. Some experienced old men even worked out the time period of the film based on the props.

They exchanged greetings with the crew, who were chewing on pancakes they had just bought. Their special accent and the smell of breakfast lingered around the site.

Qin Guan, who was the protagonist, was pulled from the hotel by Wang Liying early in the morning. The first job requirement of an assistant was to act like an alarm clock.

In a few minutes, the stylist had fixed Qin Guan's hair into a slick hairstyle. His black boots, brown jodhpurs and black jacket made Qin Guan look like an American plane engineer of the 1930s. He looked really handsome!

# Chapter 734: Juanquan

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When he was in his costume, he looked like a wild loafer during conservative times.

The stylist was very satisfied with his work. "Would you put on some gloves to see the overall effect?"

Qin Guan grimaced awkwardly. His eyes were fixed on the door of the fitting room.

Wang came back happily with a plastic bag. That explained why he had not put on the gloves. It would have been inconvenient for him to have breakfast with the gloves on.

Delicious food was always a priority. Qin Guan craned his neck towards the bag.

"What did you get? The breakfast in Tianjin is not as delicate as in Southern China, but it's still delicious!"

Wang Liying took the food out of the bag and placed it on the table.

"I got you something easy to eat. We have to work later, so I didn't buy anything liquid. There were a lot of people waiting in line before the stand, so it must be good."

Xu Jinglei, who was eating a bun elegantly next to them, seemed curious about the contents of the bag.

"Here you are!"

"What's this?" Qin Guan asked, looking at the large piece of food in his hand.

"Jiaoquan in a pancake. It's very popular around here."

I know it's a pancake, but what the hell is inside it? This must weigh about half a kilo...

Xu burst into laughter and turned around politely to eat her

porridge, acting as if nothing had happened.

It was hard to turn down such a kind offer, so Qin Guan bit on the pancake nervously.

The two Juanquans rolled in it were suddenly exposed. Bean sprouts, dried soy beans and red powder had been rolled into a thin sheet of bean curd, along with salt, sesame oil and monosodium glutamate.

The whole thing had been fried in oil and rolled up, the extra grease soaking the pancakes. The two different nutrients, which were a perfect match, made up the traditional breakfast of the Tianjin people.

Qin Guan fell in love with the food at first bite and unashamedly buried his face into the bag. Different foods required different eating methods. A real foodie knew how to eat delicious food.

He finished half the roll and swallowed up some soybean milk before looking up at Xu and everyone else.

"What's the matter, Sister Xu? Aren't your buns tasty? Have some of my food."

He handed Xu a roll, but the sane woman stopped him.

"No, thanks. You are very polite, but I'm full. You can have it. I'll go check on the equipment," she said before escaping.

Qin Guan stuffed the end of the roll into his mouth. He didn't feel sorry at all. Then he gave Wang Liying a thumbs-up and took a tissue from her. Good girl! You are much better than Princess Xue!

When Qin Guan went out of the working site, he discovered that Xu had already fixed the equipment. A girl in a white robe was standing next to her in the alley.

She looked like a student, but her hair was as lovely as a doll's. If it wasn't for the smile on her face, which was as bright as sunshine, Qin Guan would have thought that Yamaguchi Tsutomu had come

to China.

She looked like Xu, except she was much younger than her. She was just 15 years old after all. She was only a greenhand selected among numerous girls.

Suddenly, she saw Qin Guan on the old German motorcycle and grew nervous. The young award-winning actor was her classmates' idol.

They were all collecting posters and photos of him like crazy, but they were not as lucky as she was. She had gotten a chance to work with him.

Xu, who understood the girl, didn't try to improve her acting skills. They just needed to cooperate well together.

"Attention, please! First scene, the first meeting. Three, two, camera!"

A few girls began playing games by the yard gate. They were playing the craziest game of the time: Eagle and Chicks. Laughter filled the alley, when they suddenly heard the owner of a motorcycle speak behind them.

A tall, charming man passed by them on his motorcycle. He was wearing goggles and he had an evil smile on his face as he pulled over to the yard gate leisurely.

# Chapter 735: Whisper Of Pipa

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Qin Guan's raised lips and wild expression made him seem like an evil spirit, but he was actually just a playboy. Director Xu now realized why Jiang Wen had recommended him for the part.

The man's polished acting skills were like uncut jade. He was the best choice for portraying noblemen and scholars now that occidental and oriental culture had clashed in China.

Jiang Wen was a skilled, refined actor, but he wouldn't have been able to achieve that subtle effect. The role was not his cup of tea, but it fit Qin Guan perfectly.

It seemed like the Austrian author had given Qin Guan his entire soul and essence. After nearly one century, his classic work had finally found a genuine hero.

The moving camera pulled Xu back from her thoughts. Qin Guan got off his motorcycle elegantly, his long windcoat flying in the air, and waved at the girls in apology for the intrusion. His wide smile shocked the girls, who felt the first awakening of love in their hearts.

They fell silent, although this was not in the script. All eight girls looked at his retreating back, black coat and black boots.

An old steward welcomed Qin Guan in, the two of them disappearing from the camera's view together.

"Cut!" Li Pingping, who was the photography director, pulled everyone back to reality. She had been hired by Xu and transported from Taiwan especially for the film. Xu had explained why to Qin Guan.

Li understood films set during the era of the Republic of China really well. She was also a Taiwanese award-winning photographer, so she was certainly worth her salary.

Now was her time to shine. A good photographer had to check

everything for the director. The first scene ended without any mistakes, making the crew feel strange. They had gotten used to repeated takes when working with domestic actors.

The next scene did not go as smoothly though. Qin Guan and the girl, Lin Yuan, met in private for the first time. This was their first meeting and the beginning of the girl's misery, as she fell in love with a man who never paused for any woman.

The girl, who was a student at the time, rushed out of the yard and bumped into Qin Guan, who was about to enter through the gate.

The two of them hugged each other in shock. The gentleman lifted his hands politely when he saw that it was a lovely girl. A true playboy was never rude to a strange girl.

The girl looked up nervously. "It's Qin Guan, it's Qin Guan..." Lin Yuan repeated in her mind, unable to break the spell.

Taking advantage of this, Li Pingping zoomed in on her face. Meanwhile, Xu was encouraging the girl silently, afraid that she would be affected by Qin Guan's beauty.

Suddenly, the trembling girl turned pale. Everyone knew that this was a common rookie mistake. She was just too nervous.

When she looked up, she got lost in Qin Guan's eyes. Qin Guan turned his back to the camera so no one could see his face. When he realized the state Lin Yuan was in, he decided to take the lead.

He smiled warmly at her, his eyes shining as splendidly as the mysterious starry sky as he fixed them on her boldly.

Lin lowered her head again in delighted shyness before she leaned to the side and ran away. Her shyness was like the clear, fragile morning dew on flower petals.

It felt so wonderful! As the song "Whisper of Pipa" played in the background, the audience got lost in the scene.

The sad tune sounded like a woman sorrowfully telling her tragic story.

# Chapter 736: Romance In The Republic Of China

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The pipa was murmuring in a low voice, as if expressing the emotions of a sad woman. The melody, along with Xu's soft voice-over, lingered around the set.

The voice-over had been finished the previous night, so Qin Guan and Li Pingping knew about it in advance.

"That's when I fell in love with you. I know that many women have said that to you, but believe me, no woman has ever loved you like me. There is no alternative for me. Nothing in the world could compare to my love for you."

"It was a hopeless, humble outburst of enthusiasm, but from then on, you had captured my heart."

Qin Guan had actually been harboring the same love. Unlike the miserable heroine though, he pursued it without hesitation and finally succeeded.

Qin Guan sighed in sympathy for the character, all the while remaining speechless about his own character.

The man was an innocent guy feeling a secret adoration. He was a playboy who just played the game of love. Some people couldn't afford to do that though.

The food in Wang's hands made him cheer up again after the shooting.

"Here's your late snack, Brother Qin!"

The fictional girl's sorrow was finally blown away. Qin Guan felt refreshed again, and so did Xu, who cast away her sorrow and got to work energetically.

The first love of a maiden withered in time, but the romantic feelings of a young woman bloomed silently.

After moving away from the yard, Xu returned to the old alley and rented a house across the yard to be closer to her lover.

The girl had grown up and become slim and graceful. Lin Yuan left the filming location when it was time for Qin Guan and Xu Jinglei's scene. Would the soft, gentle woman be a good partner for Qin Guan? Everyone was waiting to find out.

Unfortunately, they had all misjudged Qin Guan. He was actually better than Xu in the field of Chinese history and traditional culture. He had not stopped his lessons with Teacher Rong, even while he was in America, so it was easy for him to portray an uninhibited scholar living in the era of the Republic of China.

A student demonstration was taking place in the embassy district of the city. Xu was a schoolgirl holding a sign, while Qin Guan was a reporter carrying a camera.

When they brushed against each other, the policemen started dispersing the demonstrating crowd. Qin Guan immediately rushed up to the girl he was interested in. The two of them ran through the familiar alleys hand in hand. Li Pingping ran after them excitedly with the camera.

The couple chose a deserted church as a temporary shelter. Now that they were away from danger, they were finally able to fix their eyes on each other. Qin Guan, who was wearing golden-framed glasses and a black windcoat, was still holding the girl's hands.

When he saw the amused expression in her eyes, he let her slender fingers go awkwardly. The smell of roses lingered on his palms.

All he could do was smile at her and express his tenderness and love through his eyes. The narrow space suddenly filled with an ambiguous emotion.

If this were an occidental film, they would have gotten naked by now. The lovers lived in a conservative country though, so they

just stared at each other emotionally.

This was why occidental critics were puzzled by oriental romance. Asians were born with a feeling of restraint that was beyond the understanding of people that confused love with desire.

How could they understand the gentle, hesitant feeling in the girl's eyes?

Qin Guan and Xu cooperated perfectly during that short minute. They actually seemed to understand each other like old friends.

When the scene was over, Xu hugged Qin Guan.

"Thank you so much for participating in the film despite its limited budget. It was such great luck to have you here."

Qin Guan patted her shoulder in an effort to comfort the sensitive woman.

"You are welcome, Director Xu. Don't forget that I'm also a fan of yours. I really like your film. Next scene, quick! We need to save money!"

# Chapter 737: An Aesthetic Erotic Scene

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A money-oriented, award-winning actor was a blessing for any crew. Xu wiped her eyes and then moved on to the next scene, which was an erotic one.

All romantic films included an erotic scene, especially the ones with playboy protagonists.

The most aesthetic erotic scene Qin Guan had ever been involved in was shot silently in the old yard.

Red lanterns were hanging high, and a decadent smell of tobacco was lingering around the room. The bed, which was a mixture of oriental and occidental culture, had red embroidered sheets and a golden continental quilt on it.

Xu Jinglei was sitting on Qin Guan's thighs with her back turned to the camera. Her clothes were taken off slowly by his slender hands, revealing her thin fair back to the camera. It felt so good to be young...

The hands she was longing to touch were on her bare back, moving up along her skin before finally pausing at the slim red belt on her stomach.

Her traditional Chinese underwear showed her desire as Qin Guan's lips smothered her heavy breaths. It was a magical moment. As the two of them hugged each other and fell down on the bed, the room went dark and the conservative erotic scene ended.

Most of the crew members were women. Wang Liying, who was one of them, was finally experiencing her boss' unparalleled charm and attraction. Wang's eyes hardly ever shone like this. It was a pity that taking pictures on the set was forbidden. Otherwise, she would have taken some photos for his firm and blog.

Now all she could do was search for delicious food for her boss.

The shooting went on smoothly. In a few days, their work in Tianjin was finished and they headed to the last exterior shooting location, which was Huanglongxi Town in Chengdu.

The buildings of that particular era were well-preserved there, and the mountain city was famous for its beautiful landscape, warm residents and delicious Sichuan Cuisine.

The most important scenes of their romantic affair would be shot there. It would be a wild romance set during troubled times.

To avoid the chaos of war, the military and political center of the area had been moved to the city. Meanwhile, the rulers continued to lead luxurious lives.

Xu Jinglei had come to the city to live with a boy Qin Guan did not know. Her lover had abandoned her after spending a few crazy nights with her. The only way a beautiful, lonely woman could survive amid such chaos was by selling her body.

There were all kinds of ways to sell oneself. The most unwise women sold themselves at low prices, while the most clever ones acted much more nobly. Xu Jinglei had found someone to help her in Sichuan, a young promising squadron leader called Huang Jue, who didn't detest her son.

He was even planning on marrying her to protect her and the boy, when she suddenly met that man again.

It was that playboy who had passed through the foolish woman's life and left a mark.

Xu attended the luxurious ball in a splendid dress, the flowers blooming on her breasts expressing her love for him.

Qin Guan was the most handsome man at the ball. He was wearing a grey waistcoat, a fancy white shirt and a golden chain watch. His white gloves made him look really handsome.

Qin Guan's eyes were attracted to the most beautiful woman in the hall. Eight years had passed since they had last met, but her

blooming beauty attracted him immediately.

It was a pity that he didn't recognize her.

As the woman sat in a quiet corner, a match lit the slender cigarette in her hand. The camera recorded the final lines between the hero and heroine, not missing even the slightest detail.

"When can I see you again?"

"Anytime you like."

Qin Guan caressed his jaw and leaned his head slightly towards Xu. He was flirting with her, but there was nothing aggressive about him.

Thus, the man started spreading his poison amid the decadent music of the time and the delighted toasts taking place around them.

# Chapter 738: A Beam Of Light Among Web Novels

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The man proposed a one-night stand. "What about now?"

Xu gazed at Qin Guan for a long time. Of course, that's only what it felt like to the onlookers. She actually only looked at him for one second.

"Okay, let's go!"

Qin Guan's charm could persuade anyone. He could certainly earn a woman's blind love. Even if the woman in question was lying in a grave, she would still stand up if Qin Guan ordered her to. He had managed to bring to life the playboy of the original work.

Xu went home with Qin Guan, leaving Huang Jue at the ball. Qin Guan still hadn't recognized her. The next morning, he gave her the same excuse he had years ago.

"I'll be back after my business trip."

Xu was not as broken-hearted now as she had been when she was younger. She put on her fur coat, pinned a white rose to her hair and left with her handbag.

He had never recognized her, which had made her feel hurt all over again.

The romantic story and the plain music only irritated Wang. "Damn!" she said angrily. What a scumbag!

Qin Guan was a lot like a relentless web novel protagonist. Wang, who was a loyal web novel reader, lost interest in her favorite stories after the shooting.

She was lucky enough to understand the situation though and become one of the most prophetic readers. Much later, she would write articles like "The Fall Of The Stone Horse" and "Defeating

"Stone Horses", which would become a strange beam of light amid the web novel community. Her loyal fans would also soon become Qin Guan's fans.

Of course, this would happen much later. At the moment, Qin Guan was still performing.

Thanks to the woman's letters, he knew that he had a son he had never met with a woman who was deeply in love with him. His sorrow was so strong that it penetrated his bones.

Thick clouds covered the moon as everyone gathered behind the camera nervously. "Camera!" said Xu, who was sitting calmly among them.

The camera zoomed in on Qin Guan with a mechanical arm. Qin Guan was wearing a blue robe and a Chinese jacket and holding a thick stack of papers in his hand. He was standing in the dark, far away from the lamp.

As he clenched his fists tighter and tighter, the flat papers twisted and wrinkled like a helpless lover. Qin Guan's sorrow began to flood his entire body.

No! It's not true! It's impossible!

Qin Guan bounced up from the couch and walked to the meeting hall. From the corner of his study, he could see the small house across the street clearly. It was that woman's house. That was where she had fallen in love with him.

As her vague figure suddenly became clear in his mind, his heart started hurting and a bitter roar struggled out of his throat. His roar eventually turned into a peaceful sigh. That was how the story ended.

By the time the long scene, which lasted about three minutes, was completed, the women on the set were sobbing silently.

"What a sad story. Only when the heroine died did the hero realize she had been his true love. He will have to live a miserable

life from now on..."

"Pure love goes beyond life. If Qin Guan were to fall in love with me, I'd lay down my life for him..."

Wang pointed out their mistake, aiming straight at the heart of the matter.

"Why would you fall in love with such a man? He wouldn't even remember you!"

Her words brought everyone back to reality. She is right.

Qin Guan shot a surprised look at the girl. He liked her clear mind and ability to impress his fans. Besides, she had a keen insight into such matters. She would certainly become a good assistant someday.

When everyone finished packing, Wang led them to a restaurant not far away, where they could have a celebratory dinner party. She had negotiated with the cunning owner and reserved the entire restaurant for two hours so they could experience the real charm of Sichuan Cuisine.

She had chosen that restaurant mainly for its delicious pickled Chuan.

# Chapter 739: National Effort

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Unlike the hot pot and spicy hot pot, that snack attracted people because of its reasonable price and good taste.

Qin Guan was obsessed with the unimpressive snack because everyone looked gorgeous while they were enjoying it.

He used his entire palm to grab the mounted Chuanchuan and, holding all kinds of mixed Chuanchuan, he shouted at the restaurant owner, "Put them all in the same pot!"

He felt like a mighty swordsman as he said that.

When the cooked Chuanchuan was served, he shouted again dramatically, "Bring the tea!"

This was the royal treatment.

The finishing touch would be the rich ingredients boiled in beef fat and Sichuan spices. Their taste buds bloomed when they tried the hot, spicy soup. That dish was truly a food for powerful men.

When one finished their dinner, they could shout at the happy owner again, point at the bamboo sticks mounted on the table and say, "Count the sticks!" This was a wonderful feeling. All the cells in one's body were clamouring, "I'm a rich man!" The owner knew that the guests had had a lot of food, but he was okay with that.

Out of all Chinese cities, Chengdu attracted the most idlers. The pace of life there was so slow that it felt like a different world compared to other parts of China. The city was also a cradle of beauties, which matched its delicious food perfectly.

I love the vast territory and abundant resources of China. I love the various races of Chinese people. I love my country!

When Qin Guan boarded his return flight, the taste of chilli was still lingering in his mouth. Wang Liying, who was a very devoted girl, finished the handover.

Unlike his busy team, Qin Guan was able to appreciate the row of fair legs before him. All the designers that had won the Chinese Costume Design Contest were sitting beside him. They had actually been sent by New Silk Road.

After a friendly negotiation with the Paris Fashion Week, which was the most tolerant fashion event and the one that enjoyed the highest status and most global attention, the organizing committee had finally approved of Qin Guan's team.

Qin Guan knew exactly what he had to do. The Paris Fashion Week was the best international fashion week. Milan and London favored native designers and were not that interested in foreign patterns, and New York was too commerce-oriented. Only Paris welcomed talented designers from all over the world.

Designers from Japan and Taiwan had exhibited their designs on the stage in the past. That year, it was China's turn though. Qin Guan wanted to be the pioneer that would introduce traditional Chinese art to the world.

The models had been selected from all over the country. All Chinese top model agencies and performing art companies had set aside their prejudices and private conflicts and sent their best models to the Paris Fashion Week.

They had all been sent to the capital at the same time as Qin Guan.

All the young men were looking at Qin Guan eagerly. The world-known top model, who was sitting on a couch under the stage leisurely, would be the one who would decide their destiny.

Lv Yan and Du Juan, who had finished their work in New York and returned to China, were now sitting on either side of Qin Guan like loyal guardians. Because of the nature of the job, members of the Foreign Trade Department and the Textile Association, as well as representatives from the Designers' Association and other design institutes had also attended the meeting.

The team, which was practically official, had united to help promote the Chinese fashion industry.

As expected, Ye Dong had taken advantage of the situation to return to China. He had been appointed as the official spokesman and representative who would cooperate with Qin Guan. The man, who was aware of his own limits, pushed the burden on his old classmate as soon as he met him.

"I'm only your subordinate. At your service!"

Qin Guan hit him on the chest. "That's nonsense! What's your objective?"

Ye smiled meaningfully at him and adjusted his collar.

"I have to try to increase the popularity of Chinese textile exhibitors in Frankfurt. There will be an International Home Textile Trade Fair there, so I have to show the merchants the power of our government and get more orders for them. Our goal is to get international orders. You know that!"

F\*ck! I didn't know, but the deal sounds pretty good!

All the members of the Textile Association were delighted. The models on the stage looked as if a pie had fallen from Heaven and they all expressed their happiness over doing the job for free.

Their sincere words came from their hearts. The journey to the fashion capital would be a great joy for both the models and the designers.

# Chapter 740: Hong Kong, Macao And Taiwan Vs. The Chinese Mainland

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Qin Guan was both suffering and having fun. He was about to execute a brutal elimination. He had to weed out 42 out of the 108 top models selected from all over the country.

Chinese people considered 66 to be a lucky number. This was also the number of models one needed to participate in a large-scale fashion event.

The selection began at Teacher Li's school. Qin Guan, who was the only judge, was happy to return to his old classroom.

In Paris, the models would concentrate only on the runway show, so Qin Guan did not set high standards for the fashion photoshoot. The models only had to be expressive and walk elegantly on the runway. The best test was an underwear show.

Revealing clothes set the bar very high for models, as any flaws on their bodies would be exposed before the judge.

This was unfair for famous models that took perfect pictures, but a chance like this was considered very valuable in the industry. If one couldn't overcome the difficulties they faced on the way, they could risk destroying their reputation.

Some Hong Kong models like Xie Tingting didn't participate in the competition. Instead, Hong Kong had sent a group of girls known for their runway walk. When they came out, Qin Guan nearly spit out his water.

Hong Kong was a tolerant city where at least 10 races from different countries resided. Renowned female models, including Gaile Lai, Kathy Chow and Lisa S, swarmed out. Their agents had worked really hard for this opportunity.

When they reached the stopping point of the T stage, Qin Guan, who was the decision-maker, crossed out Gaile Lai's name.

It was strange to see a 175-centimeter tall girl among 180-centimeter tall girls, even if she had long legs. As a result, the popular girl was the first to be eliminated.

When the models from Taiwan came out, Qin Guan tried his best to hold back his laughter. It was the future favorite of lonely indoormen, Lin ChiLing.

She was 30 years old at the time and only 175 centimeters tall, but she was still walking down the runway intently. Qin Guan felt all kinds of feelings well up in his heart.

You don't need to work so hard, sister. Soon, a goddess with a childlike voice and bigger boobs will become popular on the Chinese mainland.

The model had become unexpectedly successful when her agent had moved her to the Chinese mainland.

Just be grateful for your young looks and the boys' tolerance for Taiwanese girls.

Qin Guan knew that the clever woman was aware of her own shortcomings. Her presence was just a friendly gesture aimed at Qin Guan's firm. She was hoping that Qin Guan would help her in the future, as one's achievements mattered more than their age in that industry.

She was very clear about what she wanted, so she managed to keep up a sweet smile, even though she was surrounded by taller girls.

The other models, who were feeling jealous because Qin Guan had paid more attention to Sister Lin, Du Juan, Lv Yan, began to sneer at her.

"Her smile is beautiful, but she is too short to qualify."

"Yes, just look at her breasts. 32A at best!"

That size was actually very common in the modelling circle.

Before they could finish their words, they saw their idol cross out Lin's name.

As more and more models from the mainland walked on the stage, Lv and Du closed their mouths. They felt nervous to finally meet their real rivals.

Qin Guan had no time to pay attention to them. He was too busy looking at the best models from different Chinese cities. Lynn Hung? Isn't she from Hong Kong?

Qin Guan looked down at her resume and found out that the famous Hong Kong girl, who had actually been born in Nanjing, had just won an award at the Chinese Fashion Week.

Eileen and Liu Wen were right behind her.

Qin Guan read their resumes quickly. How old are they? Why did they come here today? Lynn Hung, I understand. She is only one year older than me. Liu Wen was born in 1988 though. She is just a little girl who's made her presence known in the capital. It seems like newborn calves are not afraid of tigers...

The girl had been selected from the Hunan Province by New Silk Road. Hunan had originally wanted to send her to the national competition, but their attempt had revealed their secret weapon early.

# Chapter 741: A Top Brand Gathering

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Suddenly, three generations of Chinese models began a fierce competition on the small stage.

Four years could define a generation. After pondering it for a while, Qin Guan ticked the names of Lynn Hung (1980), Eileen (1984) and Liu Wen (1988).

After changing clothes, the selected models were led to a large meeting room. As they waited, they split into two groups based on their gender and began to talk to each other.

Wherever there were people, there were always cliques. The Chinese judged others by the region they were from, so the girls were divided into three groups: Mainland, Hong Kong & Macao and Taiwan. Each group had its own leader, but there was actually one model who had worked in the mainland for a long time. That was Lin Zhiling.

The girl, who was good at observing others, was the oldest one among them, so she acted as a kind coordinator.

Lynn Hung: Those rednecks are trying to pass this selection in vain!

As a local Dior model, she was certainly qualified to say that.

Liu Wen did not seem like a cool girl, but she was definitely hot. She was the youngest one among them though, so she dared not challenge Lynn Hung.

"This is typical. Why are all mixed-race models so arrogant? They are no better than everyone else."

The other girls smiled at her answer.

The girls from Hong Kong felt insulted though. They all had ties to different countries, such as France, the UK, Portugal, Spain, and so on. Eileen suddenly made another attack. "From a biological

standpoint, mixed-race individuals are more likely to be attacked by new viruses..."

Before Lynn Hung could burst into tears, the door of the meeting room was suddenly pushed open and Wang walked in with a short list.

"Lynn Hung, Lin Chi-Ling, Zhang Li... Follow me, please!"

The 44 models that were left in the room knew that they had been selected.

The 22 male models who had been chosen, including Zhao Lei, Zhang Liang, Fu Zhenggang, Zheng Yuguan, Nan Fulong and Ji Huanbo, would become famous during the next few years.

The assistants led the models to their apartments, which were located in the Chaoyang District. Eight models would have to share one apartment, which was much better than their average living conditions. Some of them were still struggling to make a living after all.

They would all go through a paid training, but it was the bonus of the Paris Fashion Week that was the final goal of the eager models. They didn't aspire to achieve what Qin Guan had. Lv Yan and Du Juan had failed to do that.

They were just longing for a chance to participate in the Paris Fashion Week. The international stage seemed to wave at the rising stars as the power of Chinese models gradually increased.

The eliminated models were all calm and peaceful. Lin had been offered a contract of one million, so she left without any regrets.

Lynn Hung though, who was the best model in Hong Kong, didn't understand why she had been weeded out. Kathy Chow and Patina had been selected after all. When she tried to get in touch with Qin Guan through her agent, she received a small note in response.

Qin Guan's sincere but indifferent words helped her come to terms with reality. She felt colder after reading the note.

"Hong Kongers rule in Hong Kong because they understand the city better than everyone else. That's why they can make good use of the city's resources."

"Similarly, before entering a country or a region, a top brand has to take the local customers into consideration. When it comes to different cultures and cities, a renowned local star or model will usually be the key to their market."

"You are certainly loved by Hong Kongers, but you do not qualify for an international runway show."

"Considering your five years of experience, you must be aware that there is a gap between you and international top models. I wonder if you have received a foreign offer other than an invitation to watch the show."

The note shattered the girl's dreams as the reality of the situation wounded her pride.

She tore the note into pieces slowly. Instead of throwing them away though, she stuffed them into her purse and left silently. The assistant didn't say anything. Hong Kongers were none of his concern right now.

# Chapter 742: Paris

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All the selected models had to go through a strict training at once. The Chinese and American trainers exhausted them. Taking advantage of his relations, Qin Guan invited Alexander to China. He was the best runway trainer after all.

It was unwise to stand still and refuse to make any progress in the fashion circle. A communication and cooperation between the two countries had now begun.

Their effort was soon rewarded. Two more designers selected by Qin Guan were accepted by the Paris Fashion Week. Their dream would begin from a small-scale press conference.

They were now ready for Paris.

Paris was the capital of France and the second largest city in Europe, but the whole world still thought of it as the city of romance. The city was full of tasteful ancient buildings, noisy crowds and abundant narcissism.

Nothing affected its beauty though. Paris was like a gorgeous, shy aristocratic maiden. It was a proud peacock in the daytime and a dissolute creature at night.

Artists mixed art with conservative culture, unified welfare with extreme individualism, and bright realism with vigorous romanticism. Those strange combinations had withstood the test of time. It was a wonderful experience to live in a land full of miracles.

It was only in Paris that people were brave enough to use famous historical buildings like the Louvre and the Jardin des Tuileries as fashion event locations. Only the French had dared to build a floating bridge on the bank of the Seine for a fashion show.

As night fell, Qin Guan's team did not have much time left. Thanks to Qin Guan, eight Chinese reporters would be following

them around during the fashion week. This had been unthinkable before, although ELLE, VOGUE and Marie Claire were branches of international magazines.

This was because of the method the organizing committee used to send out the invitations. They sent 30% of the invitations to celebrities and VIPs of the fashion circle, 30% to influential media moguls, 30% to top buyers, purchasing agents and rich businessmen interested in fashion, and 10% to various others.

The unknown stars that did not qualify for an invitation could get one by using their connections or money.

The event was really exclusive, but the first row of seats were the most important. All the guests would stare at the people sitting beside them.

There were always uninvited guests though. When Qin Guan arrived in Paris, he turned off his phone, for fear that some Chinese agencies might ask him for help.

Unfortunately, he couldn't avoid Fan Pingping, who was waiting for him outside his hotel room.

Fan Pingping was not as young anymore, but she was still a charming mature woman. She stretched a hand out towards the surprised man, as if they were old friends.

"A gentleman would kiss my hand in Paris. Won't you?"

Qin Guan came back to his senses and took a few steps back. Then he dialled a number on his phone.

"Sister Xue, send Wang Liying over. Yes, I have a female guest. It would be indecent for me to be alone with her."

Sister Xue sounded alert at the other end of the line. Her voice came through the receiver.

"Wang is coming. Keep the door open. Who is there?"

"Fan Pingping."

"Wang, quick!"

Sister Xue hung up. Fan was shocked.

"What are you doing, Qin Guan? You've changed so much!"

Qin Guan didn't feel ashamed. When he saw Wang rushing over to them, he invited Fan in.

"Come in, please. You must have an assistant or agent with you. If this is official business, you can just let them in."

Fan seemed to struggle, but Wang was on guard for any possible danger. She smiled guiltily as she walked into Qin Guan's luxury suite.

"Wow! Qin Guan! Well done! We haven't seen each other for a few years! You can afford a presidential suite now! How much money have you made?"

Fan looked jealously around the room as she sat down on the couch. In two years, the dispensable man she had known had ascended so high that she had to look up at him now.

Suddenly, she made up her mind. Clenching her fists, she explained her purpose for visiting her old schoolmate. She thought they were on the same side after all.

# Chapter 743: God Makes Fools Out Of People

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"I'm in desperate need of an invitation. Any top brand will do. Will Giorgio Armani attend the ceremony? Will I get a chance to take a picture with him? I know he is a good-tempered man. He would never say no to a beautiful woman."

Wang was sitting beside Qin Guan. Both she and Qin Guan couldn't help but look up to the influential Chinese woman.

"But..."

Qin Guan didn't know how to answer. Instead, he made a detailed inquiry.

"As far as I know, the domestic media do not pay close attention to foreign fashion events. Neither does the Chinese public. They don't know much about international fashion activities. Only insiders of the fashion circle and clothing companies know the true meaning of an invitation like this."

Fan answered straightforwardly.

"My agency set this rule for me. You know that I'm not a good student. I studied at the Xiejin Film School, but I'm not like you. You are straight-A student. 'Princess Pearl' has made me popular, but I'm a nobody compared to the other two protagonists. The two of them go after very specific roles, so they will get good scripts and sponsors in the future."

"What about me though? I'll be outshined by new celebrities soon. I'm not ready for that. Compared to other female stars..." She paused and caressed her face absent-mindedly. "All I have is my face."

"I'm bright and charming. I'm the most beautiful girl in the acting circle according to the media. I'm very popular, but what am I relying on?"

Fan forced a bitter smile. "That's why your agent was so eager for

me to come here. I am infamous now, but without any successful projects, my soaring fame will fade away soon."

"I admit that I originally wanted to use your fame, but then you reminded me of our school life. I'm not cruel enough to do this..."

Qin Guan felt all kinds of feelings well up in his heart.

"I'm not very familiar with the entertainment circle in China, but you must be working with Huayi. Is there a good script waiting for you?"

Fan looked helpless. "They have so many good actors. Chen Hao, Zhou Xun, Li Bingbing... All of them better than me."

Fan suddenly seemed ashamed. "You are aware of my acting skills... I haven't found the right way yet, but I try to improve slowly. I want to find a way to make more money and reach the top."

"I want to be a commercial celebrity. I won't be the first to take that route, but I'll be the most famous person to do so. That's not enough though. I need some top brands in order to elevate my status. I have to show my ability to world-renowned brands."

"That's why I came to ask for your help. You are my only hope. You are the only Chinese star that fascinates them."

The clever woman knew exactly what she needed. Soon, Wang caught herself feeling sympathy for the actress.

Qin Guan decided to grant her favor for the sake of their good old school days. It was not a big deal for him after all.

"How many invitations do you have at hand, Wang?"

"There's eight left, excluding the three conferences you have to attend. It would be okay not to go though. They do not cooperate with us."

"Give them all to her."

"All of them?"

"Exactly."

Qin Guan turned to Fan with a worried expression. "Do you have time to attend them all? Or would you like to just pick one or two? Have you brought enough outfits with you? I could lend you my stylist for a day. You are aware that a formal outfit can't be repeated before the cameras."

Kind people were always happy to help others, so Qin Guan offered to lend Fan some of his staff.

"I am. Thank you so much!" Fan's eyes were sparkling with ambition. All she had done had been to get to this moment.

"I'll buy some dresses here. I like shopping in Paris."

She made a decision fast. Before she left, Qin Guan couldn't help but ask her, "How is your boyfriend doing?"

"We broke up. He never recognized me."

Fan left without looking back. Her bitter smile changed Qin Guan's opinion of her. She was no longer the greenhand she had been a few years ago. Now she rushed towards her goal as if she wanted to prove something to herself or the audience.

# Chapter 744: Changing The Rules

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The autumn breeze blew Chinese fashion over to Paris. Thanks to Qin Guan's effort, Chinese designs took their rightful place among the competing countries. The open-minded Paris fashion circle showed great interest in the oriental patterns.

However, they didn't pay much attention to Lynn Hung and Eileen's looks. Instead, they were inspired by Liu Wen's thick eyebrows and phoenix-like eyes.

Another strange phenomenon also took place. Although Qin Guan hadn't brought many male models to Paris, they still managed to attract the attention of the most famous brands.

Male models were rare all over the world, and those handsome guys were at their prime, so Sister Xue started receiving non-stop offers from designers and brands. Qin Guan's agent felt like she was at the top of the world.

Qin Guan had received countless invitations, so he had to be very selective. He only attended two shows, the Armani and the Hermes one, and he set brand new standards for the industry by being the first model to be paid based on how many times he walked down the runway.

The stages varied in length, but Hermes paid more than 10,000 dollars for him to walk on the stage once. Hermes' smart director didn't choose the floating bridge beside the Louvre, which was 100-meters long. Instead, he chose the stage by the pond of the Jardin des Tuileries, which was only 10-meters long.

The salary was reasonable considering that Qin Guan was the only Asian top model at the event. The Hermes' director hired the popular model to show off to Gucci, LV and Channel.

As night fell in Paris, the garden of the royal European family opened its gates to the guests.

All the guests had to wear old European costumes. Old-fashioned gentlemen were wearing white gloves and holding sticks, while their female companions were wearing long dresses. The site of the show was a small white dome that looked like a small-scale opera of the 1900s.

The U stage, which resembled the stage in "Phantom of the Opera", was paved with black and red velvet. Long tassels were hanging down from the curtains, swaying in the night breeze.

The first row of seats, which was labelled with different names, was already occupied. The people behind just stood there with cameras in their hands, their eyes fixed on the stage.

The big lights around them went out at the same time and small kerosene lamps lit up one after the other on the stage. The dim lights revealed the luxurious royal yard that dated back to an era before the French Revolution.

As background music began playing, the Hermes show began.

Qin Guan was the first model to set foot on the stage, wearing a monocle. A silver chain was swaying beside his ear. He was wearing a white shirt, black pants, a waistcoat and leather shoes. The gem buttons and golden watch chain on his chest had been used by nobles when they wanted to outshine each other.

The show brought back the old times, when noblemen took baths in their jewellery and heritage was counted by chests full of golden coins. Qin Guan was holding a soft black leather bag with a square bottom in his hand. It looked like a large briefcase one could take on a business trip. The four buttons on its bottom helped it balance when it was set down on a flat surface.

As his assistant, Wang had to count Qin Guan's steps.

"44, 45, 46... Yeah! That's right!"

Qin Guan actually wished he could walk to the end of the world.

When he led Zhang Liang and Nan Fulong backstage, he asked

how they felt with a smile. He was no longer the cool, proud model he had been on the stage.

"How are you feeling? This is the best stage in the world, but if you remain calm, it will feel just like Professor Li's shabby stage."

The two young men let out a long sigh of relief at his kind, casual question.

"Wow! I was so nervous. Thank god you were with us, Brother Qin, or I would have made so many mistakes!"

Nan's Tianjin accent sounded very funny. Before Qin Guan and Zhang Lian could burst into laughter though, the group behind them entered the backstage area. They were also a combination of Asian models.

# Chapter 745: The Strongest Becomes King

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They were freshmen from Japan, Singapore and the Republic of Korea who had been selected by Hermes thanks to Qin Guan. The show required six Asian models, six African models and some white models. The boys felt really lucky to be on the stage.

The three Asian men expressed their gratitude and respect for Qin Guan. Their feelings had nothing to do with his age. They were only based on his achievements.

Daisuke Ueda took a deep bow before Qin Guan and stretched out his hands sincerely. When Qin Guan shook his hands kindly, the Japanese model looked up at him in admiration. He felt extremely flattered. Japanese people admired power and only obeyed people with authority.

Singaporeans, on the other hand, were more cunning. They only cared about profit, and power and money governed over the fashion circle. Age and appeal meant nothing to them. They only liked to cooperate and compete against each other.

Meanwhile, the Korean model walked closer to Qin Guan. This was rare, as Koreans were usually unable to read a situation correctly. This model had been born and raised in America though. He had received standard American education, so his English was much better than his Korean.

Thanks to the American media, he knew all about Qin Guan's status in the fashion and entertainment circle.

The industry was no heaven. Stories about the complexity of human nature circulated among the handsome models.

Qin Guan had changed a lot through time. He was no longer the crazy model that had participated in the Chinese Fashion Week. Back then, he had accepted any offers he could get and left nothing for other models.

Now he had reached the top of the pyramid and was able to choose the best jobs, so there was enough work left for the struggling male models.

Everyone was grateful for his kindness.

The shining star left with his team amid the grateful gazes of his peers.

Far away from that noisy site, Qin Guan and his team found a good restaurant where they could have a party.

People had big dinners in France. The country had long enjoyed a good reputation for its delicious food, but finding delicious food at a reasonable price was really hard. French restaurants always charged too much.

If one travelled to Paris from far away, it would be a letdown for them to end up having dinner in Chinatown in District 13. Qin Guan's keen nose detected a small restaurant in a narrow street in District 10. A wonderful smell filled the entire street.

It was already 10:30 pm, so the restaurant welcomed their last wave of customers before closing time. The room was crowded with eight people.

A French girl with red cheeks and freckles walked over to them with a pencil.

"What would you like?"

Her English was poor. Despite the foreigners pouring into the city during the Paris Fashion Week, French citizens did not stoop so low as to learn English.

Qin Guan smiled warmly at her. "Where is the menu?" he asked in standard French.

The happy girl pointed at the paintings on the wall. "Right there!"

It was so simple!

"Beef, parsley and onion stew, served with a secret sauce."

"Chicken with tarragon and lemon meatballs, fried in various sauces."

"Mutton with cilantro, cumin and soy sauce, fried in alcoholic beverages."

"Pork with fennel, red pepper meatballs and soup, the best choice for bread dipping."

"The vegetarian meatballs are a perfect mixture of chickpeas and eggplant, so they are refreshing, but not greasy."

There were various ingredients and cooking methods used. Everyone understood the menu thanks to Qin Guan, who translated it from French.

All the dishes cost a fixed 20 euros. For an extra five euros, one could get a soft drink and a portion of vegetables.

Everyone began feasting on the delicious meatballs. Even the restaurant's small bowls looked like artwork.

Each portion included five meatballs. When one cut them with their knife and fork, they could see steam rising from them. The tasty juice, spices and meat were a perfect match. This food was definitely worth the trip to France.

After dinner, they had some vegetables, fruit and cheese to clean their mouths. The soda bubbles in their glasses were twinkling like the stars in the sky of the strange city.

Hello, Paris, the place of any Chinese fashion designer and model's dreams.

Farewell, Paris. Qin Guan had changed the rules once again.

# Chapter 746: The World's Largest Fair

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Before he could return to China, Ye Dong's sudden presence reminded Qin Guan of his promise. His stay in the flourishing capital of fashion and the clash of splendid inspiration he had experienced had made him forget about the ordinary hosiery and beddings common people used.

It was the most ordinary products that were connected to bilateral trade and extensive cultural and artistic exchange. Artwork sales were limited, but public advertising was the most effective way to introduce a country to the rest of the world.

Of course, their objective was still to make money. Financial profit was the goal of the entire fair.

Frankfurt was the city with the most industrial fairs in Europe. Although it was the fifth largest city in Germany, its contribution to industrial production and commercial development was really important.

The city was famous for its large exhibition hall, which took up an area of about 300,000 square meters. All kinds of fairs were held there. The household textile fair was only one of them.

The large area could host 3,000 brands and 70,000-80,000 visitors a day. Most visitors were customers from all over the world.

Buying artwork was the dream job of any travel lover. All they had to do was purchase products for their companies and buy different things in different seasons.

They all looked like C-level gallery customers, except that they bought household products instead of paintings and antiques.

These products were a unique kind of artwork though, completely unlike the cheap sheets one could find at a wholesale market. As a result, the buyers were divided into different classes.

The best example of a top-level buyer was "L", which owned 240 chain stores all over the world and sold room decorations and modern artwork, including floor clocks, furniture, blankets, tea sets, cutlery, etc. Their products were famous for their high taste and prices, so their buyers were basically popular lifestyle artists.

These artists bought things like traditional Turkish handmade blankets, Indian sacrificial masks and Japanese paper lamps.

Ye Dong and the fabric manufacturers he represented were actually after second-level buyers, which were middle-end global furniture suppliers, such as Ikea and Walmart, who would place sufficient orders.

Third-level buyers worked for entire country agencies and placed orders at factories. The products were then processed in their own country under a brand new label. Those kind of orders made the most profit for brand customers, but were of little value to producers.

Everything was possible in China though, so the fabric makers decided to take a calculated risk. The Chinese were usually cautious when it came to business and preferred to play by the government's rules.

The cunning Chinese traders came to the fair with their most famous textiles, anxious to see the strange place where an unknown industry was developing.

They had brought with them their best products, as well as their ideas about high production and cheap labor.

So had Qin Guan, who had left the other models in Paris and led his team there to take advantage of this opportunity.

As he exited his hotel though, he saw someone he wasn't expecting.

"Guo Nuoyan? What are you doing here?"

"My boss assigned me a new task. You know that I'm good at

speaking foreign languages..."

"Are you a spy?"

"Ha ha! Lower your voice. Actually, most Chinese people think like me. Learning from others is really important nowadays."

He was right. Those honest merchants might think this was only an exhibition platform, but smarter people could spot a good opportunity.

Ye Dong rushed to the Asian exhibition hall as soon as he arrived. He had no time to take care of Qin Guan. His friend would just have to show up at the hall as required.

Qin Guan began his adventure there.

There were African animal prints, luxury goods from Europe and traditional products from West Asia. The fair was a multicultural textile feast.

# Chapter 747: A Strange Exhibiting Method

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The uniform products were surrounded by unique artwork. The fair, which was full of surprises, stretched as far as the eye could see.

It took Qin Guan 10 minutes to get to the Asian section.

This was the first time a Chinese group was attending the fair. The group looked shy among all the Southeast Asian textiles stands, almost like a young lady revealing her face from behind a screen.

Traditional textile products, including wedding beddings embroidered with dragons and phoenixes, and other related household products were displayed up front.

The Renfeng spinning mill, which was a prop from the TV series "Big Dyehouse", had been used to defeat the Japanese factories in the Shandong Province. The products of the factory, which had been state-run at the time, had been very popular in Southeast Asia. Even after so many years, textile manufacturers still took delight in talking about it.

The Chinese had brought their innovative traditional skills to the fair and used them to adjust the products to the taste of modern customers. After more than 80 years, the factory finally sprang forward fiercely.

The typical fabrics and bright colors attracted Qin Guan's attention and helped him spot the Chinese stands easily.

Unfortunately, he could do nothing to help the Chinese manufacturers. He couldn't walk around wrapped in a sheet after all. All he could do was act as a free advertising board and hold up a pillow that said "Good Luck" in Chinese.

Smiling was the best method of communication.

Qin Guan's white suit was the perfect choice for the fair. The

white color stood out among the colorful textiles and made him seem prominent among all the soft weaved blankets, large mattresses and smooth silk sheets.

Looking at the comfortable beddings made Qin Guan feel sleepy. He looked around at the crowd silently, and then took off his leather shoes and set them down next to a blanket. The comfortable touch of the thick blanket made Qin Guan groan.

He moved his toes up and then back down. Before anyone could notice him, he walked to the innermost corner of the hall, where the pillows were piled up like a mountain, and made himself comfortable. As he looked at the people moving around the room, he found himself recalling his past life.

What a wonderful day... It's like a leisurely afternoon on campus... Warm sunshine, green grass... Birds and flowers...

Qin Guan's eyelids dropped and he fell asleep.

When Wang Liying finished her job, she returned to the fair and found Qin Guan lying on the pillows. The LED lights around him made him feel warm in that dark, cold city.

His white suit created a sharp contrast against the colorful pillows. The sight reminded Wang of a fairy sleeping among blooming flowers.

The sleeping man attracted the attention of the bustling crowd. People started gathering around Wang to look at him, but were instead attracted by the exhibits around him.

The buyers, who had already visited thousands of stands, looked at the Chinese stands carefully. The Chinese manufacturers were surprised.

A buyer from Amsterdam walked out of the crowd.

"May I take a look inside if I take off my shoes?"

Wang cast a worried look at Ye Dong. The Chinese

manufacturers looked at her eagerly.

Okay, okay. Business was more important than sleep after all. Wang handed the large bag to Ye Dong carefully.

"Hold this for me, please. It's important. I'll show the buyers our products."

"No problem."

Taking control of the situation, Wang took off her shoes and began to show everyone the products.

"How many sheets do you have?"

Wang pointed at the shelf. "Traditional or modern ones?"

"Both."

"We have 122 kinds here."

"How are they classified?"

"According to place of origin. We have everything, from traditional Yunnan prints to Northwest handmade wool products. Of course, the handmade ones are more expensive."

# Chapter 748: Where Are My Shoes?

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While Wang and the foreign buyer were talking about the product list happily, the man concentrated on the pillows under Qin Guan's body. The colorful pillows, which were embroidered with flowers, birds and Chinese characters, looked like artwork.

Before he could try to touch them, Qin Guan suddenly opened his eyes. The man stopped in fear.

"Do you want this? Here you go!"

Qin Guan pulled a few pillows from under his body. He gave the man one of each kind and then closed his eyes and went back to sleep.

The man burst into laughter at Qin Guan's strange behavior.

"Okay, that's enough. I have to take a careful look. Your model's hard work certainly demands it."

Wang, who didn't feel ashamed at all, answered politely, "Of course, take your time. Our staff is as professional as our products."

Ye Dong couldn't help but admire the girl. She would make a good politician.

Thus, they received their first big order at the fair.

Suppliers for 240 international stores ordered 72,000 pieces, with an average of 300 pieces per store. This included 18 kinds of products made by Chinese manufacturers.

Everybody was really happy to make money. Their first success increased their self-confidence.

Are our products too outdated for the international market? Could our skills and machines take the lead on an international level?

Do our manufacturers have an advantage over our competitors?

Are our patterns too boring?

Chinese people liked to learn from other people's strong points and make up for their weaknesses. That's what they planned on doing at the fair as well.

Several hours passed in the blink of an eye. Qin Guan woke up in the noisy hall and stretched out.

"Wow! That was wonderful! What time is it, Wang?"

"Fifteen minutes before closing."

"What?" Qin Guan sat up in surprise and saw his assistant squatting next to him like a guardian.

"Did Ye Dong make any arrangements for me? Some small show, maybe?"

"You did it by yourself just now. Everything is okay."

"You mean my sleeping?"

"Yes!" Wang turned around with sparkling eyes. "It was perfect! Ye said that you could go on sleeping tomorrow."

What a wonderful trip! I get free dinner and free accommodation! Qin Guan bounced up from the ground.

"Let's go! Where is Guo Nuoyan?"

"I'm here. Wait for me! We can leave together!"

Guo pulled a large weaved bag towards Qin Guan with a proud smile on his face.

"Where were you the whole day?"

"My boss gave me a secret assignment."

Qin Guan suddenly realized that his shoes were not by the end of the blanket anymore.

"Where are my shoes?"

"What shoes? Everyone put their shoes on this shelf when they

came in to check out the products." Wang pointed at a shelf behind them.

"I didn't know. I just put them here by the blanket."

Wang and Guo looked at that spot, which was a small path for shuttling customers and employees, when they suddenly heard Qin Guan cry out.

"My Hermes shoes! This was my first day wearing them! They were a gift from Coco Chanel! They cost 10,000 yuan!"

Wang and Guo looked at the heavy bags in their hands. What shall we do about him?

Meanwhile, Ye Dong, who had just returned from another section of the fair, burst into laughter. He actually took a picture to remember this moment.

So did Wang, who saved the precious photo on her phone.

In the photos, Qin Guan looked gentle and elegant in his white suit. Of course, one had to ignore his tearful eyes, messy hair and stomping feet. Poor guy!

After laughing, Ye Dong, who was a reliable man, solved the problem by getting Qin Guan a pair of big wooden shoes from a Dutch stand.

# Chapter 749: A Local Specialty

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This was just a way to attract customers. The wooden shoes were a popular souvenir in the Netherlands after all.

As Qin Guan walked in that pair of shoes, his each step produced a cracking sound. Walking like this was a test for his leg muscles. Thanks to his strong willpower and body coordination though, he was able to walk out of the hall and take the cab that was nearest to the exit.

In 10 seconds, he had opened the door, taken off his shoes, gotten in the car and closed the door again. All the cab drivers outside burst into laughter at the funny guy.

The car drove off, leaving Guo behind it, carrying the big bag alone.

Qin Guan spent the next three days eating and sleeping. On the last day of the fair, the host was introduced to the legendary Asian sleeping prince.

Although this was a far-fetched description, that was what Qin Guan looked like. The insatiable guy slept on blankets, couches and beds to show how comfortable their products were.

Wang looked speechlessly at his sleeping face, while all the Chinese manufacturers smiled in pleasure at the orders they got. They were already packing for their return home.

Qin Guan had nothing to do after the fair, so he decided to stroll around the German city. Cong Nianwei had returned to China, so he had to buy her some gifts to show her his love.

Frankfurt was renowned for its cider. The spirit was brewed from apples, just like wine was made of grapes. The production of cider could be dated back to the 1600s. Thanks to its low alcohol level and calories, cider was the favorite of female drinkers, which was why one could see cider bars everywhere.

The producers added bubbles and powdered cinnamon to the spirit to create an even richer taste, thus making cider a must for tourists looking for souvenirs.

If there was anything that could rival cider in Frankfurt, that had to be Frankfurt sausages.

That name might sound unfamiliar to most people, but the sausages themselves were actually famous all over the world. They were the infamous hot dog sausages, which could be turned into a cold dish, a barbecue snack or a noodle combo. Some cunning pedlars even fried them on iron plates and sold them on the streets.

The Chinese liked to serve them with chilli sauce and eat them on the go.

Frankfurt sausages were a simple, convenient and cheap ingredient that everyone liked, so they certainly made Frankfurt proud.

Qin Guan wondered whether it would be stupid to take some sausages back home. Real foodies bought food from its place of origin after all.

In the city and the suburbs, butchers would print a Frankfurt Sausage stamp on the packages. Qin Guan selected some traditional sausages with ham for his girlfriend. Cong Nianwei's soft hands unpacked them when he got home.

After months of separation, the two of them were finally together again, They looked at each other silently by the breakfast table in the morning, sharing food and life events with each other in low voices.

Cong Nianwei suddenly recalled something and gave Qin Guan a paper bag.

"Sister Xue sent this for you. She said it's a surprise, so I didn't open it. There seems to be a lot of stuff inside. What is it? It looks

so mysterious!"

Qin Guan took the paper bag. It was as large as a file cover.

# Chapter 750: ShortListed

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It was also very heavy. Qin Guan couldn't figure out what was inside, so he opened the bag and poured its contents onto the table.

Wow! So many things of different kinds...

Qin Guan picked up a small booklet first. The word "certificate" was printed on its red cover. He opened it and saw that it was a true, if not strange, certificate. A branch of the Ministry of Culture had issued it to Qin Guan as a consolation prize.

His documentary "Chinese Stamp" had rocked the world during the closing ceremony of the Athens Olympics, so the government had sent it to the 22nd International Sports Film Festival to compete over the Fiat Prize.

Zhang's work defeated competitors from France, Germany and other countries and won the contest. The shooting of the film had been organized by the government, so there had been a lot of people involved. Each person who had contributed had gotten an award.

A certificate representing their contribution and merit was enough for them. Although Qin Guan was one of those contributors, he had not been invited to the festival.

Cong Nianwei took the certificate from her silent boyfriend and smiled as she read it. "To Qin Guan, who has contributed to the promotion of national sports..."

It was written in a formal style.

Cong Nianwei got curious about the other contents of the bag. As she had expected, Qin Guan burst into laughter when he read the certificate and pushed it back towards her.

"Put it away for me. Another achievement. It's not big, but it was my largest one while you were away."

Cong Nianwei opened the blue file. There were two contracts inside. One of them was the Huayi stock rights. Qin Guan had purchased 10% for only 10 million yuan, which was unheard of for an unlisted family business. The price was reasonable, so Wang must have put great pressure on the brothers.

The second contract was related to the sale of Qin Guan's property in Dongzhimen. An Zhijie had taken care of that on Qin Guan's behalf. After struggling for about six months, Qin Guan and his neighbors had eventually been offered 2.5 times more than the original prices.

The two contracts were Qin Guan's engagement presents.

Cong Nianwei closed the file and put the certificate on top of it. Meanwhile, Qin Guan read the final document carefully. It looked like an invitation. Qin Guan gave it to Cong Nianwei blankly.

Cong Nianwei opened it curiously. It was a late invitation to a movie premiere. A piece of paper inside let her know about the status quo.

It was an invitation to the film "Closer". The premiere had been held at a Los Angeles theater, and the production company had applied for the Best Supporting Actor Oscar and Golden Globe Award in 2005. The film had been shortlisted for both awards.

That explained why Qin Guan had gotten distracted by the invitation. Although these were only supporting actor awards, they were still an Oscar and a Golden Globe! Everyone knew that the Golden Globes were an Oscars rehearsal, so Qin Guan would be excited to win either award.

Everyone needed an outlet for their emotions. The best way to vent was by working. Filled with emotion, Qin Guan carried Cong Nianwei on his shoulders and rushed downstairs with his car keys, leaving Chen Kang's carefully-drafted contracts flying around the room.

Cong Nianwei took the red helmet Qin Guan handed her and watched him put on his black one. Then she pointed down at Qin Guan's bottom. "Why are we taking this? Where is our car?"

Sidecar motorcycles had been the favorite vehicle of the Japanese army, as their balance was better than that of ordinary vehicles.

As early winter approached, the couple was about to experience the miserable lives people had led 50 years ago.

# Chapter 751: Our Career

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Qin Guan put on his black helmet and adjusted his German glasses. Then he covered Cong Nianwei's mouth with a scarf to finish off her cool outfit.

"Our car has broken down," he explained slowly. "Our new car is on its way. I bought it from Bu Qinglu. Isn't that cool? Young people in the capital love this model. It's everyone's favorite toy. Just look at the back!"

Cong Nianwei got on the trembling sidecar helplessly and craned her neck to look at the back of the motorcycle. The plate spelled "京 A521521". The black letters stood out against the yellow background.

"I see. So what?"

Cong Nianwei got in the sidecar. She was surprised to see that the leather seat was steady and comfortable, even though it had no cover. The motorcycle shook again as she took a seat. She immediately lost her favorable impression of their new vehicle.

Qin Guan climbed on the motorcycle, put on his black gloves and gave Cong Nianwei a thumbs-up.

"This is a special motorcycle. It's not allowed in the capital, but Guan Jian helped me bring one. While you were away, Bu and I went to the bar street next to Tsinghua University. Guess who came to talk to us about the motorcycle?"

"Who?" It must have been some lazy person.

"Gao Xiaosong. He was also born into a military family. Unlike Guan Jian and He Ming though, he graduated from Tsinghua University and studied science and art. He is a good man. He was not arrogant by any means. He hugged me, called me brother and said he wanted to buy the motorcycle."

Okay, whatever. Cong Nianwei shot a disdainful look at him. Qin

Guan turned his eyes to the front with dignity. "I'm not an idiot. He wanted nothing from me. He just became my brother! Let's go!"

The motorcycle drove away with a roar, leaving thick smoke in the empty parking lot behind it. That explained why the police chased those motorcycles around the streets. They were a big source of pollution for the environment.

The cold wind made Cong Nianwei long for a leather coat. No wonder bikers wore leather outfits. Only leather clothes could withstand such a chilly wind.

Qin Guan was excited about the car, even more so when he noticed the girls' admiration on the way.

"That's so cool, bro!"

"Hush!"

They all wolf-whistled at him. In their opinion, both the motorcycle and the rider looked really cool. Cong Nianwei had no idea what was on their minds.

After going through half the city in that cold wind, they finally reached their new offices. The building was a three-storey residential house in Shuangjing.

It had originally been an office building, but Qin Guan had turned it into a house with a mix of oriental and occidental influences. The rusty buildings under construction around it made it seem like a palace in comparison.

Its white walls, blue roof, carved beams and Chinese rafters added elegance to it. Qin Guan had divided the building into three parts.

On the east wing was Qin Guan's studio, where he would deal with models, designers and film and TV scripts, on the central wing was the accounting firm's offices, and the west wing would be turned into Cong Nianwei's studio in the future.

The whole building was big enough for both their firms. It was even enough for a branch. Cong Nianwei got out of the sidecar and rushed towards the new beginning of her career. She had no time to complain about Qin Guan's antics.

Qin Guan took off his helmet, glasses and scarf slowly and then went into the building. Talented graduates from his alma mater were shuttling around the firm's offices. The young men were all very reliable and hard-working employees.

Thanks to the overtime pay, they were all able to forget about food and sleep and deal with every order. Sometimes they even stayed there all night. The abundant overtime salary and night cab fares were the real reason behind their efficiency. There was also a clear hierarchy in the firm, so everyone was trying to get a promotion.

The firm encouraged the staff to apply for higher level accountant positions and take the relative examinations.

# Chapter 752: Conspiracy

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A firm that was considerate with its staff attracted more devoted employees. Only the enterprises that could truly do this could achieve sustainable development.

Of course, Qin Guan's focus that day was not on QC, but on his art studio. His staff were currently waiting for him.

There were two decisions for him to make. The first one was about the news of his upcoming awards and his cooperation with American film companies.

The second one was about his harvest in Frankfurt and the samples of new fabrics from other countries that Wang had purchased.

When Qin Guan entered the meeting room, everyone turned to look at him seriously. The most excited person in the room was Rongzhi, who had been his fellow schoolmate back at Columbia.

Qin Guan felt awkward as he watched him wave at him happily. He wondered how Sister Xue had managed to convince such a talented young man to work for his firm. This was a good example of wasting one's talent on a worthless job.

Qin Guan had forgotten that money couldn't buy everything. Tech geeks did not care about making a fortune. They just wanted to work on computers.

Plus, even though Rongzhi's talent was too big for his firm, Qin Guan could still afford to pay him.

Rongzhi really liked the job. Although his tutor had begged him on his knees and tried to convince him otherwise, he had still left without looking back.

Qin Guan suddenly came back to reality. He wasn't worried about the first decision. It might have seemed complicated, but each process had certain steps one had to follow. When one cooperated

with professional PR agencies, everything was done on schedule.

His second job for the day was way more hardcore. The eccentric designers had started to fight over the colorful samples in Wang's hands. The spring collection of Yin Changtao's independent brand had not been decided yet, because they hadn't reached an agreement on the high-tech fabrics they would use.

Qin Guan's brand was targeted at white-collar workers, which was a quite different target group than the one J Clothing was aimed at, so they unfortunately couldn't study its pattern. As newcomers in the market, there were only two ways for them to get a share of the market: by using innovative designs or multi-functional fabrics.

The high-end samples from Frankfurt were way too expensive for them. The new brand couldn't even afford the fabric shipping costs.

Memory fabric was the best choice for busy office workers, as it did not require ironing and one could just knead it throughout the day and then restore it to its original shape at night by putting it on a hanger.

This method could be applied to jackets, wind coats and suits, which were the favorite everyday clothes of office workers.

There was also a Japanese fabric that could turn sunshine into thermal energy. This made it the best choice for spring clothing lining, but it was unfortunately very expensive and little in quantity. High-tech fabrics were sold at high prices. They were not made in China, so they couldn't meet the demands of a large factory.

One particular sentence of Wang's speech attracted Sister Xue and Qin Guan's attention.

"I purchased samples based on your requirements. I'm not like Guo from J Clothing, who bought leftover materials from 3,000

stands and sent them back to China. The shipping alone must have cost him a fortune. Who knows, maybe J Clothing can recycle its spare fabrics..."

The talented designers grinned at her joke, feeling at ease once again. Only Sister Xue and Qin Guan understood what she meant. They knew the boss of J Clothing all too well after all.

He was a cunning businessman who had started from telemarketing and made deliberate, purposeful moves. This could be the key to reducing the fabric cost.

When the meeting was over, Qin Guan and Sister Xue exchanged a meaningful glance. Rongzhi promised to take care of it. In 10 minutes, he had gotten them what they wanted.

The boss of J Clothing had invested in two production lines at the top of the modern textile industry. He had also hired a big group of technical research and development specialists.

The group included talented individuals that specialized in fabric production, printing, dyeing and chemical and light industry. The name of the group leader sounded familiar to Qin Guan.

It was a Chinese woman called Hu Li, who had graduated from the Manchester Institute of Technology with a Doctorate's Degree. That particular college was famous for its fashion textile development.

# Chapter 753: The New Fabric

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The girl, who had graduated from the East China University, had fought to stand out between all the male technicians. Her tutor at the Manchester Institute of Technology had loved her so much that he had taught her all his secrets.

One day, she had received a call at the laboratory, taken her mask off and left without looking back. She had packed her luggage immediately and gone to work for the J Clothing laboratory.

The strange girl was sitting before two silent men and studying a pile of samples. Suddenly, she turned off the lamp and took off her glasses. She looked as enchanting as an evil spirit.

Unlike Huang Jiajia's raised phoenix eyes, her dignified thick eyebrows and big eyes were a perfect match for her elegant, flirtatious aura. She always walked and stood slowly, with a subtle charm in her movements.

She was a paradox of danger and innocuity.

The girl started picking strips of cloth from the samples and putting them together. Her nails were painted enamel.

The process took her a full three minutes. Both Xue Yayan, the boss of J Clothing, and Guo were waiting for her, but she did not seem sorry.

When she had arranged all the strips in order, she finally stood up. "Okay!"

Guo felt glad, but his mouth opened wide at Hu's next action.

Hu took a pair of sharp scissors and cut off the hanging parts of the strips carefully.

"Perfect!" she said before turning her eyes to the two men.

"When did you get here?"

We've been sitting here for an hour! We were just too afraid to

disturb you!

In Hu's eyes, the two men paled in comparison to the cloth strips. She spread her fingers proudly, showing off the natural enamel, which was a mixture of Arabic gum, impatiens, alum, gelatin and beeswax. It was actually based on an ancient formula of the Ming Dynasty.

"I know what you're waiting for. Don't be nervous. Do you see these?"

Guo nodded, standing up for his boss. He had to look ashamed for the sake of his superior.

"Our team could have developed it too. High-tech fabric is nothing. Some cheaper materials can be good alternatives for it. Maybe they will get more popular in the market, but our new products can do even better than this."

Come back to reality, sister. The production lines can't be stopped. We will lose money!

Xue Yayan held back his tears. Why are scientists always living in a dream? I just want to make profit!

"Fine, fine! Don't take that expression with me!" Hu Li pointed at Guo's forehead.

"If you want quick money, you need to work on this first."

"Memory fabric is a joke. My tutor's team developed it. It's the same formula our laboratory developed. I don't see why people are fighting over it. The formula is right here."

She pointed to her own forehead. When she saw the wide smiles on their faces, she changed her attitude again. "Good work, right? Where is it?" She stretched her palm towards Xue.

"Oh, oh! I got it. Xiao Guo, give this to Dr. Hu."

"No problem." Guo carefully handed her a lunch box.

"Wow!" The girl smiled. "Pea flour cake! Fresh from the oven! It's

delicious!"

Before her voice could fade away, her cheeks bulged like a hamster's with food and she gave Guo a thumbs-up. "When Boss Xue mentioned braised Dongpo pork hock with brown sauce on the phone, I'd had pizza for three days in a row at the laboratory. That's why I returned to China. I'd rather enjoy the food at home than starve in the UK. Believe me, British food is not made for humans!"

The girl concentrated on her food amid the harmonious atmosphere. A few minutes later, Xue's phone rang.

"Hello, Qin Guan? What's the matter? If this is about the money, we can negotiate. What? What fabric? We do not have a high-end fabric."

"You know everything? Hu Li? What do you suggest?"

"You want to buy some? Of course you can. Which kind do you want? We have only common fabrics."

"Memory fabric? No problem. We are focusing on the low end of the market right now. Okay! I'll call you when I have the batch."

The other two were listening to their call carefully. They did not feel ashamed. They were actually really excited.

"Was that Qin Guan?"

"Yes."

"Does he want to buy the fabric? Have we been exposed?"

"Yes, here is the order."

A complacent smile emerged on his face. I made the right decision!

# Chapter 754: The Best Place To Flaunt One's Wealth

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Thanks to Qin Guan's influence, he would not have to worry about the sales volume. In one day, the Chinese people would realize their dream of reconstructing their country through business.

Qin Guan had no idea about this ambition of his. If he had, he would have cooperated with him to achieve that goal.

He and Cong Nianwei were currently packing for their trip to Dubai, a country that only experienced summer and spring. Even in December, the temperature was still over 70 degrees. A long-sleeved shirt was warm enough for the coldest months.

The first snow had just fallen in the capital, so when Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei got on the airplane, they were wearing thick clothes. When the plane landed though, they felt like they had gone back in time to last spring.

Dubai, which was located in the Arabian gulf, was the largest city in the United Arab Emirates and the richest city in the Middle East. It was also the country with the most immigrants among the Arabic nations. The Chinese population there was about 200,000.

The conservative native women were wearing black robes that only exposed their eyes, unlike the Chinese girls who were dressed like peacocks in that magnificent, fashionable country.

Western girls took things even further. They wore shorts, flip-flops and miniskirts and enjoyed themselves so much that they often forgot to leave the beach.

Unfortunately, Qin Guan had no time to appreciate the beautiful scenery. The staff at the airport suddenly found themselves watching a strip show.

The handsome Asian man took off all his clothes as soon as he

walked out of the exit. When he had taken off his scarf, coat, sweater and sunglasses, the pretty girl next to him took off her hat.

The man murmured, "[Qiuku, maoku](#)", or something along that line. Suddenly, an exasperated woman walked over to stop him.

Qin Guan had been invited by a local tycoon, so he was welcomed in a lavish way. Despite his confidence and arrogance though, he was still shocked by the gorgeous festival committee.

A tall Arabian man in a loose robe stretched his hand out towards the parking lot.

"Hello, Mr. Qin. Judging by your entourage, I suggest that you use an ordinary method of transportation. We will get to the hotel by car."

Okay. What would be an extraordinary method of transportation then?

Qin Guan looked at the lawn far away as the man waved his hand around proudly. "Unfortunately, your team is bigger than we thought. We have only one spare helicopter at hand. It's not enough to transport all your staff."

Thanks, but I'd rather go by car. I don't mind taking a cab.

When Sister Xue saw several white Rolls Royces pull over in front of them one after the other, she was impressed by the organizing committee.

All the drivers were Indians wearing white uniforms with yellow copper buttons. It seemed that most Indians tended to work as drivers in foreign countries.

Han Zhujiu pretended to check the third car carefully. Then he nodded at Qin Guan, indicating that the car was safe.

The Chinese were always very polite. The professionalism and calmness of Qin Guan's team impressed the Arabian man, who paid special regards to the Chinese employees.

They all certainly deserved his respect. The Western judges, who were astonished by the luxurious line-up, started crying and bouncing around like idiots. Arabian people looked down upon such behavior.

The helicopter and the cars travelled towards the same destination: the only seven-star hotel in the world. People called it the sailing hotel because of its appearance, but its actual name was the Burj Al Arab Hotel.

The hotel was built on a man-made coast by the sea and it looked like a giant sailing ship. One could imagine how it must have felt when the helicopter landed on a landing field as high as 130 meters in the air. An acrophobe might have suffered a sudden cardiac arrest in the process.

Qin Guan's team arrived at the hotel by car. The hotel impressed Cong Nianwei, who now realized the perks of being rich.

Only 202 suites of the hotel were available for reservation. Each room had two floors, and even the smallest ones were as luxurious as five-star hotel suits.

He wanted to take off his pants.

# Chapter 755: Refusal

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The large room was certainly worth the 1,000 dollars a night. Of course, the inner decorations were more cost-effective. There was only one piece of antique furniture that was of the same value as the housing expenses.

The kind host had booked a royal suite for the couple. The suite was 780 square meters. Sister Xue and the rest of the team had shamelessly occupied the movie theater, library and meeting room.

When Qin Guan entered the bathroom, he found himself surrounded by Hermes perfumes and bathing products. The guests could take anything they liked, so the people that enjoyed collecting body wash and shampoo samples from different hotels would have a blast.

Actually, even though he was a Hermes ambassador, Qin Guan didn't have any Hermes products in his luggage. He looked down at the "Rejoice" shampoo in his hand and threw it away. He had only brought it in case the hotel supplies were of bad quality.

When Qin Guan went out, he experienced another shock.

If one was staying at the hotel, the waiters would bring them food at fixed times. That way, a tourist could eat without having to go out and enjoy all the entertainment programs there.

As a guest of the film festival committee, Qin Guan's primary task was to judge the indie films. Any movie lover would be glad to do that, but this was a new film festival with limited popularity, so very few films would participate.

If one ruled out the Chinese films brought by Qin Guan, there were only 66 films from 25 different countries. For an international film festival, this was a pathetically meagre number. Even a primary selection was unnecessary. All the films could be

shortlisted right away.

Thanks to his status, the organizing committee had taken Qin Guan's suggestions into consideration. They actually couldn't invite any stars to the red carpet despite their huge investment.

Qin Guan suggested turning the award ceremony and red carpet show into a press conference about top fashion brands. Dubai was a commercial city and the film festival aimed to promote tourism, so they could create a perfect balance between art and commerce.

Indie films and limited-budget films could win a high award bonus in Dubai, so Qin Guan planned on hosting a commercial party to attract global attention and achieve their original goal.

He massaged his temples in the projection room before filling out the form and throwing it into the ballot box on the center of the table.

To make sure that the procedure was fair, a notary would be counting the votes. That way, the judges would be able to get some relief before the final event.

They all gathered in the small bar next to the projection room, where a professional bartender considerately served them some special mixed wine to ease the pressure they felt.

Qin Guan, who was standing in a corner with his cup, attracted everyone's attention. Suddenly, an Asian director walked over to him with a glass of pure whiskey.

The elegant man raised his glass in greeting.

"Director Li!"

It was too late for Qin Guan to escape. All he could do now was respond to the man's warm greeting. The director had finally caught him.

The man had originally had no intention of attending the festival, but when he had failed to get in touch with Qin Guan

through Qu Xuemei, he had decided to go there personally.

He had found out Qin Guan's schedule through some friends of his in China. His participation was a surprise for the festival committee, but no one would turn him away.

Thus, Li An caught up with Qin Guan, who now had to deal with the persistent director.

"Do you know why I'm here?"

"Yes. Can I say no?"

"Why would you? You didn't mind shooting a similar scene for 'Elephant'."

"That was different. The characters were sexually confused teenagers. The whole thing had nothing to do with love or desire. It was pure instinct."

Li An couldn't say anything.

"Besides, I'm not gay. This could affect my image in China. People are still conservative about this issue. The State Administration of Radio, Film and Television could expel me."

Li An decided to use his trump card.

"But you would be nominated for the most prestigious American award!"

"You mean an Oscar?"

"Exactly!"

"But I was nominated this year. For both an Oscar and a Golden Globe."

"Those were supporting actor awards. This is different."

"I can't see the difference. It's still an acknowledgement of my acting talent. A true actor wouldn't look down on it. It's a milestone, but it's still not the peak of my career."

# Chapter 756: The Underwater Restaurant

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Someone else might have considered the golden figurine a lifetime achievement, but Qin Guan did not. He always followed his gut.

"Brokeback Mountain" wouldn't be accepted by most Chinese people and some conservative towns and states in America. A script with such a deep analysis of human nature would never be turned down by a director, but Qin Guan turned it down for himself and his Chinese fans.

Destroying his career over one film would be irresponsible. Li An clinked his glass against Qin Guan's in disappointment and changed the topic.

They actually had a lot in common. Li An was sad about Qin Guan's decision, but he also knew that customs did not accept certain violations. In the future, he would be more careful when it came to China.

That matter was only a trifle for the Dubai Film Festival though. The beautiful city had completed its first trial for an international film event.

Abdul, who was a good, considerate friend, was quite content with Qin Guan's help.

To show his gratitude, he organized a trip to a famous restaurant in Dubai. The couple visited the Almahara restaurant, which was built on the seabed and had a direct connection to their hotel.

The restaurant featured golden domes, which helped the structure withstand the huge pressure of the sea water. The building was a product of smart design and a landmark of the city.

The luxurious restaurant used smooth marble for the interior decorations and was renowned for its crystal cabinets, velvet tapestries and Spanish handmade tableware, which shocked both

Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei.

Its most astonishing feature though was the sea water around the seats. The customers were only separated from the ocean by a thick layer of glass. One could see corals and swaying seaweed just behind the glass and countless beautiful tropical fish shuttling around, looking for food.

No fish approached Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei's table though. The ocean outside seemed as silent as the Dead Sea. Only tiny plankton and creeping molluscs came close, because Qin Guan didn't affect them as much. The absence of any of their natural enemies allowed them to come out and breathe freely.

Every time the waiter approached their table, he felt curious about the two mysterious Asians.

Why did that shark take a sudden pause there? Why did that stingray pull a face at them? Abdul reserved this table because it was the best, but it seems so quiet today.

Cong Nianwei buried her face into a menu to hide her laughter.

Forget it. I'm an easy-going man after all.

The patrons always tried the seafood, as the cook there was second to none in the city.

The restaurant's structure was like an oyster shell, so oyster dishes composed a big part of the menu. Oyster meat was served with rose honey there. Even that natural dressing couldn't compete with the wonderful taste of the oyster though. One could swallow it down without even chewing it and it would just slide down their throat to their stomach.

The other characteristic of the restaurant was its unreasonable luxury. One could have the best food in the world there, as long as they were rich enough. For example, Alaskan king crab, wagyu beef essence and French foie gras were all included in the menu.

Abdul was paying though, so Qin Guan decided not to go

overboard.

"A king crab, foie gras dumplings, beef and potatoes, and fresh sea bass. One kilo will do. Oh, and a flaky pastry with brown sugar for takeaway!"

The waiter was impressed by the order. The young man seemed to have really good taste. He had to be a tycoon like Mr. Abdul.

Actually, Qin Guan spent most of his energy on food. A fine restaurant cart was pushed towards their table. That dinner for two was three times more expensive than usual.

Cong Nianwei's favorite was the dessert. The cream mousse felt like roses seducing her into their soft embrace.

It felt good to take a walk on the beach after eating a meal. Then the two of them took a nap on the folded beds on the beach, which were there for the hotel residents' convenience. The warm ocean breeze blew a smell of salt over to them, allowing them to experience the typical charm of the Middle East.

When the time was right, the beach staff served them a glass of juice by the folded chairs. The sound of the waves fascinated everyone.

The couple was talking leisurely on the quiet beach.

"Would you be interested in the city construction program? They will be accepting bids from all over the world."

"I think any architect would be interested."

"Meaning?"

"It's a seabed hotel. Like Atlantis."

My wife is so brave. That symbolic hotel will be a large construction.

"Of course, my firm is not big enough for such a project. I think the early work would be okay for me though. I'm not qualified for anything bigger. I still need to gain more experience." Cong

Nianwei sighed. "You win awards so easily. It's so much harder for me."

She put her hands on Qin Guan's stomach.

"Ouch! Stop it! Don't press it!"

Their laughter echoed in the beautiful night. That was how Qin Guan's first trip to the Middle East ended. It was only a trial for the new festival, but a large opportunity for the participants.

# Chapter 757: A New Script

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The poor indie filmmakers were caught off guard by the luxurious awards. The winners were mad with joy. Their representative was Ning Hao, a director of the sixth generation. Qin Guan was the one who had recommended him to the festival committee.

At the time, other directors of the same generation had shot one or more famous films, but he had still been a pearl buried in the sand. When his successors had moved out of the 798 Warehouse, which had been like a shelter for the poor artists, he had stayed back.

He was also eager to move, but he couldn't just yet.

Thanks to Qin Guan, he had sent one of his early films to Dubai and won the Best Creativity Award along with 350,000 dollars.

Now he had finally left poverty behind him.

Life on the road was always interesting. As Qin Guan put on all his clothes at the capital airport, he received his first call in China. The call was from Ning Hao, who wanted to talk about his new beginning as a director.

"Hello?"

"It's me! Ning Hao!"

"I know. What's the matter? Did you get the bonus? Do you want to take me out and treat me?"

"Yes! Are you free?"

"Of course! Let's meet today at the usual place."

Qin Guan hung up and turned to Sister Xue and Cong Nianwei. "I'm going to the 798 Warehouse. Do you want to come with me?"

"Is it about work?"

"No, Ning Hao has become rich and wants to express his appreciation."

"No, thanks." The two women shook their heads together.

Qin Guan led his team to the firm minibus. Before departing, he told Cong Nianwei, "You can leave the luggage in the car. The driver will take it to the firm. It's too heavy for you to lift it up to the third floor."

"Okay, I'll wait for you at home. Come back as soon as you can."

Sister Xue couldn't stand to be around them. She just wanted to see her bald boyfriend already. Qin Guan took a cab to the 798 Warehouse, a place that was filled with memories.

So many years had passed since the last time he had been there. The dirty path had turned into an asphalt road as the fast-developing capital had come to accept the charming artists. The residents had even built some postmodern sculptures, and the designers had saved them while they had been building the new facilities.

The art center, which had always been dedicated to fine art and film, had finally attracted public attention. The directors of the sixth generation had preserved the shabby warehouse with the same passion that they had stuck to their dreams.

Although most people had left the shelter, Ning Hao, who still held fast to the place, welcomed Qin Guan.

When the big wooden gate was pushed open, Qin Guan was overwhelmed by the heat inside.

The stove and the chimney had remained the same, but Ning Hao had installed a radiator to improve the living conditions. He was only wearing a pair of blue pajamas in the warehouse.

Qin Guan entered along with the cold winter wind, unfastened the scarf and buttons on his coat, and poured something out for himself from a kettle on the stove.

"Wonderful! Is it tea soup from Niu Street?"

Qin Guan put the glass down on the greasy table and fixed his eyes on Ning Hao.

"What's the matter? Tell me. This is not just dinner, is it?"

Ning Hao grinned at him. "There's this script that I've had in my hands for a long time. If it wasn't for the Dubai Festival, I would never have told you about it."

"You know, I'm the only loser in this group. I stayed here and asked help from my friends. At first, I wanted to send this script to producers, film companies and other state-run studios... Maybe someone would appreciate it."

He stopped Qin Guan, who was about to speak.

"I know what you are thinking. You have been really kind to us. Even though you are an award-winning actor, you still acted in indie films for free or for very little money. I couldn't ask you to act in this film though."

"Things are different now! I'm a millionaire! I'm so rich that I can produce my own film!"

"My goal is clear, Qin Guan. This is not an indie film, it's a commercial one. I want to make money! I want to make profit from my film!"

"The media said that you are filming indie films. Look at it, Qin Guan! Just look at it! I think it will sell lots of tickets!"

Qin Guan looked at the excited man and took the script with a smile. He already knew its title.

# Chapter 758: The Investment

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The edges of the pages looked worn, which indicated that the scriptwriter had polished the script repeatedly.

The large characters on the cover spelled "Crazy Stone".

In Qin Guan's past life, the outstanding film had suffered until Liu Dehua had founded a film company that had collected scripts from all over the country.

Qin Guan looked through the precious notebook. The man in the pajamas and the man in the suit looked perfectly harmonious under the dim lamplight.

The two of them burst into laughter when the gate opened again and a shivering man walked in. The cold wind made his hair stand on end.

"Brother Qin! You are here!"

Huang Bo looked stunned as he held on to a bag of cold food.

Qin Guan pointed to the greasy table. "Is that the dinner Director Ning intends to treat me to? I hear that the studio will be releasing a record for you. Why are you still idling around? I should be giving you a lesson."

Huang looked unhappy as he rushed to the table and threw the bag on it.

"Who is slandering me behind my back? Sister Xue has found a lot of work for me, but you know how the market is. A good script is hard to find, so I'm working for the directors here in the meantime. Ask Ning Hao! I'm at his command!"

Qin Guan shot a disdainful look at him. His jacket was full of static electricity and his fluffy hair stood on end once again.

"No time like the present. Let's deal with this script. Qin Guan will play the top thief from Hong Kong."

He was right. No one could beat a top model.

"The budget is definitely sufficient. Don't worry, Qin Guan's firm will fill any gaps."

As he looked at the shameless guy, Qin Guan finally lost control and kicked Huang's butt.

"Thank you, Huang Bo! Just go ahead and make decisions on my behalf!"

"Ouch!" Huang, who was caught off guard, fell down on the dirty ground with a scream.

Qin Guan got scared, but Huang bounced up from the ground like a gymnast and started dusting his butt off like crazy.

Ning Hao finished his tea soup calmly and smiled at Huang. "Hey! Your pants are clean. Don't start crying!"

His words were like the most beautiful music for Huang, who calmed down immediately, opened the bag and handed Qin Guan a pair of chopsticks.

"That careless guy always gets his clothes dirty. He's been making some money lately, so he took his wife away from the countryside to take care of her."

"It's the other way around. She comes to work every day to take care of him! She is tired of washing his clothes."

"One day, he came here only in his underwear and asked me for some pants. All his pants had disappeared overnight. He had to promise to keep all his clothes clean to get them back."

Ning and Qin Guan burst into laughter, nearly falling off their chairs. Huang, who was not ashamed, returned to his own seat and took a glass jar from under the table.

He filled the porcelain mugs with a transparent liquid and handed it to Qin Guan.

"It's a good film. You won't suffer a loss."

Qin Guan looked up from his mug to the two men across from him. The desire was obvious on their faces. It seemed like they wouldn't be able to sleep at night unless they got a clear answer.

Qin Guan had actually made a decision. He would invest in the film to ease their nervousness. People said that eating under stress could lead to gastric spasms after all.

Huang and Ning got the answer they had expected.

"Business is business. I will not bother you about the actors, the crew or the shooting locations. That's the director's job. I'm an investor though, so I have to get my share. This is not about the paycheck. My lawyer Chen Kang will be contacting you tomorrow. As for you, Huang Bo, you will be working with us!"

# Chapter 759: A Homely Taste

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His final answer reassured them. Suddenly, they fixed their eyes on the spicy cold dish on the center of the table.

One could buy it at any supermarket or fair. People could even mix and match according to their individual taste. The food's plain taste and reasonable price was the reason it occupied every family dining room.

Huang had bought it from Grandpa Zhang at a fair not far from the 798 Warehouse. Its typical taste had captivated the neighboring market fast.

The dish included pig ears, pork joints and bean curd skin.

It was its trademark sauce that made all the difference though. The sauce was a mixture of vinegar, garlic juice, sesame oil, chilli oil, cooking wine and sesame paste. Grandpa Zhang had chosen small pig ears, which were extra crisp and soft, so even old men could enjoy their special taste with a cheap drink.

His spiced pork shoulder was moderately sweet and salty, unlike the typical over-salted ones, so it tasted spicy in one's mouth.

The special sauce complimented all the raw ingredients like the finishing brush of a painter on a Chinese dragon. When the plain pork shoulder was soaked in the rich sauce, it turned into a delicious dish.

As a result, Grandpa Zhang's dish was very popular among the residents that visited the fair. People lined up before his stand every day. Some people might have looked down upon a street snack, but Qin Guan disagreed.

Loving what one did was a must. Food ingredients were not classified, so even the most common vegetable could become a delicacy on an emperor's table.

Some famous cooks used unfamiliar expensive ingredients and

ignored the essence of cooking. One could only find homemade food in their mother or grandma's kitchen. After all those years, one would cry out if they encountered the same taste at a small restaurant.

It was not just the taste, but also the emotion that contributed to the food.

All the meat and vegetables were mounted on the plate, which had only cost Huang 20 yuan.

The erguotou and spicy food were not enough for Qin Guan though, who started looking around the shabby warehouse.

"Are you looking for this?"

Ning pulled a bun slice out of the oven with his chopsticks.

Bingo! A baked bun that smelled like dirt! That simple addition was a wise move on North China's part. The oven was not just a heating system, but also a cooker that one could boil water and tea or bake food in.

The roasted and dried sweet potatoes were the best work of the short stove.

Qin Guan spread the vegetables and pork onto the bun and took a large bite. It certainly was worthy of Grandpa Zhang's reputation.

The fragrance of wheat, spicy pork and soft vegetables aroused his taste buds, and the rich taste made him salivate. His brain had gotten the message that he was happy.

The cold North wind was driven away by the stove and the radiator, and the dim lamplight added warmth to the small room.

# Chapter 760: Acting Separately

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It was only a small party before New Year's, but Qin Guan, who was always on the move, felt a strange happiness.

Time passed by faster and faster. Finally, just before she turned 30, Sister Xue's bald boyfriend gave her a bouquet of red roses and a ring.

The two of them silently started preparing for their wedding ceremony.

Xue Wanyi had originally planned on postponing the ceremony and going to Los Angeles with Qin Guan, but Qin Guan declined.

"You should concentrate on your own affairs, Sister Xue. A wedding is a really important milestone for a woman. This is the only chance you will get to do it right."

"I'd rather go with you. It's the Oscars and the Golden Globes after all!"

"I'm only nominated for a supporting actor award. There are two months left before your wedding. You have to find a dress, choose a location, take wedding pictures, invite all your friends and relatives..."

"That's what you need to do right now. I'll be relying on you again in the future. You can use your experience to help me plan my own wedding."

Qin Guan had a point. Sister Xue was a hot mess those days. Her unkempt hair and loose pants betrayed her anxiety.

An independent wedding ceremony was beyond her means.

Wang came just in time with the schedule for their LA trip, including all the press conferences and promotional events. The girl had gotten her agent certificate, so she could take care of everything by herself.

Thinking of Qu Xuemei back in America, Sister Xue finally nodded heavily at the girl. She would be her successor after all.

The shy girl spent all her time working and never asked for any credit. She and Qin Guan would be going to the Oscars together.

Cong Nianwei wasn't sad about their long separation. She also had a lot of work to do and she couldn't focus on anything else. She was competing against outstanding architects from all over the world over who would design the 2008 Olympics stadium.

As soon as she had returned to China, she had gotten in touch with her tutor and schoolmates at Tsinghua. The project was really important for the government, so all Chinese people were working hard towards that goal.

However, Cong Nianwei was not qualified to be the chief architect of any construction project. Although the government would accept bids from all over the world, if she wanted to participate and gain more experience, she would have to join a national organisation.

She knew the unwritten rules. All national programs relied on a national organization. In this case, it was the Chinese Institute of Architectural Design, the holy place of all Chinese architects, where the most talented students from every Chinese university gathered.

As a Tsinghua graduate, Cong Nianwei was the youngest member of the team. She would be lucky enough to witness the whole building process of the great stadium.

The serious architect had no time to pay attention to things like the Oscars or the Golden Globes, even if her boyfriend was a nominee.

She left Qin Guan at the airport without looking back and he flew to California with Wang Liying.

The moist, warm wind of South California replaced the dry,

chilly wind of the Chinese capital. The green sea, blue sky and beautiful girls on the beach completed the picture.

There was a silent battle taking place in the city. All the actors, directors, film companies and producers were fighting fiercely. Despite their professionalism and the reserved atmosphere of the Golden Globes, the secret battle kept raging.

The "Closer" production company had spent a lot on promoting the main actors of the film, so Qin Guan had to attend some very important press conferences.

# Chapter 761: A High Box Office

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It had been two months since "Closer" had formally premiered in America. The popular film had used all available resources to increase its chances of winning an Oscar. This meant that the producers had invested even more on the film's promotion.

It was a pity that the box office did not match their large investment and the public's praise.

It was good, but not good enough. Everyone's expectations had been too high, so they were a little disappointed with the moderate result.

In two months, the box office in North America had reached only 40 million dollars, and it was estimated that the final box office would reach only 70-80 million after nearly six months.

However, the presence of a particular person changed the status quo completely.

"Qin Guan is back!"

Qin Guan's blog had been run by his team in New York ever since Rongzhi had left. Articles about his activities, including his splendid Paris Fashion Week performance and amazing trip to Dubai, were posted in real time.

The fans thought that their idol had just gone on a business trip around the world, but a wise middle-aged fan made the following accurate statement.

"As long as the Oscars take place in Los Angeles, America will remain Qin Guan's second home."

His sappy words were like chicken soup for the soul. A few months later, Qin Guan returned. After remaining in the background for a few weeks, "Closer" suddenly became popular again. The fans registered on Qin Guan's website had reached more than 2 million all over the world, which was a huge achievement.

A post in red letters was moved to the top by the site administrator.

"We can pay to watch 'Closer' now!"

The post drew tears from all the users.

"Once upon a time, his departure made me sad and confused, but then I saw his posters around all New York streets. He was standing behind Julia Roberts, looking all mighty and cruel. That was the first time I heard news about him through traditional media after so many months..."

"He disappeared from my life before I knew it. Only now did I realize that my favorite actor had been missing. He used to live in the same city with me. When he returned to China, he took my heart with him."

"I cried my heart out. I had no courage to buy a ticket for his movie, for fear that I would burst into laughter when I saw him on the screen. I know venting like that doesn't make any sense, which is why I didn't see the film despite its good reviews."

"Things are different now though. He is back after six months. He is with us again! Although he is not in New York, my joy is almost palpable. This is my chance to finally watch the film!"

"Watching the film so late made me realize his charm. He outshined all the other actors and brought his character to life. I feel better now. Although he returned to China for his own reasons, no one will forget his outstanding acting skills."

"Hollywood has the best scripts, directors, producers and actors in the world. As long as it dominates the film industry, Qin Guan will belong to Los Angeles and to his American fans. He will return here time and again!"

A stone could stir up thousands of waves. Even the people who had already seen the film choked up with emotion and went to the cinema again to show their support for the film.

After a dry spell of two months, the box office started increasing again. During the first weekend of Qin Guan's return, the film ranked fifth in the American box office with 1.88 million dollars.

The statistics cheered everyone up. A small voice echoed in their hearts, muttering the words, "Qin Guan has returned."

# Chapter 762: A Different Golden Globes Ceremony

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The award-winning actor, who had been looked down upon by commercial film producers and distributing companies, had finally showed his value as a film star.

Even Jude Law and Julia Roberts couldn't hide the fact that the box office had been boosted thanks to Qin Guan.

As a result, Qin Guan saw more and more strangers gather around him at different banquets and parties. Some of them were independent individuals, while others were representatives of different companies.

This was Wang's time to shine. She did quite a good job as Qin Guan's agent, so he was able to hide in a corner with his drink instead of getting bored to death.

An observant person could find him easily though. Qin Guan moved his butt shyly to make room on the marble stairs for a woman.

"You are always like this. You show up at the opening and disappear as soon as the party begins."

Qin Guan didn't feel ashamed. He just took a sip of his drink and shrugged. "I have been in America for two years. I've gotten familiar with balls and cocktail parties."

"Chinese people prefer to lead a quiet life. This life is boring and noisy. I don't understand Americans. Why can't I be a handsome loner?"

Julia burst into laughter, spilling her cocktail all over the place. She pointed at Qin Guan, but failed to say anything. Finally, she let out a sigh and shared some news about the Golden Globes with him.

"The judges have decided." She pointed to some plain guys that were present at the ball. They were all surrounded by beautiful women. "Those guys are some of them. Take a look yourself."

Qin Guan shot a doubtful look at them. They pretended to be calm around the women, but their eyes betrayed them. "Those guys are judges?" Qin Guan asked her.

"Yes, they are considered the trendsetters of the Oscars. The Oscars tend to be similar to the Golden Globes. PR agencies pay for their trips, entertainment, cab fares, drinks and women. Most of them are ordinary reporters, so the powerful companies impress them."

Julia patted him on the shoulder. "You don't need to worry about the Golden Globes. It's not your problem to solve."

Qin Guan smiled at the true concern in her eyes.

"I'm not a football player. American actors are not nearly as popular as football stars."

Julia stood up, leaving her empty cup on the stairs. Qin Guan heard her voice from afar.

"Be at ease!"

She was right.

The Golden Globes were quite different from other award ceremonies. The event was more like a formal banquet for actors than a grand award ceremony.

There was not even a real red carpet. Even if one took the distance between the stars' cars and the hall into account, the red carpet was still pitifully short.

The 2005 banquet was held at the Hilton Hotel in Los Angeles. The reporters only had 30 seconds and three meters to take pictures, starting from when the car doors opened.

As a result, they had to block the way quickly with their cameras

and microphones, press down their shutters hard and leave fast before the bodyguards arrived.

That was the fate of every reporter at the Golden Globes.

Qin Guan, who was a big contender, was stopped outside the hall. Han Zhujiu looked helpless in the crowd, so Qin Guan pointed to a car behind them. "Jude Law is here!"

The pressure suddenly eased. Taking advantage of the situation, Han carved a path through the reporters. Thanks to the staff's help, they were able to find the organizing committee.

Wang fixed Qin Guan's shirt and handed him his invitation. Qin Guan registered at the reception and entered the hall alone. Posting any news instantly on his website was the only way for his team to handle the situation.

They had been given an independent cabinet to work in, so they could publish any news as soon as possible.

# Chapter 763: The Supporting Actor Award Winner

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The gate divided the world into two different parts.

Qin Guan fixed his bowtie at the entrance before entering the hall. Suddenly, the "Closer" crew spotted him.

"Qin Guan! Over here!"

All the guests turned around and saw the powerful nominee. A thick smell of gunpowder suddenly filled the site.

The banquet actually looked like a Chinese wedding feast. The red velvet tablecloths were embroidered with different patterns, and on the center of the round tables were beautiful flower bouquets.

If it wasn't for the famous guests, Qin Guan would have thought that it was a luxurious wedding ceremony.

He found his own name tag and took a seat, whispering to the director next to him, "The organizing committee is wrong. If they want to promote harmony in the circle, they should organize a different banquet. Do you know about the Spring Festival Gala in China? The organizers put snacks on the tables and the audience can help themselves to anything they like. We call it a tea party, but it's much better than this awkward banquet."

The crew relaxed at his joke. They were all looking forward to attending a party in China. Suddenly, Jude Law rushed into the hall looking exhausted. He took a seat next to Qin Guan, not caring about the name tags.

"Hey, Qin Guan! You bad boy! You threw me under the bus!"

"What are you talking about? I just arrived. What's the matter?"

Jude Law almost choked as he saw Qin Guan's innocent, blank expression.

"I saw you from the car just now. You were pointing at me. Don't tell me that you suffer from amnesia!"

"Okay!" Qin Guan spread his arms. "I just told everyone the truth. Chinese people are always honest."

Jude was left speechless by his shamelessness.

In a few minutes, the hall was filled with people. The curtain of the small stage rose slowly and the ceremony began. The most exciting moment of the evening was approaching.

The atmosphere was much more harmonious than it was at European film festivals, as most of the guests knew each other well. Sometimes, if a guest wanted to show off, they would get on the stage and act as the host or give a fun impromptu performance.

After a while, the host got ready to announce the winner of the Best Supporting Actor Award.

By that time, Jim Carrey, who had won the Best Comedian Award, was acting as the host. The actor didn't forget his own profession while he was on the stage.

He set the golden award down onto the podium and began to make jokes.

"Here is the award for the Best Supporting Actor. Based on my estimation, it weighs just as much as the Best Leading Actor Award. That makes sense. If it was lighter, it would have been unfair to those hard-working actors. I know the winner of the award, and he is a very brave man. If his award was even one gram lighter than the other award, he would follow the Best Leading Actor everywhere and give interviews with that unlucky dog until he ruined the whole thing for him."

"It's true. One of my friends is really afraid of him. My friend is also a comedian. If it wasn't for a particular penguin and sea lion, that guy may have been a leading actor."

The audience burst into laughter at his funny joke and ridiculous

expression. Some well-informed people could guess the winner based on his words.

When the judges had voted for the winner, they had nearly made the same choice.

They knew that the guy had the necessary acting skills and public approval, so no one would dare embarrass themselves like that.

# Chapter 764: A Funny Performance

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When Jim Carrey lifted the white card up, the audience hailed along with him.

"Now everyone will find out who the winner of the 62nd Golden Globe is. The Best Supporting Actor is..."

"Qin Guan!"

Everyone started shouting and applauding, showing their sincere appreciation for Qin Guan.

This final confirmation made Qin Guan relax. He stood up and fixed his bowtie elegantly. As he was about to walk to the stage, Jim held the award up.

"Quick! There are so many people staring at it... If you don't get here in three seconds, I'll give it to the guy behind you."

Of course, his words didn't mean anything, but the audience kicked up a fuss. Some women even waved at Jim. "Or you could give it to the Best Supporting Actress!"

Before their voices could fade away, Qin Guan rushed to the stage like the wind, counting backwards to himself, "Three, two, one... I'm here. Give me the award!"

His long legs were a huge physical advantage.

Everyone was looking at him in shock. When they came back to their senses, their laughter became even louder.

According to tradition, the host had to surrender the floor to the winner so they could deliver a short speech.

Jim Carrey didn't do that though. At first, he left the center of the stage, but then he sneaked up behind Qin Guan and the podium, his head peeking around it. Before Qin Guan could say anything, he murmured quickly, "Jim Carrey is very forgetful. Because of his poor memory, he just missed some important cues.

The nominated films include 'Kill Bill II', 'Sideways'..."

The unreliable man had forgotten the process of the ceremony.

In a few seconds, he had finished his task like a robot and squatted down to polish Qin Guan's shoes.

"You are welcome. Here, I'll make it up to you."

The audience started laughing even louder.

Jim Carrey finished his performance and left the stage to Qin Guan, who was the real hero. He just couldn't help it. He'd had to clean his shoes.

Qin Guan deserved that. In a few seconds, all the talented people in the hall had concentrated on him. Everyone had completely forgotten about Jim's joke.

Qin Guan took advantage of this to begin his speech.

"Hello, everyone. I'm Qin Guan. I'm very happy to be here during the Chinese Spring Festival. I have now taken one step further towards my dream of winning every film award in existence. This award will help me along to my final destination."

"I know most of you. Some of you have even worked with me. Anyone who has met me knows that I'm a practical man. I concentrate on the value of the award, regardless of the nature of the role. If you are a director or producer and you are worried about the importance of a role, just come to me. If it's a good one, I'll do it."

A director under the stage answered, as if they had rehearsed beforehand.

"You could pick any script you want. Everyone says that you are blessed. I would direct any script you liked."

A producer interrupted him, "No! I'd produce it. Just save your money to buy your kid some milk powder."

The audience laughed again.

"We'll talk in private later," Qin Guan answered naturally. "Now I have to thank some people."

"I would like to express my gratitude to all the members of the crew. It was your collective effort that helped me win this award. I also want to thank the director and Julia Roberts. You chose me out of countless actors, so I'll always give you and your films priority."

Qin Guan was really charismatic.

The actor took a deep bow before the audience and ended his speech. Later, his film won two more awards for its cinematography and musical score. It was a pity that the leading actor and supporting actress failed to win an award.

# Chapter 765: Panic Among The Domestic Media

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This didn't affect the crew's joy. However, just before he left the site, Qin Guan noticed Jude Law's annoyance. All actors, famous or not, wanted to win awards. Even older actors yearned for that honor.

Qin Guan's team accompanied him to his hotel as Wang was about to publish the news.

It was already midnight in America, but it was noon in Beijing. Sister Xue called Qin Guan on his computer. She was still nervous, even though she had watched the entire ceremony.

Both of Qin Guan's official websites published the news at the same time. Sister Xue always accompanied Qin Guan to such grand events, so she wanted to talk to him as soon as the ceremony ended.

She was just in time, as Qin Guan wanted to talk to her too.

Video communication technology had been developed by then, and some international large-scale enterprises had started using it during their meetings to work simultaneously from different locations.

Qin Guan appeared on the screen with the golden award, holding it up for Sister Xue to see. His words made her tear up.

"I have already won many awards with my firm, but this one was just in time. You have stayed with me during many ups and downs, until I finally grew up and learned how to make it through any storm alone. If I hadn't, you would never have thought about marriage. Now that you don't have to worry about money though, you can think about your own affairs. This award is a great acknowledgement for both of us. It's also a milestone for our new start."

"You don't need to worry about me. Just get ready for your wedding. I'll attend it when I return to China. If I'm lucky enough, I could win another award in the meantime."

Sister Xue smiled tearfully and pointed to the screen, as if she was trying to poke at his forehead. "Stop showing off. According to my estimation, you will not be winning an Oscar. Considering you are Chinese, you were lucky enough to be nominated. All the judges would have to go mad simultaneously for you to win an Oscar."

Qin Guan didn't feel sad. At least he had won one award. He was still young. He didn't need to rush.

He turned off the video and entered the bathroom. He had to save strength and energy for the next day.

His team had no time to waste. Wang Liying was busy with the press and other important work.

In America, things were much simpler. Qin Guan's official blog, the mainstream media and the PR team of the film company took care of the promotion, so all Qin Guan had to do was inform the crew before he updated his blog.

Things were more complicated back at home though. Very few reporters had travelled to America on their own expenses. Only the newest media, which had a big enough budget, had sent reporters there.

Besides, there was also another Chinese film at the Oscars, director Zhang Yimou's "House of Flying Daggers".

This was the director's second Golden Globe nomination. Unfortunately, he suffered an unprecedented failure in America.

His incomprehensible story, confusing scenes, weak characters and hasty promotion couldn't hold a candle to "Heroes". The distributing company suffered a loss, so after two weeks, the film disappeared from cinemas all over the country.

Its gross was only a few million dollars, just like the indie film "Elephant".

Even though that film was Zhang's Waterloo, it could still participate in the Oscars. All the domestic media concentrated on the Chinese film instead of on Qin Guan, as the domestic film circle was not very familiar with him.

The reporters panicked when they found out that Zhang's film hadn't won a Golden Globe. It was up to them whether to use those news as a headline or not. Suddenly, they realized they had an alternative choice.

Wang's cabinet was filled with people as she selflessly shared the news with everyone.

# Chapter 766: Fan Stories

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Wang gave everyone flash disks with photos of Qin Guan and the press announcement in them. That way, they could polish them before publishing the news.

Wang saw the reporters off before returning to her laptop. She came across a sea of joy on all websites, both domestic and overseas ones. Fans were excited about the good news. Qin Guan, the ever-victorious actor, had won another award.

They knew that their idol was talented, but most of them had paid attention to him for his looks at the beginning. Now, they understood him and followed him on his journey to the top.

There were no negative news about him. Everyone talked about his outstanding acting skills, amazing performance and different awards. He never attracted attention by revealing his body, talking about his private affairs or singing his own praises.

Many people learned about his work after the film was in theaters or won an award. Qin Guan was a clear stream in the entertainment circle, both steady and reliable.

In other words, he was a very responsible actor.

As a result, he attracted more and more fans, who were really happy about his news.

Although news about Qin Guan occupied half the entertainment sections of different magazines and newspapers, his fans remained calm about the spectacular event.

Pipe was standing under an overpass at Dongzhimen early in the morning. His domain had expanded along with the surging population of the capital and his shabby minibus had been replaced by a new one, but as the best newspaper distributor in half the city, he seldom showed up to work personally.

It was rare for him to appear under the overpass at such a time.

The delivery boys knew that Qin Guan would take up a large part of the page.

They were right. Wang Xiaoer lit up a cigarette for him.

"Listen to me! Your task for today is quite easy. I'm always kind to you all. Old rules apply! Take an extra 200 copies to each stand this morning. Any kind is okay. We just want quantity. You can take 200 copies of the same kind or 10 different kinds. It's up to you!"

The flame at the end of his cigarette was as bright as their business. They all knew that the newspapers would be selling like hot cakes thanks to Qin Guan.

The competitors looked at each other in alarm. "What are you waiting for? Time is pressing! Quick!" At his order, everyone rushed to his minibus.

"Let go! It's mine!"

"Son of a b\*tch! Can't you count? How many copies did you get? That's too many!"

Everyone started fighting with each other fiercely.

Wang Xiaoer didn't move. He just smiled at Pipe shamelessly and shot a look at the backseat.

"I'm thinner than them, boss. I can't fight with them."

"You are always cunning. Yours are in the backseat."

"Okay! Thank you so much! I'll get to work at once!"

The lives of the public were a direct feedback of a star's popularity. Everyone was dismissed, leaving only the empty minibus under the overpass. They tried their best to take the newspapers to different corners of the city as soon as possible.

Ordinary people were always the cornerstone of every entertainment star's success. Qin Guan paid his fans back with joy.

Their idol had made headlines again! He had won a Golden Globe! He was so classy and magnificent!

On February 18th, everyone in China was talking about the same thing. An actor named Qin Guan had won an international award again! In America!

To outsiders, this was only a topic of conversation, but for some people with high aspirations, it was a timely event.

This was a very busy time for the Huayi company. Wang Yu, who was a secretary, was making a schedule for his bosses. When he stood up to knock on the door, a person rushed past him fast.

"Hey, do you have an appointment? What are you doing here?"

Before Wang could block the way, the man turned his head back and revealed his face.

"It's me! Lu Chuan! I have an appointment with your boss!"

# Chapter 767: A Successful Film

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"Oh, it's you!"

Wang Yu helped him push the door open. After Lu Chuan walked into the office, he closed the door considerately. I can achieve something else while I'm here. The director is a wordy man.

Lu Chuan sat down comfortably on the familiar couch. The Wang Brothers greeted him.

"Did you hear the news? That's why you're here, right? We have already sent your film out."

Lu Chuan bounced up from the couch.

"Which awards has my film been nominated for?"

"The Tokyo Film Festival Award and the Taiwan Golden Horse."

"Really? No Venice or Cannes?"

The Brothers wanted to hit him. Considering its special subject matter, Lu Chuan had originally limited his film to Asia and hadn't tried to promote it any further. Suddenly, he had seen the protagonist win an award in America though. He was really regretful about that, but it was too little too late.

"Listen to me! If you want an international award, you need to start preparing six months in advance. It's too late for you to cut in line now."

"Don't be so greedy. If you cut in line and gained nothing, everyone would be ashamed of you."

"Yes!"

Lu Chuan was still unreconciled with the outcome, when the Brothers suddenly gave him the final blow.

"May I suggest you zip your pants up before starting an argument with us?"

Everyone burst into laughter.

It was a sad story, but c'est la vie. Every coin had two sides.

Meanwhile, Director Chen Kexin was sitting at an ordinary cafe on Kowloon Street, laughing at a newspaper. The producer sitting across from him shared his feelings.

Thanks to Qin Guan, Chen had gotten the chance to screen his film "If, Love" at the end of the Venice Film Festival. He had also received an invitation to the Queens Film Festival in New York.

Before the Oscars, there had always been some inclusive American film festivals for actors, critics, producers and film distributors. Those festivals were able to judge the results of the Oscars in advance.

Queens was not familiar with Asian people, but film insiders considered it one of the five festivals that decided the Oscar winners.

The benevolent saw benevolence, and the wise saw wisdom.

All filmmakers wanted to experience such an honor, so the award had a significant meaning. After Qin Guan's harvest, Chen Kexin looked forward to winning his own award. If my work was nominated for the Best Foreign Film Oscar...

He wiped the saliva running down his mouth and shook his head, trying his best to come back to his senses.

"What did you say just now? I want to go to America. Qin Guan is there too, isn't he?"

"Yes, his team told me that he would be staying in Los Angeles until the Oscars are over."

Chen nodded and took a sip of his milk tea in disappointment.

"What's wrong with him? Other people are trying their best to stay in Hollywood, but he left for China. They actually gave him an award! Are there even any good scripts in China? An immature

industry could ruin a good actor!"

The producer grimaced furtively. I know what you want to do.

"Should I persuade him to move his firm to Hong Kong?"

The producer tried to stop him immediately. "You'd better not. It's said that he didn't return to China just for his film career. He is a certified public accountant in America with a doctorate from Columbia. As far as I know, his property in America and China can rival that of any rich man in Hong Kong. China's economic status is much better than Hong Kong's, except when it comes to the entertainment circle."

# Chapter 768: The SARFT Outpatient Department

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Director Chen, who knew nothing about any other fields, closed his mouth wisely. Suddenly, he felt inspired. A grin formed slowly on his face.

"Last time, he left as soon as he could after the shooting. The three Chinese businessmen were not happy. They had spent a lot on the film after all. Is he also a businessman? Maybe we could give them a chance to take a group photo with Qin Guan in America. Ask them if they want to go."

Cunning minds always came up with dirty tricks. Villains were just ordinary people after all.

Far away in America, Qin Guan had no idea what was going on in China. Some conscientious people were observing him from afar, as his success had attracted the attention of a powerful film department.

He's won international awards that had so far been beyond our reach. Now he has returned to China. This is the right time to talk about the future.

Director Zheng of the State Administration of Radio, Film and Television (SARFT) was quite angry that day, as he was suffering from rhinitis. He had asked for leave in order to see a doctor before he returned to the office for a meeting. As a civil servant, he had a very high self-awareness.

However, the location of the outpatient department ended up ruining his plan.

There were too many buildings and narrow alleys by the West Second Ring, and the people crowding around the streets and alleys caused a traffic jam. Director Zheng sat in his car nervously. This would be his first internal meeting after his promotion. It

would be a disaster if he was late.

Suddenly, he made a decision. He returned to the hospital and pulled over in the small parking lot. Then he put on his coat, as he was planning on returning on foot. It would only take him 15 minutes to get to his office. He was an active man after all.

Despite the big crowd, he found it easier to walk on the sidewalk. He was actually really satisfied with his speed.

All good things came to an end though. The crowd slowed down half-way as people started gathering around a newsstand. Zheng was surprised to see that there was a really long line.

He craned his neck to look at the stand and saw people huddling together in an area of barely two square meters.

"I'm taking a copy of 'Beijing News'! Here's the money!"

"One morning paper! Here's the money!"

"I want one too. No, no! I want the 'Beijing Consumption Guide' in color!"

"In color? Where is it? I want three copies of it!"

What are they all doing here? They seem so interested in entertainment news!

Zheng, who was always highly aware of other people's needs, squeezed into the crowd and stretched his hand out, reaching for the popular colorful newspaper.

"Excuse me! One yuan!"

Before his voice could fade away, a hand in a red leather glove grabbed the paper.

"Hey!" Zheng shot a threatening look at the owner of the hand before choking on his next words.

Before him stood a beautiful girl with thin eyebrows, bright eyes and fair skin that seemed to light the dull winter day up.

"Hey?" Huang Jiajia pulled the newspaper out of his hand and threw a coin into the box. Then she turned to console the strong fat man.

"I'm doing this for you. You shouldn't buy it today. It's not for you. You'll lose your confidence if you read it."

The girl smiled brightly at Zheng. Before he could come back to his senses, the beautiful girl had dusted off the last copy, stuffed it into her bag and left without looking back.

# Chapter 769: Unexpected Trouble

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Zheng didn't even dare breath too hard, for fear that snot would run down his nose. He watched the girl in the black wind coat and boots get into a car with the Morgan Stanley logo. She just turned around and drove away.

Disappointed, Zheng headed back to his own office. He knew that there was another newsstand behind the building. He was really curious about the newspaper after hearing Huang Jiajia's words.

What the hell is in that newspaper? Why would it make me lose my confidence?

When he bought the last copy from another newsstand, he understood what she meant.

The "Beijing Life Guide" cost one yuan and was printed like a magazine. When the readers spread it out, they saw that it was just as big as a newspaper.

Unlike other ordinary newspapers though, it was printed in color. Actually, it was a magazine that cost as much as a newspaper. Its bright design and low price captivated young people all over the capital.

Soon, Zheng Chuanming noticed the folded page at the bottom. It was a really large poster of Qin Guan smiling at the readers.

He was wearing black Armani Haute Couture, and even the wrinkles on his black bowtie were visible on the photo as he smiled, holding the golden award up elegantly.

Qin Guan possessed every good quality of a Chinese man. The young man looked as gentle as jade.

As he looked at the newspaper, Zheng smiled as well. This will be a good topic for the meeting. The best sacrifice!

He was not jealous of the man. He just thought that he would be a

good introduction to the messy Chinese film circle.

There were actually nine SARFT branches, but Zheng belonged to the film administration branch, which was a powerful, comprehensive department in charge of all things related to the film industry.

The meeting that day was about the current situation of the film industry, as well as the actors' social influence. Qin Guan had originally not been on the list, but Director Chen wanted to include him. He was suddenly interested in the young man's future.

He rushed to the office two minutes before the meeting began, entering the meeting room with all his paperwork. He was just in time.

The topic was the harmful social effects of the improper behavior of a star. A few days ago, three schoolgirls had gotten involved with some bad boys. They had just been copying the heroine of a film, so the educational department had suggested that TV stations and websites ban all stupid TV shows.

As a result, they were having a meeting in order to find the stars that promoted the darkest part of society. SARFT would monitor their every activity.

When they began to discuss negative news about stars, Director Zheng revealed his secret weapon.

"Don't just concentrate on those notorious stars. The audience knows them well. They can only improve their image by speculation. They don't have any real social influence. We have to pay attention to the most popular stars. They all have an obscure attitude towards social responsibility, but the public loves them."

"If scandals about them leak out, young people will learn from them."

His subordinates exchanged speculative looks. Influential stars? But there are so many of them...

Suddenly, Director Zheng threw the latest issue of the "Beijing Life Guide" onto the long table. The newspaper opened to reveal Qin Guan's poster. Everyone suddenly understood his words.

The award-winning actor was considered an eccentric guy in the film circle, but he had fans everywhere. A girl lifted her hands up with a tremble.

"What do you mean by 'obscure attitude towards social responsibility'?"

"Has he cooperated with a national film studio? Did he ever shoot a mainstream film? Did he accept a job from the government or play in a film about the army or the party? These are all important criteria. Do you get my point?"

The girl tried to defend her idol. "He played a part in 'Ke Ke Xi Li' last year. It's a mainstream film about a Chinese-Tibetan antelope reserve."

# Chapter 770: The Official Document

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"Really?" Zheng paused in surprise. He'd had no idea about that. "Was the film produced by a private company? Was it promoted nationwide? Are his films kid-friendly? Was he nominated by one of the three top Chinese film festivals?"

The girl felt utterly defeated.

After his victory, Director Zheng announced the end of the meeting in a loud voice. Some suck-ups wrote down his instructions in their notebooks.

"He is only after personal fame. His works have nothing to do with other people's lives or any national policies. Xiao Liu, send a notice to his firm about the result of the meeting. An informal one would be okay. I heard that he has a big firm."

"Yes, most of his employees are models with international fame. Only Qin Guan is an actor, but everybody there is famous."

"Even though he has such a large firm, he has only produced a few films over the past year, all of them overseas. He should follow the rules now that he's back in China."

There were always people who tried to flatter directors. Soon, Qin Guan's firm received a notice from the SARFT. The notice was printed on a piece of paper in red ink. The secretary gave it to Sister Xue as soon as possible.

Sister Xue, who had been trying on wedding dresses designed by Yin, read the notice and burst into laughter.

"Just in time! Finally, an official document! I was afraid that domestic directors and producers would have forgotten about him after three months. SARFT is doing us a favor! Please put the dresses away, darling. Let's go to the China Film Group and grab some roles for Qin Guan!"

She was right. They had to get some roles for Qin Guan. Winter

and early spring were a rush time for new scripts and films. Most actors would plan their schedule during that period.

Qin Guan had many scripts at hand, but dared not agree to any of them. His two awards in America had distracted him, so some directors had turned to other actors. Some good scripts had also not fit into Qin Guan's schedule.

Things were different now though. Thanks to this official support, Sister Xue was feeling much more confident. The Chinese language was rich and subtle in its expression. One could express two completely different meanings with the same words.

As a result, Sister Xue interpreted Director Zheng's demand that Qin Guan join the mainstream film circle as a government assignment.

When Director Yin Li was given the notice by an excited Sister Xue backstage, he was shocked.

"You found a connection for Qin Guan?"

"No, they issued this document especially for him. They said that the mainstream film circle is lacking talent, so Qin Guan got the job. What about the film we talked about before New Year's? Do you still need actors?"

"Of course! The China Film Group stressed this issue. We'll be cooperating with the Taiwanese. Have you read the script? It was adapted from a Taiwanese novel. If you don't want to commit to it, I'll have to find someone else."

Sister Xue looked nervous, "Qin Guan will be returning in February. There's only a few days left. His schedule matches yours really well!" she said, waving the notice before Director Yin again.

Yin, who was an experienced mainstream film director, scratched his head helplessly before nodding. "Okay. He needs to audition as soon as he returns though."

"What? He has to audition?"

Yin was always serious about work. He was no longer an easy-going man, but he gave the woman a fair lesson.

"I admire his acting skills, but most of his films were directed by foreigners. What if his acting is over-commercialized? What if he doesn't get along well with traditional Chinese filmmakers? What if he doesn't adapt to the hard environment of a Chinese film? What if he doesn't stay in China?"

"Could he portray a soldier, or can he only play ancient noblemen? All these questions are crucial for mainstream films. China Film Group was the cradle of the first Chinese film. It's still a state-owned company, unlike Fox, Dreamworks and Columbia. Talent can't solve everything in this case."

"I care only about the role, not the actor. Nobody can sway me!"

Xue Wanyi showed her respect for the man, shocking Yin Changtao, who couldn't understand the current situation in China. In his opinion, the man with the glasses was definitely a warrior!

# Chapter 771: The Villa On Beverly Hills

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Sister Xue smiled optimistically. "Don't get angry, director. Qin Guan will audition when he comes back from America. We are professional filmmakers after all. He is a good, honest boy. He does everything the directors tell him. It's true. Can I send him the script first?"

Yin nodded in satisfaction before shouting at his employee, "Qiang Zi, get me a script!" The employee nodded and left.

Sister Xue and Yin concentrated on the script. Much later, Yin Li let out a long sigh of relief at a corner outside the studio. Did I give a good performance?

He had pretended to be a proud director before the famous actor's agent. He had actually never worked with actors like Qin Guan before. The American philosophy might have made the young man rebellious, so Yin Li had decided to act proud at the beginning.

Actually, most directors didn't know the young award-winning actor well, with the exception of some sixth-generation directors, but the foreign directors he had worked with were all renowned idols of the Chinese directors.

Everyone was curious about Qin Guan, as he had received unanimous praise from famous directors. Yin Li was very eager to meet him. Meanwhile, Qin Guan welcomed some uninvited guests to his new house in Los Angeles.

Some good friends had encouraged him to buy a villa in Beverly Hills. The place looked like a mansion in the eyes of the local residents, but it was actually the same size as Qin Guan's villa in Long Island. The only difference was the private building in front of the entrance and the small hill behind the villa.

Americans loved their privacy, and Beverly Hills was a place

where Hollywood stars could hide from reporters. Most of the villas there were empty though, as only a few owners were actually stationed in Los Angeles.

Some of them were not even American. They only stayed in Beverly Hills when they visited America to attend some important event. For them, Beverly Hills was only a vacation spot.

Qin Guan had acted wisely in buying the villa. The house had been on sale at a low price, because its owner had gone bankrupt and had to sell it to pay off his debt.

Qin Guan had found Los Angeles to be much better than New York. Most of his work in America took place in that city, so he had bought the villa at a favorable price. 4.8 million dollars was considered a good price in 2005.

When he woke up from a good night's sleep in his mansion, two men were standing outside his door. It was Director Chen Kexin and his assistant. The director stood before the award-winning actor, who was still in his blue pajamas, with a familiar smile.

Chen didn't feel embarrassed for visiting him.

'Why didn't you stay at a hotel? Why buy a house in Beverly Hills? If you are rich enough, you could invest in my film. No Chinese star would buy a villa in this area."

"Are you too excited to speak? Show us around then!"

No, elder brother. I was just left speechless by your visit. Qin Guan couldn't help but invite them in.

"I had no idea you would be visiting, so I have nothing to treat you. What would you like to drink?"

Qin Guan was not very familiar with the rooms of the house. He had to try three doors before he found the kitchen.

The previous owner must have liked parties, as the villa had a large hall and plenty of guest rooms. It could actually have served

as a family inn.

At the beginning, Qin Guan had been inspired by the eight tubs inside the villa and considered turning it into a hotel. After calculating the cost though, he had rejected the idea.

Chen and his assistant asked for a glass of water each. Fortunately, the director shared the purpose of his visit right away.

"I can't go to New York before the Oscars!" Qin Guan shook his head. "No, I have a tight schedule. Plus, I was not nominated by the Queens Festival."

He had a point. Chen smiled awkwardly and gave up on his plan, putting forward a second suggestion.

"Could you make time to meet the three producers of the film? Just one hour. Could you maybe take a picture with them?" he asked sincerely.

# Chapter 772: Everyone Has Fun

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It was not an unreasonable demand. They had done a good job during the shooting after all, and Qin Guan wouldn't negotiate with them any further due to his tight schedule.

The rich businessmen from Hong Kong and Southeast Asia were also fans of his and clients of his firm. It was okay to have dinner with them. As soon as Qin Guan agreed, Director Chen left to prepare. Actually, he couldn't stand Qin Guan's new house. There was no food or drinks in it, which made it hard for a man to be hospitable.

When Qin Guan reached the Cantonese cafe, he experienced for the first time the grand dinners Hong Kongers enjoyed. Everyone was sitting around two large round tables. Chen, who was sitting in the middle, waved at Qin Guan.

"Qin Guan, over here! I saved you a seat!"

Then he pointed to another table. "Your bodyguard can sit over there. This is a dinner with friends, not a business banquet."

Han Zhujiu shot a glance at Qin Guan before heading to the other table. This was traditional Chinese dinner etiquette.

Americans preferred crazy parties, but Hong Kongers liked to chat leisurely during teatime and make decisions for their businesses. Some people even spent the whole day at tea cafes.

When Qin Guan took a seat, he was shocked by the number of the dishes. Guangdong cuisine was actually famous for its huge variety.

Chen showed off proudly to his friend. "Hong Kongers have a sharp nose. I just got to America yesterday and traced the smell all the way here. The cafe owner's family has been living in Guangdong for generations. His son is still studying in Hong Kong."

As he talked, the waiter pushed a dining car towards their table.

"Hey, make yourself at home. I got hungry while I was waiting for you. Let's eat and chat!"

All the patrons were attracted by the smell. There were all kinds of desserts on the dining car, each one served in a different container.

Cute tiny buns with different fillings were served in bamboo steamer baskets, cold dishes were served in small white porcelain cups, and soup was served in deep bowls.

The small portions met the demands of the customers, who could taste more dishes that way. There were too many things for them to see and try.

Qin Guan nearly forgot about the people sitting around the table. He was too focused on the dining car right next to him. The Asian waiter addressed the young man sitting next to the host.

"What kind of tea would you prefer? Tieguanyin, incense, narcissus, chrysanthemum, jasmine?"

"Jasmine. I would also like..."

Everyone was shocked by his answer.

"A steamed vermicelli roll, sticky rice in a lotus leaf, a steamed bun stuffed with roast barbecue pork, steamed shrimp dumplings..."

Soon, more than 10 dishes were set on the table. Although they were small in size, their meat and heavy taste made them very filling. The entire meal was twice the size of an average meal in Southern China.

Before Chen could stop him, Qin Guan began to help the waiter move the dishes from the car to the table. When everyone had made their choice, they saw a pile of dishes mounted before the young man.

Qin Guan didn't feel embarrassed. "Let's start. We'll have a better talk with a full stomach!" he said before stuffing three dumplings into his mouth.

How can he do that? His mouth is not even that big!

The steamed vermicelli roll turned out to be Qin Guan's favorite. It was made according to a traditional cooking method, so it was as smooth as jelly. Everyone could see the filling clearly through the transparent crust.

The cook took advantage of the location to use local ingredients for the filling. He got rid of the fishbones first and then smashed the meat into a sauce. The shrimps were large North American shrimps, and the fish sauce and shrimp were stuffed into the pastry along with pork and steamed on the fire.

The delicious roll felt so smooth that the customers could taste the ocean inside it.

# Chapter 773: The Oscar Opening Ceremony

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The guests were too absorbed into the delicious food to pay attention to Han's table. Every person sitting around that table was a bodyguard accompanying his boss. Only Han actually owned a security company.

The man, who was renowned in Chinatown, felt jealous of the other professional security guards.

"Are you Qin Guan's bodyguard?"

"Yes."

"Do you know what his next film will be?"

"No."

"Impossible. You are his bodyguard! He must trust you. Does this mean that you do not attend his meetings?"

"No."

"Why? Is he suspicious of you?"

"No idea."

Ha! I finally got two words out of him. I'm so happy! Wait, I forgot about my boss!

"We are friends, right? Listen to me. My boss Brother Pan is a rich, powerful man. Investing in films is nothing for him. If your boss needs money, just call him!"

The man handed Han Zhujiu a business card with the words "Investment Bank of He" on it. When Han stuffed the card into his pocket, he smiled in satisfaction.

A thin man with a bald head smiled scornfully at the Hong Kong bodyguards. Idiots! A man with a poker face is a sleeping tiger...

Then he shot a glance at his own boss, only to see the wise man smiling like an idiot at Qin Guan.

Forget it. My boss is only a man selling chicken fodder. Despite his large business, he still can't change his old habits. He is a patriot at heart. He got a role for his daughter so he could meet Qin Guan.

Even the Thai bodyguard knew what the outcome would be. His boss would entrust his business in China to Qin Guan.

He was right. His boss, Xie Hanren, was a Chinese businessman stationed in Thailand. Unlike the others, he had gone there to support Chinese construction. His idea would be realized in China.

Xie Hanren was the richest second-generation immigrant in Thailand. He was the real owner of the Lotus Center and possessed a 5% share of the Chia Tai Group. People could tell that his family loved China.

Qin Guan received a large order from the three Chinese businessmen, so his accounting firm could finally get rid of its developing small-business model and receive an order from a larger company. Even medium accounting firms would look up to him now.

QC had reached the standard of a medium accounting firm with an annual profit of billions of dollars overnight. This had saved Qin Guan two to three years of effort.

All thanks to those patriotic Chinese businessmen.

After they'd had their morning tea, they said goodbye to each other and parted ways. As Qin Guan was putting on his black suit, Wang Liying rushed over to him, looking completely out of breath.

She had some news for Qin Guan. Chen Kexin had won the Best Foreign Film Award in Queens. Although it was not a well-known award in China, it was still a good beginning for the film.

Qin Guan fixed his suit and cheered himself up mentally. I wish myself the same luck tonight! Who could remain calm during the Oscar Opening Ceremony after all?

"Closer" had won five Golden Globes, but Americans considered the Oscars way more important.

Natalie Portman walked along the red carpet with Qin Guan. She had been nominated for the Best Supporting Actress Oscar, so the two young actors immediately attracted the attention of the reporters.

There was no screaming or crazy behavior though, as there were many celebrities gathered around the red carpet. Everyone was dazzled by them, but Qin Guan would have rather attended the grand event incognito.

After taking pictures with the tall golden figurine, he quickly hid among the stars in the waiting area, where the crew had gathered around the director. Everyone was talking to each other, but their minds were already in the auditorium, which was only 10 meters away.

When the gate opened, everyone was asked to take their seats in the hall. Only when he sat down did Qin Guan notice the ingenuity of the seating arrangement.

# Chapter 774: Waterloo

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The "Closer" cast and crew were sitting next to the "Million Dollar Baby" crew, which was another strong nominee. Qin Guan felt a little strange during the ceremony.

"Closer" was not nominated for the Best Cinematography or Best Musical Score Oscar. Morgan Freeman smiled kindly at Qin Guan. They were sitting very close to each other. There was only one person sitting between them.

What do you mean by that confident smile? Qin Guan suddenly heard the voice of the host.

"The nominees for the Best Supporting Actor of the 77th Oscar Award Ceremony are Morgan Freeman for 'Million Dollar Baby', Qin Guan for 'Closer', and Thomas Haden Church for 'Sideways'... And the lucky man is..."

He drew out the last word deliberately as the cameraman turned to Qin Guan and Morgan Freeman. The camera swayed between the two men, the expression on their faces visible clearly on the lens. They looked nervous, expectant and a little eager.

"... Morgan Freeman!"

As the name burst out of his mouth, the cameras filmed all the nominees from different angles. The fans watching from home felt sorry for their idol. On the screen, Qin Guan looked stunned for a bit. Then he seemed to be at a loss. His expression was sad, but he eventually smiled warmly at Morgan Freeman.

Congratulations for your success. But believe me, this temporary failure does not reflect my real abilities.

Morgan Freeman stood up and walked to the stage. As he walked past Qin Guan, he hugged the young man kindly. The two actors, who were of different skin color and age, embraced each other during the grand ceremony. For Morgan, that Oscar was just one

more award for his huge collection, but for Qin Guan, who was a new face at the Oscars, it was a necessity.

He was still kind to Morgan though. Their hug seemed to turn the smoke-filled hall into a secret garden. Everyone there was beautiful. Congratulations to you all!

The fans were crying before their TVs. Their eyes were fixed on the lonely actor's back as tears flowed down their faces.

This was the first time Qin Guan had suffered such a loss, but experiencing some ups and downs was important for a young man.

In the end, Qin Guan's trip to America had been both hopeful and frightening.

The feedback of the domestic media and his fans made him feel warm when he returned to China. His loyal fans didn't blame him for his failure. For them, even the Golden Globe had been a surprise.

In the Chinese people's eyes, there was still racial discrimination in the American film industry, so they considered Qin Guan's outstanding work in that hostile environment a miracle. There were many filmmakers who had failed in the process.

Sister Xue gave Qin Guan the SARFT notice and a script for a mainstream movie called "The Knot".

Qin Guan was satisfied with Yin Li. The plot was a touching tragic love story of the times.

The next day, he showed up at the Beijing Film Studio, which was a famous landmark of the capital.

Qin Guan arrived on time. As a practical director, Yin Li would work on his new film in a studio.

Qin Guan arrived early in the morning at the studio, which was located by the North Third Ring. Figurants were gathered around the entrance as Qin Guan entered the studio and met Yin Li in his

plain office.

# Chapter 775: Getting Together

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Their first impression of each other was not that good. Qin Guan liked the honest man with the glasses, but Yin Li looked at the young man regretfully. He knew what brilliant guys with big eyes and bushy eyebrows were like.

In his opinion, Qin Guan was too elegant. He looked like a military officer trained at the Huangpu Military Academy. He was charming, deliberate and too Western-looking. The hero of the film was a student born and raised in the countryside, whose mother had worked hard to send him to medical school. Could he portray a rusty, plain soldier of that time period? Yin Li was not so sure.

Qin Guan, who could see the director's worry, took a cap he had brought for the audition out of his Hermes bag. Then he pointed to a military coat hanging at the back of the door. "May I use that, sir?"

Yin was taken aback at first, but he came back to his senses fast and nodded. "Sure, no problem." He was impressed by the young man's bravado. Most actors yielded to his mighty presence and were unable to perform well. There were few young men that could act this cool around a director.

When Qin Guan changed into his clothes, he looked like he had gone back in time.

The cotton inside his broken military cap was exposed, and his green coat was gray with dirt. Qin Guan was holding a mug in his hands carefully. He was not the elegant young man he had been moments ago, but a mature man suffering from difficulties.

His sparkling eyes did not belong to a charming playboy, but a soldier in awe of his own ideas and beliefs, who fought bravely for his ideals and his country.

His expression was one that had been buried in the passage of time. The pure love for one's nation, ideals and revolution had faded away with that generation.

Qin Guan didn't say anything. Instead, he just looked at Yin silently as if he was his leader. He would do anything Yin commanded him. Yin took a deep breath to calm down.

"You passed the audition."

Qin Guan's eyes were still fixed on him.

"Cut!"

Suddenly, Qin Guan relaxed and smiled at Yin.

"When shall I join the crew?"

"We can have a meeting with the other guys tomorrow. We'll start this week."

"Okay! Can I go now?"

"Yes! Hey, put the coat back!"

Before he could finish his words, Qin Guan had gone out of the office, but he reached in with his hand and put the coat back at its original place.

Qin Guan was quite satisfied with the meeting. As he got into his new Mercedes-Benz, he saw people walking around to the entrance of the studio.

"Are those figurants looking for work?"

"Yes. There might be guys like Wang Baoqiang among them. I think Wang gave them false hope. They gave up everything to come to Beijing. They've been waiting here all day long, struggling for their lives."

What were they after? Realizing their dream, or becoming rich and powerful? No one really knew.

This had nothing to do with Qin Guan anyway. The next day, he

saw two acquaintances of his at the meeting. It was Li Bingbing and Gui Yalei.

The older Taiwanese actress would be playing an old supporting female character, a woman who waited for the protagonist in Taiwan, remaining alone her entire life.

Qin Guan could cooperate with Li Bingbing well. They didn't need an unreliable sixth-generation director to create a beautiful scene. Thanks to the investment of the state-owned production company, the film had a natural, domestic style to it.

Their shooting location was self-sufficient. They had chosen Zhangzhou in the Fujian Province as their site in Taiwan. The old 1930s streets of the small city had remained intact, and so had its beautiful rivers and lakes.

The bamboo buildings, water trucks, small bridges, and folk houses all looked fascinating.

Li Bingbing had no reason for being in Fujian, but she had followed the director there by paying for her own plane tickets. She was actually afraid of Qin Guan. Considering his many international awards, the young man was no green hand. She wanted to watch his performance in advance to avoid any future embarrassment.

Fortunately, there was a silly girl exploring the way for her. Li Bingbing frowned. This girl is not capable enough. If it was Gui Yalei...

# Chapter 776: Don't Be Nervous!

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She had good reason to look down upon Xu Ruoxuan. Taiwanese actors always gave unconventional performances. They were good enough for indie films, but acted strange during emotional scenes about hate between families or nations. Their Taiwanese accent and performance were too dramatic.

The crew blocked an ancient street in Zhangzhou. A small century-old villa of European style was revealed to the visitors.

Flowerpots with kaffir lilies were placed on the balcony, and a semi-finished oil painting was set on the shelf next to the columns, around which were rare painting tools of the time. These details told the audience that this was a rich, tasteful family.

As the camera zoomed into the room, it felt almost like it was going back in time. Everyone saw the interior of the occidental home. There was a wooden tea table of European style, a whole set of Isabel tableware, and an elegant cheongsam in the room.

All these details reminded the poor boy that he was in a rich man's home.

Qin Guan, who had already changed into his costume, did not look like a countryside man at all. A talented young man would be influenced by his environment after all.

The entire crew, including Li Bingbing, stared at the costume on his body. How can a man look so handsome in a Chinese tunic suit?

As a typical Chinese costume, it showed off all the advantages of men in modern times. It set cruel standards for one's figure though. Only someone with broad shoulders and a thin waist would look elegant in it.

Perhaps Jeong-Eun Kim, the famous North Korean leader, would.

Qin Guan was wearing a Chinese royal-blue tunic suit that was actually a student uniform. The golden buttons on his chest were

sparkling in the sunshine, just like he did.

He was sitting before the hostess for his interview, as he had applied for a part-time English teacher position. The job paid a lot, so he had to be careful during the interview.

The elegant hostess, who was an old Chinese Opera actress, was the perfect rich housewife.

At the director's command, Qin Guan fixed his costume and started acting.

The lady served Qin Guan tea as she asked him questions about his life.

"Where are you from?"

"Xiluo Town, just beside the Zhuoshui River."

"Wow, the rice of that area is really famous. It's hard to enroll at medical school if you are from the countryside though. How is your family doing?"

As she delivered that line, the camera zoomed in on Qin Guan's shoes and his bare feet. It seemed like the young man was trying his best to hide them from the woman in an effort to protect his dignity.

His petty action smoothed out all the wrinkles on Director Yin's face. He was really satisfied with the short shot.

The young man could consider and interpret every feeling of the character, instead of just sticking to the script. It was wonderful!

When the young master of the family went down the stairs, Qin Guan realized he had gotten the job. He gave the young boy, who was dressed like an adult, a warm smile.

Comforted by his smile, the small boy said, "No!" Then he suddenly rushed back to his room.

"Okay! Cut!"

When the boy disappeared from the camera, everyone relaxed. It was Qin Guan who had helped the small boy finish his job. The boy had never acted in a film before after all.

"Perfect!" Yin Li rubbed his hands together excitedly. He was using traditional techniques to give the film a period-film feel. Qin Guan looked natural in that spotty pattern of light and shadow. The director couldn't be more satisfied.

He actually decided to cooperate with the actor again in the future.

Unfortunately, Xu Ruoxian was much more nervous. Her agency had fought to get her that role, and she currently looked like a sweet schoolgirl, which matched well the personality of the second heroine of the film. She had actually been selected by Director Yin among numerous Taiwanese girls. Qin Guan, who was a legend among Chinese immigrants in America, was just standing there.

Don't be nervous! Calm down, Xu Ruoxuan! Cheer up!

# Chapter 777: Two Tigers Can't Live On The Same Mountain

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Her courage faded away when she took a look at the camera.

The next scene was her solo. The eldest daughter of the rich family had just come back home from school. The actress cheered herself up, afraid that she would lose face before the Chinese actors. Qin Guan was sitting with everyone else behind the camera.

Everyone's eyes were fixed on her. The actress was under tremendous stress.

She was wearing a white school uniform and holding an old bicycle as she pushed the gate of the villa open. The camera moved along with her.

Her slender ankles were dressed in white socks, and her fair fingers looked delicate against the wooden gate. Everything about her was elegant and pretty. She was a beautiful young maiden in the prime of her life.

Suddenly, a reaction shot revealed her face.

The audience saw two braids, a pair of big eyes, a cute nose and a strange, twisted smile.

"Cut! Cut!"

Director Yin was speechless. It's only a quick reaction shot. What are you doing? Why are you grimacing? What is that expression supposed to mean?

Xu was tongue-tied. Li Bingbing took pleasure in her misfortune.

"We don't need to watch. The first half of the film will be delayed. I wonder when we will go to Tibet. She will need six months just to polish up her acting skills."

Li let out a long sigh of relief. I overestimated the Taiwanese girl.

I'm safe now!

As Xu pushed the bicycle towards the gate tearfully, Director Yin shouted at her retreating back, "If you can't act properly, just keep your face still!"

The director let out a long sigh and let her go.

Li nudged Qin Guan with her elbow. "She is supposed to be a young girl. Just look at the wrinkles around her eyes!"

You must have seen too many stories like this. Qin Guan didn't answer. Instead, he tried to escape quietly.

Li Bingbing had spoken loudly, so Xu had heard her comments. The two actresses, who were the same age, exchanged a malicious look. Thus ended the first meeting of the two heroines.

Generally speaking, the relationship among the actors tended to have a big influence on a film, so Director Yin was happy to see them on the verge of fighting. They were supposed to be love rivals in the film after all.

Two love rivals never coexisted in harmony.

The director took advantage of the tension between them to pull Xu aside and explain the script to her.

"In the next scene, you will meet Qin Guan for the first time. He will be your first love, which is the most beautiful thing in the world. The heroine is a lot like you. Would you show weakness before Li? You are representing every Taiwanese actress right now! Teach her a lesson!"

"Show her who you are and why you were selected to be Qin Guan's partner!"

Director Yin was really good at giving pep-talks.

Xu flushed with excitement. "Don't worry about me, director! I'll go all out!"

Yin gave her a thumbs-up and then turned to Qin Guan. "Are you

ready? Let's start!"

"I'm coming!" Qin Guan walked over with a yellow bag. "I'm ready!"

"Attention, everyone! We are shooting the couple's first meeting in Taiwan. Three, two, camera!"

Xu walked leisurely up the stairs with her bag under the warm sunshine. Meanwhile, Qin Guan had just finished his part-time job, said goodbye to the hostess and the boy, and got ready to head downstairs.

The young girl and the man met at the top of the narrow stairway.

Qin Guan looked down at Xu. Her smooth black hair impressed him. He smiled warmly at the girl, revealing his white teeth. His eyes looked like shining stars.

"Are you Yumeng's older sister?"

The camera turned to Xu. Thanks to the director's encouragement and Li's mental stimulation, she was not as nervous anymore. She shot a shy glance with her watery eyes and nodded slightly. She looked like a jasmine after a spring rain, trembling in the warm breeze as dew lingered on its petals.

Everyone was captivated by her smile.

# Chapter 778: First Love And Noodles

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The director was really happy, but Li Bingbing was grinding her teeth behind the camera. B\*tch! She is acting all pure and shy now, but her eyes are fixed on Qin Guan's face. Is this really love at first sight?

The two actors brushed against each other carefully on the narrow stairs. Qin Guan leaned to one side to make room for the petite girl, but his tall, strong figure still occupied too much space.

His heart beat fast as her hair touched his jaw.

When he reached the end of the stairs, Qin Guan looked back. So did Xu, who looked down shyly with a blush before leaving. Qin Guan was captivated by the girl.

A silly, joyful smile formed on his face as he went out of the villa.

"Cut! Good!" Director Yin couldn't help but play the scene back again and again. Some beautiful music will make it even better.

"Well done, Xu! I knew you had potential! Get some rest now. Qin Guan, you have to continue."

"What?" Qin Guan walked over. "Right now?"

"Yes! Film and rent cost a lot. You have to help me save money!"

"Roger that!"

The camera turned to the bustling street. As soon as he had gone out of the villa, Qin Guan met his love rival. It was a man wearing glasses, who harbored a secret love for Xu.

The man threatened Qin Guan nervously. "I... I'm her boyfriend!"

Qin Guan leaned his head to the side and gave him a completely different smile. He looked like a bad boy now instead of an elegant student. The bad boys at school always made girls scream.

Qin Guan patted the man's shoulder, "Got it. What kind of

boyfriend are you? Do you date her in your daydreams or night dreams?"

The man looked down at the ground. "I... Both..."

"Ha ha!" Everyone burst into quiet laughter. The romantic film had suddenly turned into a comedy. By the time the director gestured at them to stop, the supporting actor's shirt was soaked in sweat.

Qin Guan didn't care about the difference between them. He just hugged the guy around the shoulders. "Is this your first time on the Chinese mainland?"

The guy nodded as tamely as a quail.

"I'll be your host here!"

He suddenly shouted loudly at his assistant, "Xiao Wang?" Wang Liying shouted back, "I'm here! Everything is ready!"

"What are we waiting for then? Director Yin, Li Bingbing, Xu Ruoxuan, let's go out to dinner!"

Yin was too busy to accept the invitation. Before Xu could say anything, Li Bingbing had pulled Qin Guan away.

The soul of a city was its delicious food. Qin Guan wanted to try the local food in every city he visited. Having a big dinner was actually impossible in that small ancient city. The visitors could only find specialties of the Fujian Province at street stands or small restaurants.

Having noodles with gravy was their best choice. This was a traditional dish in all of Northern China, but in the Fujian Province people mixed a little soda into the flour to make the noodles rougher. This way, they were more elastic and they smelled like wheat.

The gravy was a perfect mixture of ordinary ingredients.

Zhangzhou Lumian soup was basically dried squid and pig bones

boiled into a soup. If one added water starch, egg, shrimp and shiitake mushrooms, the Ding pork soup thickened into a paste.

Some exquisite restaurants made several kinds of gravy for people with different tastes, including chicken pork soup.

The cook put the noodles into an empty bowl and then poured gravy on them. The customers could choose more toppings themselves, including pig skin, pig intestines, pig lungs, shell meat, dried bamboo shoot, dried beans, and green vegetables.

When the bowl was full, one could pour hot gravy into it to complete the dish.

Everyone was satisfied with their dinner. One bowl of noodles seemed to be enough for Li Bingbing, but the man with the glasses looked at Qin Guan eagerly.

They walked back along the quiet street leisurely, the crisp noodles cracking in their mouths. When they returned to the villa, they attracted everyone's attention. The crew suddenly found their lunch boxes boring.

The actors were now a common enemy that deserved retaliation.

# Chapter 779: The Kiss

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Their next scene was shot at night. The hostess discovered their love and fired Qin Guan to avoid an ill-matched marriage.

After being sneered at by Xu's parents, Qin Guan left the villa, only to find the man with the glasses waiting for him. The two disappointed young men fought with each other in the rain.

To pay them back for not getting invited to dinner, the prop team turned on the tap, turning the gentle rain into an intense downpour.

Director Yin really loved the idea, so at his order, the heavy rain kept falling down on the narrow alley.

The man with the glasses blocked Qin Guan's way.

"Did your parents-in-law invite you to dinner?"

"Have you heard of The Last Supper?"

Raindrops landed on Qin Guan's umbrella as if they were beating against his hurting heart. The guy behind him couldn't see his face, but he asked him, "What did you have for supper?"

Then he rushed up to Qin Guan, shouting like crazy, "If you sent her that letter, it should be me having supper with her!"

The two men threw their umbrellas away and started fighting in the rain.

Qin Guan pushed the guy away with only one arm, but the crazy man conquered his fear and rushed back at him again.

Thanks to the overwhelming rain, Qin Guan looked like a drowned rat by then. He couldn't see anything through the raindrops, just like he couldn't find a way out in that hopeless love affair.

The man with the glasses looked much worse than him. The two of them rolled around in the mud, trying their best to beat one

another. Only when they rolled in the channel running alongside the alley did the director send Xu over to stop the fight.

"Cut! Good! Let's have a 10-minute break!"

Before his voice could fade away, Wang walked over with a large towel and wiped off Qin Guan's hair and face. Director Yin's next words scared her.

"That was pretty good, but fighting from this side to the other might be better. We can try it later."

Are you kidding? My boss just ate a bowl of noodles!

Both the actor and the director were serious about their work. Qin Guan walked into the rain again without complaining. To be safe, they repeated the scene a full three times that night. Both actors were exhausted and wet by the time it was over.

The two men rushed to their rooms quickly, eager to have a warm bath and get some sleep.

The man with the glasses had no scenes the next day, but Qin Guan was about to experience an even tougher trial as the couple's love reached its peak.

The crew moved to a traditional rustic wooden house and a rice mill. Qin Guan was wearing gray linen clothes and black loose pants with rolled-up pant legs. The thick cloth shoes on his bare feet made him look like a country boy.

Li Bingbing couldn't recognize the international award-winning actor anymore. He looked like a plain, honest countryman, which created a sharp contrast against Xu Ruoxuan, who looked like an angel dressed in white.

As they looked at each other, her fair hands and his brown palms locked together before the camera. They embraced each other next to the stream before Xu stayed over at his place.

She hadn't brought any clothes with her, so she borrowed some

from the drawer Qin Guan's mother used. Her young face looked fascinating in the dim lamplight.

Before shooting the scene, Yin Li, who was a kind gentleman, had asked Xu if she wanted to use special effects to avoid sharing a real kiss with Qin Guan. The girl had clenched her fists. "I will make a sacrifice for my career."

Li didn't eat anything for three days.

# Chapter 780: Believe Me! You can!

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F\*ck! I'm so lucky I will not have to cooperate with her in the film, or I'd get sick. She is just lusting after a handsome guy! What does he feel though?

She was suddenly distracted when everyone walked around the set to stress the importance of the scene. They would kiss each other soon!

The couple was lying on a wide wooden bed used by old-fashioned Chinese women. Qin Guan's mother had kept it in the simple cottage.

The girl was lying before Qin Guan. They were so close to each other that when he bent down towards her, his nose touched hers. They couldn't restrain their desire to kiss anymore.

Qin Guan preferred gentle kisses, but Xu and the director favored more heated emotions.

The girl, who had experienced a heavy stormwave in Japan, locked her arms around his neck. A long French kiss followed. The couple was absorbed into the kiss as their lips and teeth met again and again.

The only unhappy person around was Li Bingbing. In a film with two heroines, two good actresses would put pressure on one another. As the scene progressed, Li's nerves were stimulated.

She was eager to see her future, as well as the development of the Chinese film circle. The pace of people's lives was currently picking up. There was no time for an actress to study and improve. The entertainment circle changed every day, so a younger actress would replace her soon.

Film snobs and producers would never choose her as a heroine because of her experience or acting skills. Li Bingbing was in terrible need of an award in order to improve her position in the

film circle. After so many years in the job, she was actually nervous about her career.

She didn't want to be like Fan Pingping. She just wanted to show the audience her abilities.

She could see the potential of the film, which involved both a soul-stirring story and an impressive romance, and she really looked forward to promoting it.

Unfortunately, the film included two heroines, which meant that the two actresses would compete and the audience would make comparisons.

As the shooting went on, the Taiwanese actress followed Qin Guan's instructions and performed better and better.

When the last scene was over, Qin Guan dropped his wet towel on Li's head. He had just been crying in the rain.

"Qin Guan! What are you doing?"

"You are still the active girl I used to know. You are not one to sit in a corner. I know what you are worried about. What do you think of my proposal?"

"What proposal?" Li threw the wet towel away. Qin Guan's confident eyes calmed her down.

"Just let it be. Believe in yourself. No domestic actress your age is better than you. Don't mention Sister Zhou. You are too stupid to be compared to her."

"This is actually your advantage. You will finally become a shining star. Never compare yourself to anyone else, especially talented actors like me. Just compare yourself with your previous self and improve every day. That will be enough."

"What you need is only a chance. Everything is in your hands. Never give up!"

Li Bingbing burst into laughter. At first, she had been angry with

Qin Guan, but then she fell into deep thought. Suddenly, an endless power exploded out of her body.

Yes, she had never surrendered before.

She would make sure she didn't in the village of Liaoning either. It was her turn now. The crew recreated a battlefield in aid of Korea that worked in the resistance against the US aggression. The annoying Taiwanese woman was gone, even though a city filled with sand and storms would have felt like home to her.

The set was built according to the memories of old soldiers and some remaining military sites. In order to show the cultural and geographical environment of the times better, they were shooting in the Northeastern China countryside in early spring.

Qin Guan put on his costume, which was a khaki military cotton-padded jacket with a belt around the waist. Anyone would look ugly in that outfit.

He and Li Bingbing met for the first time during a battle operation. Their meeting was not as beautiful as the one with his first love.

Qin Guan was a military doctor who had been working nonstop for 20 hours and now had to perform surgery on an annoying patient. He had just saved a patient with a large belly wound, who had been murmuring to himself in pain. The girl lying before him was crying and rolling around, as if she was on the verge of death.

# Chapter 781: Arduous Conditions

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Qin Guan put on a large cotton gauze mask and asked the nurse with a poker face, "What's wrong with her?"

The nurse looked at the crying girl with a disdainful expression. "Hey, that's enough. That bruise is no bigger than a fingernail!"

Director Yin zoomed to get a reaction shot of Qin Guan. His beautiful eyes shot an indifferent glance at the girl. He knew all about matters of life and death, so dramatic girls like her were his least favorite kind of patient.

Qin Guan used an effective method to stop the troublemaker.

"Nurse! Nurse, be careful! Please!" When Li cried out loudly, Qin Guan slapped her across the face. His hands were in disposable gloves.

It was not a hard slap, but she suddenly stopped crying. The girl looked shocked. Turning her head around, she fixed her eyes on the doctor like an idiot.

Bang! He gave her another slap.

"You... How dare you..."

Stupefied, the girl forgot about the small wound on her arm and looked at the man in confusion.

"Cut!" Everyone burst into laughter. Qin Guan took off his thick mask and smiled.

"You don't need to worry about acting, Li Bingbing. That character is you!"

Li tried to resist laughing. "Nonsense! I'm not such a coward!"

Qin Guan gave her a standard military salute. "Greetings to the crybaby with the big eyes and the short hair!" That was his next line.

If Xu was the purest jasmine in a greenhouse, Li would be the toughest sunflower on a blooming field. The girl gradually started thinking of the military doctor as the only sun in her life.

Director Yin looked up to the ceiling of the tall military building amid the relaxed atmosphere. The moonlight shone through the cracks.

"It's late. We have to finish the most important scene before getting some rest."

"No problem!" Everyone returned to their posts.

It was a cold night in the countryside, so their cotton clothes couldn't protect them against the wind.

The actors stood by the entrance, stomping their feet on the ground. When the director ordered them to, they rushed out to the trench.

Taking advantage of her post, Li took some goods that she needed badly from the Commander. She planned on making a good meal for the man she liked.

It was only rice crust, but food was precious for ordinary soldiers. Before they parted, Li took some small green apples out.

Fruit of such quality didn't attract attention nowadays, but that winter years ago, it had been considered delicious food.

Everything around the couple was gray or black. Only the two green apples brought a sense of vitality to the scene. Li nudged Qin Guan's shoulder with her elbow.

"Will you write to me from that new place? I'll get your address and write back to you."

"Forget it." Qin Guan moved her elbow back, as if she was his brother. "We are all really busy. Why would I write to you?"

"I like you!" she answered loud and clear.

As Qin Guan fell silent, the camera descended slowly to draw a

full stop to her abrupt confession.

"Cut!"

"Ouch! Finally!" Qin Guan bounced up from the ground. He had been squatting down during the long scene and the chilling cold air had frozen his feet.

Wang quickly gave him a thick coat and led him to the Kang. There was no hotel or country home for tourists in that remote village, so the village committee helped them settled down in some family homes with spare rooms. The farmers would have a wealthy Spring Festival that year.

Because of the large number of figurants, the actors' living conditions were a little hard. Qin Guan was experiencing for the first time the difficulties of war dramas. He was lying on the Kang in a closet, feeling utterly destitute.

There were enough quilts, but no thick mattress. After one day of work, Qin Guan took off his coat and collapsed on the hot Kang.

# Chapter 782: Chicken Feathers Everywhere

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The room smelled terribly of burning firewood. Fortunately, there were cracks in the window frames and the door, so Qin Guan didn't have to be careful about inhaling the gas.

Although he was tired, he woke up at the first crow of a village rooster. He felt hungry.

As he was trying to go back to sleep, the rooster crowed a second time.

"Is that a rooster?" Attracted by the sound, Qin Guan put on his coat and shoes and walked outside. Silence was still prevailing in the yard. Everyone else was still asleep. It was dark outside, with only a beam of morning light rising in the East.

The rooster's third crow revealed its location. Qin Guan's eyes sparkled in the dark like yellow weasels.

Crack!

The yard door opened and a figure sneaked out.

In every village, the rooster that crowed first was usually the strongest one. The rooster was standing on a branch by the entrance of the village, looking as if it was sitting on a throne. After its third crow, the villagers would get up and get to work. Qin Guan barely had a few minutes left. He had to take the criminal and turn him into stewed chicken with mushrooms. Of course, he would pay for the dish.

Qin Guan hunted down the rooster until he caught him. After a short, fierce battle, he finally grabbed the rooster's legs. There were some marks left on his hand.

The respectful warrior didn't give up though. The rooster tried to attack the disgusting man with its sharp claws once again.

Director Yin was the first one to spot Qin Guan. He had seen a

suspicious man sneak into the yard and go into the kitchen with a weapon.

"Who is there?" Yin shouted loudly. Suddenly, he was stunned.

"Hush, director! I came here for Lao Wang." Qin Guan gestured nervously at Director Yin. Only the phrase "chicken feathers everywhere" could be used to describe his appearance.

There were feathers in his hair, on his clothes and on his shoes. He looked like he had just survived a fierce battle.

"What the hell are you doing here?"

"I wanted to eat stewed chicken with mushrooms."

"Just tell the cook then. What are you doing with that rooster?"

"It has a wonderful voice, sir. It seems really delicious, much better than the other ones."

"Did anyone see you?"

"No! It shouldn't have been shouting by the entrance of the village."

Director Yin looked speechlessly at the shameless man. "You have to pay for the rooster. Double its usual price!"

"No problem!"

He rushed into the kitchen as Lao Wang applauded. Director Yin put on his coat out in the yard, thinking about the possibility of having lunch with Qin Guan.

Not long after, Wang Liying got assigned a task. She had to find the rooster's owner and give him her sincere condolences along with some money. When will we leave this village? My boss has become a thief!

When she returned though, the wonderful smell all over the yard made it all worth it. Lao Wang had cut the rooster into pieces and thrown them into a large iron cauldron.

He fried the meat with ginger, onion and chilli. In three minutes, it had turned a golden-yellow color. Then the cook added water into the cauldron along with some wild Zhen mushrooms, which were a North-Eastern Chinese specialty.

Ten minutes later, he opened the lid of the cauldron. Everyone turned their eyes to the director when they smelled the fragrance.

"What are you looking at? Go have some dinner!"

Everyone cheered. The simple North-Eastern dish attracted people from all corners of China. Delicious food always brought people together. Everyone liked traditional village dishes like ribs with corn, pickled cabbage powder, and North-Eastern stew.

North-Eastern cuisine was famous for its large portions and various tastes. When the crew headed to Tibet, everyone was still obsessed with the taste.

The Tibetan Plateau was the place closest to the Sun in China, so the local residents had dark skin and red cheeks. The Potala Palace was a holy place for all Tibetan people, so they saw sincere pilgrims everywhere along the way.

The sound of prayer wheels was heard from afar. The boundless plateau was the final setting of their film.

The Tibetan Military Hospital had cleaned the deserted building and lended it to the crew for free. The prop team recreated a room of the time in the building.

By the time Qin Guan walked out of the dressing room, his skin had turned bronze. Cracks and wrinkles had appeared on his lips due to the rough living conditions.

# Chapter 783: The Avalanche Of Despair

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Qin Guan had become the director of the hospital, and Li Bingbing had followed him to Tibet by becoming the head nurse.

I will be your assistant forever. I know you were waiting for Wang Biyun in Taiwan, so I changed my name to Wang Biyun.

Qin Guan gripped Li's employee card with trembling hands before standing up excitedly. His heart was heavy with love, but the secret love he felt was hurting him deeply.

"Why did you change your name?"

Li cried out as tears started running down her cheeks. She looked ugly, unlike Xu, who had sobbed gently when she and Qin Guan had separated.

Li was crying as unrestrainedly as a boy.

"What was I supposed to do? You only have Wang Biyun in your heart. It's hopeless! You'll wait for her until you die. I pity you!"

That was her heartfelt wish.

Qin Guan was about to stuff a cigarette in his mouth with trembling hands. He was helpless and confused, shocked by the woman in front of him.

He was struggling mentally to make the most important decision of his life. This was much more serious than a battle.

As Qin Guan stood up, the cameraman stepped back to get the couple in the same frame. Their great love made them seem much taller than they really were.

"Don't wait for her!" Li put a white scarf around Qin Guan's neck. She had weaved it especially for him. Then she suddenly put her hands on his chest.

"This waiting has made you suffer."

Li hugged the man from behind. She was also suffering by waiting for him.

She had turned from an 18-year-old rosebud to a mature woman in her 30s. She had waited for him alone, and so had he. He had been longing for his fiancee, but his cruel eyes had betrayed the softness in his heart.

Qin Guan's eyes closed slowly.

"Wang Jindi!"

"Call me Wang Biyun!" she said vigorously.

Tears started running down his face too as he lost control.

Wang Liying raised an eyebrow proudly at Li's agent. Do you see that? My boss can cry too!

Qin Guan turned to Li slowly, his tears covering his face like small streams. He looked at Li as if he was looking at another girl far away. Li hugged him again fiercely.

"I'll take good care of you. I'll spend my entire life caring for you in her stead!"

At her words, Qin Guan started kissing her lips like crazy.

The camera moved around them, filming the kiss from different angles. Qin Guan started weeping as he kissed her with all his strength. This was no new love. He was just cherishing an old fading romance.

Thus, Chen Qiushui and Wang Biyun formed a love triangle on the Tibetan Plateau.

A boy that looked like Chen Qiushui became Wang Biyun's only consolation when she immigrated to the other side of the ocean.

By that time, Gui Yalei had taken over the role. Qin Guan and Li Bingbing died in a snow avalanche on the Tibetan Plateau. Many years later, Qin Guan experienced another exciting on-screen death. The marvellous might of nature couldn't even be mentioned

in the same breath as knives and swords.

The two of them did not actually experience a real avalanche. That would have been suicide. They had just stood on the foot of a mountain and acted scared before the camera.

They didn't give a good enough performance though. The expression on their faces was so strange that Director Yin had to use his trump card.

"Attention, please! The Tibetan restaurant is closing soon. If we don't finish as soon as possible, we'll have instant noodles for dinner!"

As expected, Qin Guan and Li panicked.

"They told me we'd be having buns and Tibetan pork tonight!"

What the f\*ck! The actors looked really frightened and remained like that for about 20 seconds.

As soon as Director Yin turned off the camera, he realized that one of them had disappeared. Qin Guan had rolled down the snow slope to catch up with the returning car. Li Bingbing tried to stop him by pulling him down to the ground.

Those buns were homemade and that pork was really rare.

# Chapter 784: A Coming Storm

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Tibetan pigs were rare in Lhasa, as they usually lived in bushes 3,000-4,000 meters above sea level. The plateau hypoxia caused them to grow small, but unlike their homebred brothers, they tasted really good.

The cook roasted the meat on the fire with a special sauce. When it was taken from the firewood, the skin was a crystal-like jelly that felt like plastic in one's mouth.

The pigs lived on natural food, so people couldn't find meat like that in big city restaurants. If one felt greasy, they could have a cup of local beer. A heated potato bun completed the dinner, making it perfect.

The potato buns in Tibet were different. The natives smashed the plateau potatoes into a sauce and mixed it with homemade butter and milk. The potatoes contained a high starch percentage, so they could be made into soft dough.

Fried flavored yak meat was used as a filling. The buns were then slowly fried in oil. Thanks to the high altitude, the oil didn't burn on the plateau. That was how that simple delicious food was made.

Qin Guan buried his face into his bowl, not caring about his image. He felt sorry that they couldn't take home takeaway. He wondered if Cong Nianwei was missing him during their long separation, or if she felt lonely in their empty house.

Unfortunately, he only received a hasty kiss from her after returning to the capital before she had to rush back to her post. Sister Xue had a strict expression on her face as she waited for him in her office.

Everyone in the room was solemn and silent. Qin Guan was shocked.

"You are about to get married, Sister Xue! You have so many

important things to do. What are you doing here?"

As soon as he sat down and started trying to ease the tense atmosphere, Sister Xue handed him a news announcement. The next day, it would be on the headlines of all entertainment sections.

"Wang Jingcao has officially left Huayi and joined Tiancheng Entertainment Co Ltd."

"All the VIPs followed her. Huayi lost half the country."

Qin Guan looked up from the striking title. "Is anyone staying with Huayi? Did any famous director leave?"

"None of the directors have made a clear announcement. With enough investment, this won't be a big problem for them. There are plenty of actors in China, so Huayi will not be shorthanded. The only issue is the famous actors. They are the key to any firm."

Qin Guan relaxed as he listened to her report. He was the third most powerful shareholder of Huayi after all. He didn't want to see the firm become a shell corporation.

As the real backbone of the firm, Qin Guan began to assign tasks to everybody.

"Sister Xue, could you please go to Huayi with Chen Kang and estimate the loss caused by Wang's departure? Try to find a legal way out. We can't just let her go so easily."

"I'll talk with Huayi's most famous partners. We should at least try to pull the undecided ones back to our camp. Let's act separately."

This meant that Qin Guan's secret identity as Huayi's major shareholder would be revealed to the whole entertainment circle. He had no idea of the influence it might have during such a turbulent period. He didn't look any further into Wang's departure. The woman needed a platform under her own control, not a large firm with a commercial function. Her ideas

contradicted the developing trends of the economy.

Qin Guan could only try to save the future of those actors. They would have to reshuffle the cards in a completely new environment after all. The actors would only rely on Wang's fame.

Qin Guan called Zhou Xun first. She was the most talented actress at Huayi, so her name meant a lot.

"Hello, Sister Zhou. It's Qin Guan."

She breathed heavily before an unhappy voice came from the other end of the line. "Just call me by my name, please. I'm busy now. I have no time to chat with you."

"Will you leave Huayi?"

"Why would I? My contract has not expired yet and the boss is pretty good. What do you want to do? Invite me over to your firm? You are really bold! The brothers have been so kind to you. How dare you..."

"No, no!" Qin Guan interrupted her. "It seems like you haven't heard the news. I'll keep it short. Stay at Huayi and stay away from the capital for a few days. Your agent is smart. He didn't tell you anything. That's all. Bye!"

He hung up before she could answer.

# Chapter 785: Challenge Accepted

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Zhou Xun looked at her phone with curled lips. "How dare you hang up on me! I wanted to tell you that if you sacrificed yourself, I'd risk my life to join your firm. You lost that chance now!"

Zhou Xun fixed her eyes on her busy agent. What did he hide from me? I'll have a talk with him in the evening.

Before Qin Guan could make his second call, he received an unexpected call from Li Bingbing. Her familiar loud voice sounded excited. The smart girl wanted something from him.

She could be considered a friend, so Qin Guan disclosed more facts to her. Then the honest girl betrayed Wang Jingcao.

"Listen to me. Wang called me as soon as I returned home. She asked me to join Tiansheng after my contract expires. She promised me the top position at the firm, the position Zhou Xun holds in Huayi. She also said she'd give me priority for good scripts."

"Did you make a deal with her?"

"Of course not! I'm not an idiot. A few famous actresses followed her, but no famous director did. A good film requires a screenwriter, a cameraman, a producer, and so on. A good actor cannot make up for the lack of a good team. I'd rather stay at Huayi. Zhou Xun is not right for 'The Knot' after all."

She was a really smart, honest girl. Some actresses seemed clever, but actually lacked a brain. When he called Fan Pingping, she sounded nervous and confused. After a 30-minute conversation, she burst into tears.

"What should I do? I promised Sister Wang I would leave Huayi."

"When does your contract expire?"

"In six months."

"Then renew your contract for one more year."

"Would that be alright? It would be obvious that I did it to avoid working with her."

"Do you want to join a new firm? Your commercial status is clear. Without any speculation or public affairs, your popularity will diminish. What you need right now is a reliable director and a good script. Would Tiancheng offer you that?"

"But Wang helped me..."

"Your dilemma suits her plan. Everyone wants to be a true actor instead of just a pretty face. You two are just taking advantage of each other. She only cares about famous actors, she doesn't give a damn about you! Don't be silly!"

"Do you know who else is leaving with her?"

"Yes, most people are. All stars from Hong Kong and Taiwan and some big shots from her early days."

"Well... Cheers, Qin Guan!"

Social relationships were always fascinating. Fan thought she should be on Qin Guan's side because they came from the same city.

The stars leaving Huayi were really famous among ordinary people, but Qin Guan didn't see any future development in their careers.

The next day, the storm hit. The media in China, Hong Kong, Macau and Taiwan were divided into two sides. One side favored Tiancheng and published striking names on their headlines, including Chen Daoming, Hu Jun, Chen Hao, Yuan Yongyi, Wu Junru, Guan Zhilin, Xia Yu and so on.

"No monopoly in the entertainment circle. A fair environment to be created."

"The poor centripetal force of Huayi!"

The other side criticized Wang's tricks with indignation.

"Should actors belong to an individual or a firm? Stealing actors should be considered a crime!"

"Taking advantage of a firm's resources to achieve personal success."

"Lack of entertainment regulations! Huayi is suffering despite its innocence."

One side was aggressive, while the other was dramatic. At that point, Qin Guan's firm took action. That intense period was their best chance to intervene.

His announcement put an end to the battle among the media. All the editors replaced the headlines with new ones and hurried to write new articles for the big event.

Qin Guan's investment was a vital stimulant for the fragmented, unstable firm. It was actually a helping hand. Here was a really honest man. In modern society, putting icing on the cake was much easier than providing timely help.

Thus, everyone learned that Qin Guan was the third major shareholder of Huayi, inferior only to the Brothers, and had rights to the function of the firm, as well as the power to make decisions.

# Chapter 786: Sister Xue's Wedding

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The most important factor was that Qin Guan trusted Huayi with all shooting rights in China. This meant that a large firm would take charge of his films and TV series in the future, although the original rights were still in his hands.

The news surprised anyone who intended to fish in troubled waters. The next day, the news about Qin Guan overwhelmed the readers.

"With an investment of 10 million, Qin Guan became Huayi's savior."

"Qin Guan's shooting rights will temporarily belong to Huayi."

"What will the directors think about Qin Guan choosing a side?"

"Yin Li speaks highly of his acting skills after cooperating with Qin Guan."

Ordinary readers only paid attention to Qin Guan's large investment, while clever insiders saw the meaning behind the words and approved of the young man's good insight.

Director Zheng, who was trying to find Qin Guan's faults, thought highly of his vigorous and resolute decision.

"His political consciousness has become higher after that revolutionary film. He made the right decision this time. Why is everyone making such a fuss about the firm? Can't they spend their limited energy on their work? Those idlers only pay attention to things that do not concern them. They should go watch movies at the cinema instead of downloading films illegally."

Qin Guan was like a small boat between two storms that wouldn't sink, despite the terrible weather. When everything calmed down, people realized that it was not a small boat after all, but a large cruise ship able to withstand strong waves.

Some stars came back to their senses and called Qin Guan to complain. A few Hong Kong stars like Wu Junru heard about Qin Guan's choice after signing the contract and called him to complain and fix their strained relationship. As traitors, their only choice was siding with Qin Guan.

The contracts of the Hong Kongers and the Taiwanese were much looser than those of the mainland actors. Qin Guan answered their calls politely. If they were loyal actors, all he could do was send them his blessings.

The most regretful one among them was Chen Hao. The girl, who had maintained a good relationship with Qin Guan after their cooperation, had signed a contract with Tiancheng before receiving Qin Guan's call and fell into deep despair after his announcement.

Unable to stand the competitive pressure at Huayi, she had hoped to become the top actress of the new firm. All the good actresses had stayed at Huayi except her, so she would be considered the best at the new company. However, the powerful male actors made her afraid that the developmental direction of the company would be diverted. If that happened, the so-called top actress would find herself in a dilemma. As for her future development...

Chen Hao let out a sigh of worry. She was feeling deep regret for her greed.

When the storm passed, the forgetful public was attracted by other news and Qin Guan could finally sigh in relief. On a sunny spring day, he attended the wedding of his agent and collaborator.

It was a simple, yet romantic wedding ceremony of Western style. The sun shone down on the lawn, the white silk arch, the priest and the stage.

Sister Xue held hands with Yin Changtao, who was a Chinese immigrant. The couple had met in a foreign land and then fallen in love in China.

Sister Xue had invited only her closest and dearest to the beautiful ceremony, including Professor Li, Teacher Rong, Qin Guan, Cong Nianwei and some other good friends. Everyone wished the new couple the best...

As they exchanged rings on the stage, a guy sitting behind Qin Guan suddenly cried out loudly, "Ah! My love! Why are you marrying that pig? He is bald! I am so miserable! She rejected me, a talented young man, for an international affair! My heart is broken!"

# Chapter 787: Be Nicer To Yourself

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Before the guests could come back to their senses, Ouyang Fen covered Ou Qiang's mouth. If the bastard was brave enough to snatch the bride, Ouyang Fen would think higher of him, but Ou Qiang just cried in shame under the stage without taking any action.

The bride had never paid attention to his brother, and his company was relying on Qin Guan.

After so many years, Ouyang Fen was no longer the young bull fighting with Qin Guan. Before Qin Guan had gone abroad, Ouyang had seen his limitations in the modelling circle, as fashion trends took a strange, sharp turn during those years.

The modelling circle, both in China and overseas, favored models with unique features. Both designers and critics insisted on high-end taste.

As a result, despite his A-level status, Ouyang saw his choices become fewer and fewer. His personal label became a tightening ring that held him back from success.

Male models with inimitable characteristics were gradually budding up and joining different brands. The childlike man was not stupid, so he slowly saved money and started his own business. For a model, selling clothes and fashion products was the simplest solution, so he founded an independent fashion brand and became its boss and representative.

His brand was called "O". It was for that brand that Ouyang had investigated Qin Guan. He had tentatively avoided the civilian route J Clothing and Qin Guan's advanced formalwear line had taken and marketed his brand to mid-to-high-end minorities that liked strange patterns, such as Hongying traditional Chinese patterns or linen clothing, which had gradually become popular in China.

The brand was targeted at young misfits interested in punk and gothic culture. Ouyang had been wanting to meet Qin Guan for a long time. He had kept Qin Guan's number saved on his phone.

He wanted to invite him to his press conference so he could make some positive comments about his designs. Ou Qiang pressed his mouth closed. He felt like weeping, but no tears came.

When he turned his head towards Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei, who were trying their best to suppress their laughter, he felt pain on his hand.

"F\*ck! You bit me!" What happened next shocked him.

Sister Xue heard his cry and got down from the stage without throwing the bouquet. She had decided to give the troublemaker a lesson.

The white roses that stood for pureness hit Ou Qiang on the head like a feather duster and the white petals fell down like rain. Everyone burst into laughter.

"Darling, let me do that! Beware of the thorns!"

Yin Changtao took the bouquet and beat Ou Qiang against the head at a high frequency.

Bang, bang, bang... Soon, there were only a few leaves left on the stems. The culprit was covered in petals. Sister Xue grabbed the lonely stems back.

"Take them, Ou Qiang. Today I won't throw the bouquet for my best friends to catch. I'll break the rules for you. You are my good girlfriend after all. This is my gift to you. Take it and go marry somebody else."

Alas, she didn't even think of him as a man.

That final blow made Ou Qiang cry. Petals covered his body and bare stems were in his hands as the happy couple left with everyone's blessing.

The bird did not belong to him. It had flown away forever. He had to forget now. All lives ended. All hearts were broken. Caring for someone was not an advantage. Time healed all wounds. He had to be nicer to himself.

...

Ouyang Fen patted his brother on the shoulder as the ceremony ended.

Qin Guan had to return to his big pile of scripts. Sister Xue would leave for her honeymoon, so Wang Liyang would replace her temporarily.

She had been promoted and gotten a raise. Her duties were very important to her, so she was strict with Qin Guan.

# Chapter 788: A Strange Role

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"Brother Qin, you have to read all these scripts by tomorrow. Huayi needs a developing direction fast. The company is part of your property after all, and Chairman Wang trusted QC with all its accounting work. Today, our staff will be settling in at Huayi. The company's future is in our hands."

"Liu Tianxia from the Los Angeles branch sent the latest report. Thanks to your extraordinary achievements at the Hong Kong Film Awards, some production companies have mended their relationship with QC. Two of them have even become our clients. This is still not enough compared to the large Chinese film industry though."

"The best way to expand is by shooting another film in America. It should be during the next six months and it must be promoted properly."

Wow, Liu has set really high standards for me. Is she the boss, or am I?

When he looked at the income report and the steadily increasing statistics, Qin Guan had to admit that she was right. "Tell me the whole plan. I will do it," he said with a sigh.

"The SARFT is glad to see your positive work in the film industry. They hope that you will make persistent efforts to shoot mainstream films."

"And?"

"Ke Ke Xi Li has been accepted by the Taiwan Golden Horse Film Festival, and you have been shortlisted for the Best Actor Award."

"That's all?"

"Yes."

"I'll start from the scripts. Put the domestic ones on the left and

the foreign ones on the right. Print my emails from my computer, please. I prefer the touch of paper."

We will meet your unreasonable demands, as long as you get to work.

The efficient young man spent one hour on the scripts before finally picking one out and throwing it at Wang. "This is it."

The script had been lying on his desk for a long time. Without SARFT's pressure, Qin Guan would never have taken the historical TV show into consideration due to its long shooting schedule and big cast and crew.

China Film Group and CCTV were involved in its production, so everyone had to spend a lot of energy on it. All the actors were old and experienced, leaving few roles for younger actors. It was a systemic casting based on seniority. Qin Guan's international awards wouldn't mean anything there.

All the actors had more than 20 years of experience. Qin Guan wouldn't even be hired as a waiter.

The TV show, which was titled "The Emperor Han Wu", was not a personal story, but a serious historical series. This meant that it would be a strict, big-budget production that would set high standards for all the actors. If Qin Guan failed, he would never rise again in the domestic entertainment circle.

He calmly watched Wang contact the director happily and pick out some roles for him.

"They have already cast the main characters. We were a little bit late. All the props and film sets have been finished too. There are only a few supporting roles left."

Qin Guan paused. Did you think I'd be the protagonist, silly? I'm too young for that. I could only play a younger version of him.

He was right.

"The roles left are Emperor Han Wu at a younger age, Huo Qubing and Tian Fen. The director is encouraging you to audition."

"Actually, the first part is pretty good. The character is an emperor after all. If you could mimic Chen Baoguo, the actor who is playing the older version of him, that would be great. Unfortunately, he will not take much part in the film. He will be using two body doubles."

"The second part requires riding and shooting skills... No acting skills are required..."

"The third one, Tian Fen..."

"That's it!"

"What do you mean, Brother Qin? This is a complicated role. The character is not a good man."

"That's why I'm choosing him. He is the most real character in the script. He may not be a great man, but he is a lively man that rose from a low class. He has a sad ending, but I like it. He is the only character I feel the impulse to portray. He turned from a countryside thug to a prime minister. I have never played a character with such a large age span. I like it."

Okay, you are the boss.

# Chapter 789: Registration

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"It's organized by CCTV, so all the actors are treated equally. The salary standard is in accordance with the salary of first-level TV actors per episode."

"Count the episodes carefully then. It's important."

You are really serious about small change. Aren't we putting the cart before the horse?

After she arranged an audition with the director, Qin Guan handed Wang another script.

"Look at this too. It seems like the director and the producer have made a decision, but it's interesting. The whole cast and crew is a secret, so don't post any news on our website. As soon as the Golden Horse Awards are over, I'll fly to America directly from Taiwan."

"No problem, Brother Qin. Shall we go to the Beijing Film Studio now?"

"Let's go!"

They headed to the studio in Qin Guan's new car. His Cherokee had been scrapped, so Qin Guan had chosen the latest Benz E280, which had a high-end look and cost a reasonable price. He didn't like the Audi A6 Sister Xue had chosen for him. That was not the right car for a young man.

The gatekeeper of the studio let his car in without any questions. In Director Yin Li's office, Yin Li and Director Hu Mei were standing by the window, looking at the long legs that had gotten out of the car.

"Qin Guan is coming."

"You can recognize him just by his legs?"

Women were always careful with such strange questions. Yin Li

choked.

"You just cooperated with him. What did you think of the young man?"

"He is pretty good. The two actresses were both inferior to him in terms of acting talent. Don't just use my word as a reference though. He has never acted in a historical TV show after all."

Director Hu nodded before she returned to her own office. Not long after, Qin Guan knocked on her door.

"Come in, please."

Qin Guan pushed the door open and entered, leaving Wang outside. As expected, the interior design and decoration of the office were the same as in Yin Li's office.

Before he could introduce himself, Hu Mei spoke without beating about the bush.

"I heard that you wanted the role of Tian Fen? Just act a little for me."

She was curious to see which scene he would choose. Qin Guan leaned on the couch and stretched his hand out furtively towards his sister's jewellery case. His elder sister was a palace concubine, so every time he had the chance to enter the palace, he would steal something from her.

His sneaky expression made Hu angry. She was itching to throw something at him.

"Cut! Cut!"

As soon as she spoke, Qin Guan retracted his hand as if he had been interrupted by a maid and looked at Hu guiltily. She had actually become a part of the scene.

Hu burst into laughter. "Why are you so eager to get the role?"

"He is interesting. He is a real person instead of just a simple historical symbol."

"Okay. Your sincerity won me over. You can join the crew. Don't forget that it's a big role."

"Thank you so much, director!"

His gratitude was more sincere than the one he felt for Yin Li. He really loved the role.

After so many years since "The Legend Of The Swordsman", Qin Guan flew to Zhejiang again. His destination this time was the Hengdian film base in Jinhua, one of the two best film bases in China. The other one was in Zhuozhou in the Hebei Province.

It had taken the prop team one year to build the Qin Palace. The most important scene of the entire show would focus on the details on the tombs of the Han Dynasty.

Qin Guan and his assistants joined the crew. Before he could even unpack his luggage, the older actors arrived.

"Are you new here, Xiao Qin?"

"Come here!"

They were all as old as Qin Guan's father. He handed his luggage to his assistant and walked over to them.

"Hello, I'm Qin Guan. Nice to meet you."

"We finally have a young man here. Make yourself at home. Bring a watermelon from the well for us."

# Chapter 790: A Show For Nobody

---

They thought he was a strong young man. Qin Guan was a reasonable man. A cool watermelon in a well was the best refreshment amid the scorching summer of South China.

Qin Guan rolled the wheel above the well to pull three watermelons up. They were all in the same bucket. That explained why the old men couldn't pull it up. They had just thrown them down and never thought about how they would pull them back up.

Qin Guan used a long knife to cut the three melons into six pieces.

"How should I divide them?"

"Just leave them there. Go get some rest in your room. Thanks a lot, Qin Guan."

The six old men took the melons and began to eat them in the shadows with spoons. The three melons were perfect for them. They needed no more or less. Qin Guan had been just a free labor worker.

Qin Guan was still confused as he returned to his room. Wang had cleaned it up for him while he was gone. Before he could get over the shock, Wang heard a knock on the door. She opened it and returned with a small watermelon.

"They brought this for you to express their gratitude."

At her words, tears started running down Qin Guan's eyes. He felt so grateful that he became confident once again.

Meanwhile, Jiao Huang was talking with another actor about the watermelons.

"Did you give him one?"

"Yes, Xiao Zhang said that he was really happy."

"He is a silly, but honest young man. We should be kind to him."

"My assistant said that the small one was not ripe, so I just gave it to him."

...

Satisfied, Qin Guan set out to film his first scene. All the old men gathered around the director to watch the idiot. Will the silly boy perform well?

When Qin Guan walked out in his first costume, everyone burst into laughter. The crew was composed of hundreds of people. Qin Guan's first scene was an outside [Cuju game](#), so there was a big audience around.

Qin Guan, who was the younger brother of a concubine, was more beautiful than the prettiest lady in the palace. Before he went out, the stylist pulled him back and applied some powder and rouge to his cheeks. Then he let him go.

Everyone saw a funny-looking guy in a red robe and a red turban walk over. The director nodded in satisfaction. The older actors were in no mood to laugh though. Qin Guan looked sillier with that makeup on.

Thus, the first scene began.

Prince Liang arrived in the capital with Han, who liked to watch the occasional Cuju game. Tian Fen found the man, and Han saw Tian Fen and the dinner presented to him. Tian Fen wanted to become friends with Han.

The cameraman used the best film, so every little detail was visible clearly on the camera, which set higher standards for the actors' performances.

Qin Guan rushed up to Han in his costume with an uncertain expression in his eyes. As he got closer, he gave Han a flattering smile.

"Don't blame me, Your Excellency. I just wanted to greet you."

He cupped his hands eagerly. Everyone had forgotten about his looks by now. He was only a nobody trying to find a way out.

The proud man didn't pay any attention to him, even though he was still smiling warmly.

"Actually, I am related to Your Excellency. My sister is Prince Liang's sister-in-law..."

Han raised an eyebrow as Qin Guan finished his words after a pause. "She is a palace concubine."

A mere concubine... Han put his poker face back on. For the sake of the dinner and his splendid smile, he decided to give Qin Guan a condescending wave. "Take a seat."

Then he sat down with a splendid smile and gestured at the maid. "Bring the wine!"

Qin Guan just climbed up the social ladder. He clearly knew all about the power of a machinator.

A soccer game during ancient times.

# Chapter 791: Master Tian's Looks

---

Director Hu Mei showed off before everyone else. "What did you think of him?"

"Don't you think he is too handsome for Tian Fen?" the assistant editor asked her curiously. "I think he could be Wei Qing. The princess married him for his looks."

Hu, who was really satisfied with Qin Guan's casting, shook her head. "You are too narrow-minded. His elder sister wasn't dishonored after giving birth to a child. Intelligence can't explain everything. She'd have to be a true beauty, and so would her brother."

Okay, that sounds reasonable. Thanks for the explanation. Let's start on the next scene as soon as possible.

Actually, in a large organization, capability was the key to everything. After the first scene, no one complained about Qin Guan's acting skills anymore. That was the only important criteria.

Soon, it was time for Qin Guan's second scene. Cramming an actor's scenes together in a large-scale TV series could save both time and money. It did set higher standards for the actor though. As soon as Qin Guan changed into his second costume, an assistant walked him to the set.

This time, he would be standing at the foot of the palace wall.

As he was about to enter the palace in a cart, he saw his nephew and 10th son of the emperor, Zhir, preparing to jump off from the 10-meter wall with a kite tied to his body.

Qin Guan was wearing a large cloak, a robe and a tall crown that made him look like an immortal. He had no time to maintain his elegant posture though. He jumped down from the cart right away, took off his cloak, and asked his servants to spread it for the falling kid. Then he rushed over to the wall.

Thanks to his long legs, the man climbed up the wall quickly. The cameraman's job was way harder though. By the time he got to the wall, Qin Guan had already caught the kid and began to spank his butt angrily.

He had nearly forgotten that the kid was the emperor's son. He had just thought of him as his closest relative.

"What are you doing? You silly boy!" The child cried out.

"Cut! Next scene!"

The director led the crew away, leaving Qin Guan sitting on the wall with a crying child in his arms.

"Hey? Can someone take him away?"

"You made him cry! He's your responsibility!"

F\*ck! Where are his parents?

The kid asked Qin Guan repeatedly if his uncle would buy him cotton candy later. Then he let Qin Guan go with tears on his face. His guardian took him away with an awkward smile.

"Deal! I want cotton candy. If you don't get me some, I'll start crying."

His threat was successful.

When the boy calmed down, the director began shooting the third scene. Qin Guan took his nephew directly to his elder sister's palace.

He wanted to remind his sister about the danger in the palace, as well as inform her about the trends of the imperial court. He was her eyes outside the palace, watching for any signs of disturbance or trouble.

The woman had been born in the countryside, but she was smart and capable. As he heard the childish words of his nephew, Qin Guan smiled for the first time in the entire show.

The director secretly filmed a reaction shot of him.

He was leaning against the gate calmly, his smile warm and bright with the acceptance of his family and his love for children. He looked really handsome when he smiled.

Unfortunately, this was a serious historical show, not a personal story that stressed on appearances, so the director had to stop there.

Qin Guan took a seat and explained to his sister the national policy regarding princes in different areas and reminded her to be careful in the palace.

A woman in a palace had no idea about the big events taking place in the court. Concubine Wang was really close to the emperor, but she had entrusted her brother with the task of getting information, so Qin Guan tried his best to explain to her all the plots and ideas circulating around. People thought that he was quite a smart guy. He was clever, cunning and opportunistic. He was loyal to no one, except his own family.

# Chapter 792: Being Criticized

---

The director introduced the rebellion of the seigniors against the Han Dynasty through a nobody and a palace concubine. The difference was that the officers had predicted the national chaos, while Qin Guan had just spotted an opportunity for his sister and nephew.

What kind of opportunity? An opportunity to get closer to the throne.

They were just talking about the throne of a feudatory king at the time. There might be an even higher position available later. Who knew that those two nobodies would turn out to be a hidden tiger and a crouching dragon?

"Listen to me, sister. Fortune always changes. The future of the emperor will be yours one day. You should never make mistakes during a chess game. Why did Prince Liang enter the capital?"

While they were talking about Prince Liang seriously, Chir interrupted them. His face was covered in ink as he walked into the room with his hands clasped behind his back. He looked like a little duck.

The two of them felt funny, as they were both concerned about the naughty boy's future. The siblings exchanged a helpless glance. Their expression made everyone smile meaningfully.

Who said that there were no interesting highlights in the long river of history? Pure children had been the shining point of that depressing palace.

Finally, Qin Guan was allowed to have a break to eat and take off his costume. In that big temporary family, more people meant both more trouble and more fun.

Dinner was more delicious when people gathered around the same table to eat.

This was a good chance for Chinese people to get to know each other during formal banquets and ordinary dinners. All the members of the crew, including superstars and common figurants, had the same meal. The China Film Group was a generous host, so their lunch boxes were pretty good.

Qin Guan used his audacity to try to join the group of senior actors. Shen Baoping, Jiao Huang and Ma Shaohua were all official representatives of the entertainment circle. They were either senior actors of the Beijing People's Art Theater or civil servants of the National Performing Arts Center. Qin Guan wanted to learn from them during the break.

There were actually also plenty of younger actors cast in the film, but as the story progressed, the actors of the early age of Emperor Han Wu would replace them. They were all jealous of Qin Guan, whom they considered their peer. That lucky dog would get to join the circle of the older actors.

The actor who would be portraying the emperor as a child was not very brave. He was only a 10-year-old boy after all, but Du Chun, the actor who would be portraying the teenage emperor, was really angry about this.

During the past few years, most rising stars experienced the same problem during the early stages of their careers. They were all inordinately proud of their abilities. Their dream of becoming famous made them jump head-first into that vanity fair. The final winners weren't the strongest actors though.

Take Du Chun as an example. He had graduated from the Beijing Film Academy, which was one of the top three drama schools in China, and had become famous for his handsome looks at college. Before Qin Guan had returned to China, he and Huang Xiaoming had been considered wonder boys. Even Deng Chao and Tong Dawei, who were upperclassmen, couldn't outshadow him.

If it weren't for the countless chances presented to him, the

historical show producers would never have cast a recent drama school graduate.

He had good reason to be proud, yet he couldn't help but compare himself to the actor that was more renowned than him and notice the gap between them both in the quantity of scripts they received and their fame at home and abroad.

How can there be such a big gap between two people?

When he saw Qin Guan sitting with the senior actors, he suddenly understood.

"He has won many awards, including a Golden Globe. He seems to be sucking up to everyone! That's why he gets all these good scripts. I would never be this shameless..." he murmured to his agent, who stopped him, afraid that someone else would hear them.

His agent looked around. "I wish you were as shameless as he is. Do you think that anyone could please those actors? You have to possess a certain talent! They see Qin Guan as a good young man and a younger actor they can talk to on equal terms. I watched his performance. If you sat next to those actors one day, I would be smiling even in my sleep!"

"Qin Guan will be shooting another scene later. Watch him carefully! Acting can only be improved by studying, not by being jealous! He is a real actor, who has learned a lot from older actors. Be careful! Don't become a joke for others to laugh at!"

Du Chun was shocked by his rebuke. He had just been complaining randomly.

# Chapter 793: Antique Jewellery

---

He glanced at Qin Guan, only to see the older actor Wei Wan offer his own chicken leg to him. He was not fond of greasy food.

The child actor was looking at the chicken leg enviously. At his age, the small chicken leg was not enough to even fill the slits between his teeth.

Du Chun malevolently thought that Qin Guan only ate with them because of the extra food. Actually, he was the person closest to the truth besides Wang Liying.

Yes, to Qin Guan all the food portions were too small, so in a flash of inspiration, he had figured something out. A full stomach contributed to a better performance after all.

Qin Guan wiped his mouth and headed back to the set. In the next scene, Emperor Han Jing would dispatch some troops in an effort to crush the rebellion. Army provisions were necessary before an army set off though. Wars really cost a lot.

If this were a war against the Huns, rich businessmen would have wanted to contribute. The emperor would pay them back afterwards after all. Unfortunately, this was an internal conflict, so if Emperor Han Jing lost the war, they would suffer a big loss.

No one wanted to lend him any money, except for Tian Fen, who had to because he was a relative of the emperor. If the emperor was defeated, he would die miserably. He was a poor man without any money though, so he decided to steal something from his sister.

He stole the priceless' jade bracelets and sold them, and then borrowed money from some businessmen. He bet everything he had on the emperor.

People started gathering on the set, most of them attracted by the young award-winning actor. Du Chun and his agent were among them.

"Watch carefully. It's starting."

As soon as the camera started filming, Qin Guan leaned against the back of a soft bed not far from his sister, stretching an evil hand out towards her jewellery box.

"Tian Fen!"

The sudden reproach scared him, making him pull his hand back immediately. He shot a surreptitious look at his sister, as if he was the survivor of a disaster. In an effort to cover up his guilt, he poured a cup of wine for himself.

"You are a man now! An adult! You can't just idle around the city. What are you doing here?"

"Cheers!" Qin Guan stuffed the bracelets into his pocket and lifted his cup. Concubine Wang couldn't help but ask him to leave.

Qin Guan brought the character to life through his expressive eyes. His nervousness, secret satisfaction and indifference at being dismissed were expressed perfectly during the short scene. Tian Fen was a real person, not a cool symbol.

The scene was finished in one take, so everyone left to prepare for the next scene. Du Chun was standing there alone, completely shocked.

Is this his true ability? Is he even the same age as me? He is an experienced actor with his own performing style.

Du Chun now saw the difference between them. He had been born to be an actor, so given a proper chance, he would reach the top of the world one day.

Suddenly, the young man began to rethink all his life and career choices.

Qin Guan had no idea that he had influenced another person in such a way. Without meaning to, his words had represented him and attracted the attention of all the prop masters of the circle.

Thanks to his successful investment, Tian Fen became rich. He not only paid his debt back, but he also became one of the richest merchants in the city.

When he did, he sent a case of foreign jewellery to Concubine Wang as a gift. Back then, foreign jewellery was rare in the palace. Any jewellery worn in court had to be brilliant.

When the prop team used some fake jewellery that looked really bad on camera. Qin Guan couldn't help but comment, "We could find a sponsor to lend us some jewellery. We would return it afterwards."

"But the jewellery is supposed to be from the Han Dynasty."

"Really? Wait a moment."

Qin Guan certainly deserved the title of the best model in the domestic fashion circle. In half an hour, his firm had contacted several brands that sold antique jewellery. Diamond, which was one of them, had cooperated with Qin Guan at the jewellery fair.

They also happened to have sent some antique designs to a foreign jewellery fair. Three sets of jewellery inspired by patterns of the Han Dynasty.

Qin Guan called the director of Diamond and got the jewellery. In exchange, their logo would be added to the end credits and Qin Guan would become their ambassador.

# Chapter 794: A Green Lotus Out Of Water

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Diamond was one of the top jewellery brands in China. Soon, staff from the security and insurance company, as well as Diamond employees, started arriving at the film base with dozens of safes.

By then, Du Chun was in no mood to antagonize Qin Guan. He just sat down in a corner with a copy of the script, pondering everything.

Pearl necklaces, agate, white jade bracelets, and Han-style ruby hairpins were poured into the case.

A Diamond employee delivered the final blow.

"These are samples returning to the headquarters for maintenance and polishing. We have insured them, but their value is not high."

Qin Guan didn't take this seriously, but everyone else started spreading the news around. In their opinion, Qin Guan was a real source of money. The jewellery company had given him gold and pearls, and he was showing off his fortune by investing capital in the film...

Anyway, let's get back to the topic. This was Tian Fen's time to shine. The poor guy had become one of the richest men in the city. He was just like a loser in a web novel. Others relied on money, but he relied on his identity and shamelessness.

Despite his new fortune, he hadn't changed. He took the jewellery back to his sister times 100. While his sister was appraising the jewellery, Qin Guan furtively put the stolen bracelets back in their case.

The scene ended in a dramatic manner, as the security guards and the jewellery inspector were all standing around the case.

The director finished filming the scene without any pressure. Hu Mei even kept some hairpins for the next scenes.

She was really satisfied with Diamond's promise to provide her with different jewellery on demand.

Qin Guan's work was going well in Zhejiang, when Cong Nianwei suddenly decided to go visit her boyfriend. She had already finished her job and was feeling lonely in their empty house. After a few short messages, she decided to go to Zhejiang.

"Are you busy these days?"

"No, I've had no work recently."

"What are you doing then?"

"Daydreaming and missing you."

"We just finished the first draft. I have a few days off to rest."

"Really? Could you come see me, Wei?"

"Of course. What's the address?"

"XXXX... You will be just in time for my sexy scene. Call Wang Liying when you arrive."

"Okay!"

"Miss you..."

Cong Nianwei set off as soon as she could. When she arrived at the film base with Wang, she found her boyfriend shooting a wet-shirt scene. This was not the erotic scene she had imagined. There was no actress. There was only an old man present.

Tian Fen was trying to find talented men to work for his nephew. He found Dou Ying by a lake in the suburbs. When the prince had some free time, he liked to spend it fishing.

If Tian Fen were a nobleman, he would have waited by the bank. In an effort to show his sincerity though, he decided to get in the lake.

Qin Guan was wearing only a pair of loose linen pants. He was naked from the waist up. The entire crew grew excited at the sight

of him.

The majority of the crew were maids and soldiers from the surrounding villages who had never seen such a good figure. All the women fixed their eyes on Qin Guan's body. This was a natural response to his perfect physique.

Even the experienced older actors admired the young man's figure.

"I was just like him when I was young," Jiao Huang told the others. "It was the poor living conditions that caused me to get thinner."

"So was I!" Chao Cuo nodded in agreement. "He looks like a younger version of me."

Cong Nianwei had arrived just in time for the beautiful scene. Qin Guan greeted Dou Ying and walked past him. Water drops were running down his chest under the sunshine, and his pants had already gotten plastered to his legs. The scene almost reminded one of an idol drama.

Fortunately, after focusing on his body, Hu Mei moved the camera down to avoid an essential part of his body.

# Chapter 795: Fish And Crab

---

It was hard to guess the response of the audience when the TV series aired. Everyone was too timid to do that.

As she stood among a group of maids, Cong Nianwei felt as awkward as if she was posing for a prom picture.

The camera was still filming as Qin Guan followed Dou Ying to the bank. Cong Nianwei decided to think about this later. The whispers around her made her stick to her plan.

"Ha ha!"

"What's the matter?"

"I just saw his underpants..."

Cong Nianwei felt both angry and ashamed, but Qin Guan's next scene cheered her up.

Her boyfriend was wearing a white loose robe that revealed his bare chest. He looked as unrestrained as a scholar. The fact that he was not a government official allowed him to talk in a jovial mood with Dou Ying, who was the Grand Preceptor.

He was holding a fish in his hand as he tried to persuade the man to lend a helping hand to his nephew. As they talked and ate happily, Cong Nianwei thought that the fish did not look tasty from a distance. There had not been that many herbs available at the time, so the fish was roasted without any seasoning.

Ma Shaohua, the actor who portrayed Dou Ying, was an honest man, so he took a real bite of the fish expressionlessly. When it was Qin Guan's turn, he just turned his back to the camera.

When the fish was returned to Dou Ying, he put the tail in his mouth. Qin Guan set the fish down on the fire again.

Dou Ying ate half of it as Qin Guan waited for his clothes to dry.

He turned down an offer to have more fish. Ma Shaohua almost

got mad at him. I see. He is playing tricks! I never thought about that...

When the scene ended, Qin Guan's part of the fish was still intact on the fire. When Dou Ying decided to go back to the capital with Qin Guan, the camera zoomed in on the young man.

Qin Guan couldn't escape his destiny. Ma Shaohua grinned. Suddenly, he was shocked by Qin Guan's performance.

The young man opened his mouth wide to bite the fish. He was really happy to hear that Dou would return to the capital with him. As soon as his teeth touched the fish though, he took it out of his mouth with a hiss, as if his lips had gotten burned by the hot meat. Qin Guan blew on the fish as the scene came to an end.

After editing the footage, the scene would take up a full 15 minutes of that episode. Qin Guan had used all kinds of tricks to avoid tasting that disgusting fish.

Cong Nianwei burst into laughter. Her boyfriend was a really picky foodie!

Her laughter attracted Qin Guan's attention as he changed clothes. He suddenly spotted Cong Nianwei in the crowd.

"Wei! You're here!" Ma Shaohua, who had been trying to talk to Qin Guan about the fish, was shocked. Is that his girlfriend? He has really found a girl outside of the circle. I should leave them alone.

"Did you have any breakfast? I found some goodies in town. Here, try this!"

Cong Nianwei opened a container and a delicious fragrance spread in the air. Ma Shaohua paused. They had worked really hard that morning, so everyone was hungry.

The older actors suddenly gathered around them.

"Wow! That's a good meal!"

"It's crab porridge!"

"What a large crab! Can you finish it all by yourself?"

The visiting film crew had created business opportunities for the small town, so the natives had started opening traditional restaurants one after the other. Cong Nianwei had found the porridge on the way. She had bought a custom-made portion at a high price to please her boyfriend's soul and stomach.

The main ingredient of the porridge was a large crab that weighed almost one kilo. The cook washed it carefully and cut it into slices before pickling it and throwing it into the boiling porridge. Then he added fresh clam, shell meat, a little salt and pepper, and some drops of sesame oil before moving it out of the pot.

Seafood made even the plainest porridge taste sweet and delicious.

# Chapter 796: The Power Of Charm

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Combining

soft rice from Southern China with crabs from the paddy fields was a real feast. All the older actors rushed towards the delicious food. Unfortunately, there was only a limited amount of porridge, so only the main actors could have some.

When

he saw the small bowl in his agent's hands, Du felt sick. The haughty young man had never spoken to Qin Guan ever since he had joined the crew. Did this mean that he had been gradually accepted?

His

agent shook his head at the happy guy. He was still a greenhand. The crew wouldn't notice a single person's lack of politeness. The only solid foundation an actor needed was talent.

"It's so delicious! Qin Guan was really kind to share it with us..."

The

agent let out a long sigh. I should give him some lessons in the future.

Meanwhile,

Qin Guan was eating and murmuring sadly about his food. The porridge was not enough for him. Plus, Ma Shaohua had taken the best part of the crab as compensation for that disgusting fish he'd had to eat.

When

he looked at Cong Nianwei though, Qin Guan calmed down. As long as she was there, they could find more gourmet food in their spare time.

This was important, as he might have to visit that film base many times in the future. He had to plan ahead for his future work.

As

he thought about that, he couldn't help but look at Cong Nianwei with love and tenderness. The older actors, who were currently picking their teeth, realized their secret immediately.

Ma

Shaohua pulled at Qin Guan's robe and pointed to Cong Nianwei.

"Do

you like her?"

"She

is my wife."

"What?

You got married?"

"Hush!

She's my girlfriend. We haven't gotten married yet."

"Be

careful then. There are lots of people coming and going around here.

The director has forbidden leaking any photos or information, but she

can't watch everyone."

"Yes,

Master Ma. Don't worry. We are not keeping it a secret."

"So

you are planning on getting married?"

"Of

course."

"So  
you made the home run!"

"Of  
course I have. She is not pestering me to get married."

The  
older actors looked at him sympathetically. That's not what a  
home  
run means, young man. Just forget it. Young people are really  
eccentric. Charm can't solve everything nowadays.

Everyone  
suddenly was kind to Qin Guan. Handsome guys are not always  
lucky.  
I got a wife easier than him.

Qin  
Guan had no idea what they were thinking as he prepared for the  
next  
scene. Meanwhile, as more and more actors joined the crew, the  
hotels  
filled with people.

Wang  
suddenly pulled Qin Guan away for a fitting. The two of them  
walked  
between the luggage slowly.

By  
then, Qin Guan's character had become the emperor's brother-in-  
law.  
His elder sister was no longer a concubine, but a mighty queen.

His  
costume was also better than his previous ones. The light red  
muslin

that covered his white robe looked absolutely royal.

During

that scene, he gave Prince Liang a hand by taking advantage of his identity. His sister gave him some jade bracelets to thank him for his bright idea.

The

clear, shining jade shocked the new members of the crew.

"Wow!

They look so nice. Is there something wrong with my eyes? They look totally real!"

"They

are. Look at the security personnel over there!" a kind person explained to Tao Hong. The princess had just joined the crew.

Qin

Guan fixed his eyes on the bracelets without dignity.

Director

Hu zoomed in hard, so only the four bracelets and Qin Guan's face were left in the frame.

After

a few seconds, Qin Guan smiled and turned his head around to turn down the reward.

"No,

thanks. I have been studying at home lately. I have been paying no attention to other affairs."

Despite

his sincere words, his eyes were still fixed on the jewellery. He craved that fortune. He suddenly gave his sister a flattering smile. "My sister is the queen now, so I have to be self-disciplined."

He

seemed like an honest, sincere young man.

Tao

Hong learned something about the famous actor through his performance.

# Chapter 797: Girlfriend Exposed

---

This explained why the actor had impressed her husband. They had had a good collaboration a few years ago, so he was in Xu Zheng's mind constantly.

After the scene, Qin Guan let out a sigh of relief and rushed over to Cong Nianwei.

"I have some spare time now, Wei. It's really hot today, but I'll show you around the base before you return to Beijing."

The two of them smiled and chatted hand in hand. All the newcomers had settled in and some staff had left after getting off work. Some girls tried to take photos of the set and actors in secret so they could show off to their friends.

In the process, a girl discovered some striking news.

The man in white is Qin Guan! What a handsome boy! He is holding hands with his assistant! Could this be an office romance? A perk of the job?

The girl took some pictures as fast as she could and then left with the others. The first thing she did after returning home was copy the photos into her computer and expand them.

She was right. Qin Guan and the girl looked like lovers in the pictures. They were holding hands and chatting happily. Plus, he also bent down to touch her cheek once.

The spontaneous shots showed their intimacy clearly. They must have been lovers for years.

It's said that Qin Guan's girlfriend is not from the entertainment circle. Why would she appear at the film base then? Did she go there to meet Qin Guan? Or did he maybe get a new girlfriend?

The girl was confused. Unlike other guys in the circle, Qin Guan had never had an affair. The only relationship he had admitted to

was the one with his childhood sweetheart.

Is that her? She had to seek help from [Baidu](#). "Who is Qin Guan's girlfriend?"

There was an abundance of links, most of them from gossip websites, but there was no official answer.

"Photos of Qin Guan's girlfriend." Strange photos started appearing on the screen, a fat girl topping the list in ridiculous "S" poses. All the photos were accompanied by articles or poems.

"Qin Guan's girlfriend should be a talented woman like me!"

"He is my boyfriend. Come to Tsinghua University!"

The girl closed the pages speechlessly and tried to calm down. The truth must be on the Haijiao Forum!

The girl uploaded the photos on the discussion board of Qin Guan's blog and the Haijiao gossip section with the title "Qin Guan's mysterious girlfriend makes an appearance. Can anyone confirm that this is her?"

Below the striking title were photos and an article.

"I captured this moment by accident at the Hengdian Film Base. The man in the costume is Qin Guan. I saw him holding hands with this woman. The two of them looked about the same age. They seemed to be very familiar with each other. They looked so intimate and in love!"

"Is there a reliable source that could answer this question for me? Is she Qin Guan's girlfriend? Is she his childhood sweetheart?"

"I'm looking forward to your answer."

The stone she cast roused monstrous waves. Some entertainment news reporters always watched that famous forum for striking news.

These news were certainly worth their patience. There were even pictures!

The reporters analysed the photos to rule out the possibility of them being post-production pictures. Thanks to the help of professional software, they concluded that the photos were real.

This only added oil to the fire. People gathered on the forum and posted hundreds of responses, so the admin had to warn the head of the IT department.

This was destined to be a sleepless night for the entertainment circle. As users poured into the forum, the staff struggled to keep the website running, afraid that it would collapse under the pressure. The excited fans were itching to test its limits.

The top search engine in China.

# Chapter 798: A Mystery Man Online

---

Qin Guan's team saw the post and placed an emergency call to Qin Guan's private phone.

"Hey, boss. Yes, this is Xiao Zhang. Intimate photos of you and your lady have been leaked on the internet."

"What?" Qin Guan shot a stunned look at Cong Nianwei. Thank god we have nice figures. Then he returned to the topic at hand. "What kind of photos?"

Does this mean that our home in Xizhimen was discovered by reporters? Impossible! I'm really careful. Did they see us doing something in our room? I should have made sure the curtains were closed every time...

As his imagination took flight, Wang gave him another blow. Cong Nianwei opened the door for Wang, and the girl walked into their room with a laptop. Qin Guan saw the photos on the screen.

"Take a look, Brother Qin. The photos were uploaded on your blog and the Haijiao Forum."

"What? Let me see!"

Qin Guan grabbed the laptop immediately. After looking carefully at the photos, he found the matter both funny and annoying.

"Are these the intimate photos you were talking about?"

"Yes. They are intimate enough."

Qin Guan had imagined the worst, as he had experienced a nude picture scandal in his past life. At the time though, intimate photos only referred to holding hands or hugging. The circle was not that tolerant yet.

Qin Guan relaxed. His expression irritated Wang.

"The Haijiao Forum is a mess. If we don't take any measures, all

the headlines tomorrow will be about your affair. Everyone will find out about you and Sister Wei."

Qin Guan waved Cong Nianwei over calmly. "Come here, Wei. Bring me the phone."

Cong Nianwei had no idea what had happened, as she was not familiar with the circle. She sat down next to Qin Guan quietly and handed him the phone.

"I'll be loyal to you my whole life. I have actually been wanting to do something for a long time. I just wanted to fill that shelf before I did. I want to show you my sincerity. Let's announce our relationship together. Would that be alright with you?"

Cong Nianwei smiled. "I have never hidden our relationship. I know you are a celebrity, so one day everyone would discover our connection. I wanted you to decide when that was though, as it would be important for your career."

What a considerate girl!

Qin Guan kissed her lips and lifted his phone in the air.

"Take a picture of us, Wang!"

"No problem!"

Then what?

"Upload it to my blog with the caption 'my girl drops in'. Then add something romantic. I'll leave that up to you."

"Is that all? Shouldn't we talk about this with Sister Xue or Sister Qu?"

"No need. One of them is in America, and the other is on her honeymoon. This is not a big deal."

Wang didn't know what would be a big deal.

Meanwhile, everyone on the Haijiao Forum discovered the truth. Some idlers had dug up the initial gossip about Qin Guan and seen

the posts from Tsinghua University.

Based on the registration information, they had zeroed in on a silent account that was a frequent visitor of the comment section.

After a few private messages, everyone got excited.

"Where is it? Give me the link!"

Suddenly, a long silence prevailed.

...

There was only a computer screen blinking in the dark room. The man sitting before the screen rubbed his hands excitedly and clicked on the link about Qin Guan's girlfriend.

He was anxious to see evidence of Qin Guan's affair. The photos at the film base were gradually revealed, making his shoulders drop.

He would never mistake the couple in the photos. It was the girl that had captured his heart and the monster that haunted his nightmares.

# Chapter 799: Our Way

---

The man was Chi Hailin, who had stayed away from Cong Nianwei after that farce years ago. During that time, he had witnessed Qin Guan's struggle in America and China with envy. He wished that Cong Nianwei would break up with him because of this rumoured affair.

However, he had discovered that it was only a display of their romance! There was nothing to get excited about.

Wait... What if his fans turn against Cong Nianwei? She is the girlfriend of a beloved actor after all. That's not a comfortable throne for her to sit on. What will the calm girl do if the fans get angry with her? Could this be a chance for her to break up with him? It's hard for a shy architect to bear the malevolence of the entire entertainment circle...

Excited, Chi Hailin sent everyone the same message.

"Yes, she is Qin Guan's girlfriend. She graduated from the Architecture Department of Tsinghua University in 2002. Her name is Cong Nianwei. That's her!"

That information was more than enough for them. Chi Hailin sat and waited to see what would happen next. Everyone got excited upon reading the message. We found out the truth!

The striking news made all users return to the Haijiao Forum, only to find it silent. Everyone had gotten distracted by other posts.

What had happened? They read through the comments quickly and saw that an official announcement had been released.

Qin Guan's blog was as noisy as a bazaar, as Qin Guan's fans and several idlers gathered to read the latest news.

A large, clear photo of the lovers was on the first page of the blog. The young couple was leaning close to each other with their heads

touching. There was a sweet smile on both their faces.

Under the photo was the caption: My girlfriend will return to the capital after staying with the crew. I'm so reluctant to watch her leave...

This was the first time Qin Guan was sharing his private life with the public. Everyone turned their eyes to a short essay written by Qin Guan, titled "Common Witness".

"Cong Nianwei is my girlfriend and childhood sweetheart. I fell in love with her when we were both 15 years old.

"After four years of pursuing her, my dream finally came true. We are always together now, no matter where we go." There was also a photo of them at the airport from the day they were leaving for America. They looked so much younger in it.

"You have infinite power over me." Beneath was a photo of Qin Guan's first job in New York.

"We studied together, succeeded together and returned to China together. Never leave or forsake." A bunch of photos from their gallery and QC firm followed.

"I finally have your promise. Will you marry me the day my shelf is filled with awards?" Then came a photo of all the awards Qin Guan had won during the past few years.

"Please give us your blessing!"

His warm, romantic words touched the readers' hearts.

Soon, Qin Guan's fans accepted his girlfriend. They had known this ever since they had fallen in love with him after all. They were all reasonable girls. They wouldn't commit suicide because their idol had a girlfriend.

That was the definition of a real fan. Calm love was better than obsessive love.

The news took over the internet. Soon, everyone started sending

their blessings to the lovers, including Cong Nianwei's girlfriends, Qin Guan's naughty friends and their colleagues.

Of course, there were also some people who didn't like those news. Chi Hailin was one of them.

After his revealing post, he had waited silently for the storm to pass. After a long silence, he had seen the news on Qin Guan's blog and choked before the photos. Can I spit out blood to ease my annoyance?

He knew he was wrong thanks to the online feedback, as well as the abundant blessings people bestowed upon Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei.

# Chapter 800: Not Really

---

He was not the only person who was sad. Some people showed their sadness on their faces, while others just kept it a secret.

On the other side of the ocean it was still morning. Smoke was rising from a white coffee cup in a messy room. A woman was looking stupefied at her computer screen. When she came back to her senses, she slammed her laptop shut, put on a pair of black high heels, and locked her case with Qin Guan's memorabilia.

Paris Hilton was enjoying some rare leisure time in her garden. Her puppies were running around, seemingly aware of her bad mood, in an effort to cheer up their master by moving their tails happily.

It was another night of gay life and debauchery in Japan. A group of strong men were kneeling on a tatami, waiting for the order to attack. Meanwhile, their leader was typing on her phone nervously.

Men felt sorrow and joy; they parted and met again. The moon took turns being bright and dim.

I'll find someone else to mend my broken heart.

Qin Guan made the headlines of all the major media. The girl who had posted the initial photos online was confused by the situation. Her careless move had caused a striking gossip whirlwind in the entertainment circle.

Although everybody was happy with the ending, the girl dared not reveal to her friends that she had caused this, afraid that she had destroyed the dreams of several women.

Qin Guan's secret girlfriend was sad news for some girls. Those girls avoided talking about her so they could cheat themselves into believing that she was not real. This had to be a strategy Qin Guan was using to deal with his crazy fans.

Their hopeful theory was proven wrong though. Qin Guan had proposed to her through that subtle message! Soon, a wedding ceremony would take place. There was not much space for new awards on that shelf! The whole thing felt like a bomb countdown.

The girl dared not tell anybody else that she had been the one to light the fuse, because she did not want to suffer the consequences.

Meanwhile, Qin Guan was enjoying some leisure time. When he read the newspapers, he was able to relax once again.

Every member of the crew was curious about the gossip. Everyone wanted to speak to him, but stopped on second thought. I won't say anything. Curiosity killed the cat!

All the feedback was polite and positive. Qin Guan wasn't worried. Now that his fans had accepted the situation, everyone else didn't matter.

He was right. When Cong Nianwei returned to her team, no one paid any special attention to her. Only a few younger members looked at her face carefully and tried to get a confirmation from her.

Eventually, everyone just scattered in all directions and got to work. They were too busy to focus on the entertainment circle.

Thus, Cong Nianwei got through that tough time smoothly.

Qin Guan felt strange about the person standing in front of him. In his opinion, that guy should have been the last person to worry about his relationship.

Du Chun didn't know how to approach the topic. Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei had stayed together on the set, as if no one else had been present. He had disagreed completely with their actions even before the news had broken out.

During the break, the two young men chatted casually in their costumes and makeup.

"You've come here highly recommended, Qin Guan. I'm Du Chun."

"Hello, nice to meet you."

"I saw the news this morning. Actually, we've met each other not long ago. Maybe I'm a little bit brusque."

So? Qin Guan raised an eyebrow in interest.

"We were young actors during the same period. It's the best time for us to attract fans now. I know you are a capable actor, but you just returned to China. I think you should build a solid foundation with your fans. Isn't it too early for you to reveal your girlfriend to the public? If anything changes, it will be really embarrassing. It could actually harm your popularity."

Du had been thinking about this for a long time. In his opinion, Qin Guan was squandering his popularity. It was not a good choice for a handsome man to get married early.

Spitting the words out finally felt great. This way, he got rid of all the pressure and negative impact Qin Guan had inflicted on him.

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